THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844

THE GUIDE POST

WITH its September number, THE LIVING AGE takes a further and more decisive stride along the pathway of improvement, which for the most part its friends and subscribers have pointed out for it. The fundamental aim — to give intelligent Americans a concise survey of world affairs as seen through the eyes of foreign observers — remains unchanged. We continue to present *complete* articles, not extracts from articles, by the best foreign writers of the day.

Since 1844 the Editors of THE LIVING AGE have searched the press of the world for all that is newest, most unusual, most significant; and for eighty-four years appreciative readers have realized that they were getting something to be obtained nowhere else. This same discrimination will continue to make the new LIVING AGE unique in periodical literature.

It should be emphasized that the changes represent no abandonment of the eighty-four year old traditions of THE LIVING AGE. They are changes of form rather than substance. We shall continue to print as much material from foreign periodicals as heretofore; but we add the original work of the best American writers. Our new departments, which have already met with cordial approbation, are enlarged and to them is added 'The Geography of Current Events,' supplemented by a map designed to give a succinct survey of the month.

The world has changed somewhat since THE LIVING AGE was founded, and the magazine has changed with it. But it has done so only to fulfill its unique purpose. A single detail, small in itself, will exemplify this. In the past, many readers have commented on the convenience of a small magazine that can be carried in the pocket. The new LIVING AGE has been designed so that, folded once, it will still be pocket size. But needless to say, the new size has many other advantages of greater importance. It permits richer illustration and gives the magazine a more pleasing general appearance. We believe that when the success of our experiment with the new size has been demonstrated, other magazines will follow our example.

This month's contents are sufficient indication of our policy. American as well as foreign writers unite in presenting a well-rounded view of world affairs. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, veteran Arctic explorer, provides a scientific background for the exploits of Arctic and Antarctic adventurers. William R. Willcox, chairman of the Republican National Committee, 1916-1918, summarizes European comment on Mr. Hoover. Upton Close (Josef Washington Hall), authority on Far Eastern questions, dissects the Russian mentality. Drew Pearson, of the *United States Daily*, writes of the French Ambassador. Charles Hodges, Assistant Professor of Politics in New York University, summarizes world events and world business.

Not the least valuable part of what these writers have to say is their American viewpoint. But writers of six foreign nations contribute other and quite different viewpoints. Russia is represented by A. I. Kuprin and A. Koshko, both now exiles in Paris. Great Britain is represented by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, military critic; by Lieutenant-Commander Kenworthy, formerly of the Royal Navy; by Mary Borden, in private life Mrs. E. L. Spears, wife of a British general; by E. Beresford Chancellor, a devotee of London lore; and by the journalist Meyrick Booth. France is represented by Senator Lazare Weiller, and by M. Bernard Fay, exchange professor at Columbia; Sweden by Rütger Essen; Spain by Luis Araquistain, novelist and dramatist; Germany by Dr. Julius Hirsch, distinguished economist.

Next month new writers of these and other nations will appear as their countries' spokesmen in America.

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We hate to use space this way, as more was intended for this month's Guide Post. *But perhaps you have seen enough to make what follows a convenience.*

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THE LIVING AGE

WORLD TOPICS

VOLUME 335 SEPTEMBER 1928 NUMBER 4333

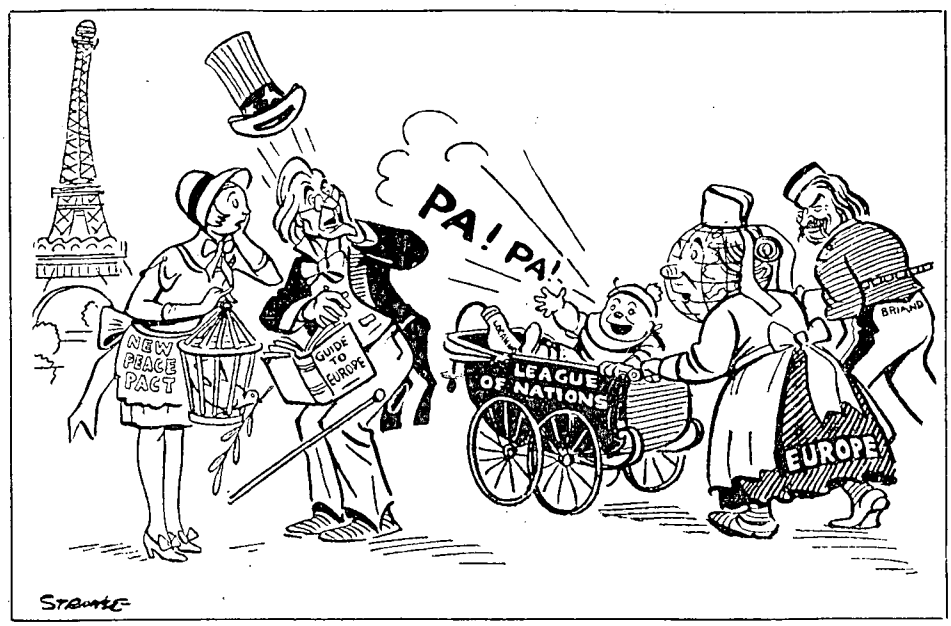
The World Over

THE NEW LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, nearly one hundred years before United States Secretary of State Kellogg was born, declared that 'there never was a good war or a bad peace.' The Kellogg treaty to outlaw war, about to be signed in Paris by the great nations of the world as this note is written, does not go as far as Franklin's pronouncement of a century and a half ago. The Kellogg treaty exempts 'defensive warfare' from its inhibition. Franklin condemned all war. The signatories of the Kellogg peace treaty, reserving defensive warfare, agree to renounce war 'as an instrument of national policy,' but no nation to-day would admit that war was or had ever been 'an instrument of national policy.' All warfare is made to appear defensive warfare to the noncombatants of every nation at war. The men in the trenches do not theorize about it. To governments and ministries and peoples war is defensive, whether territory, material interests, or only altruistic ideals are involved.

Surely, then, there need not have been any haggling or quibbling over the terms of Mr. Kellogg's first draft. No statesman in any cabinet but knew that the text was vague and meaningless as imposing any definite or compellable restraint. But the exchanges over phrases and reservations served a purpose. They stressed the idealism of the effort, and by prolonged discussion there was aroused the approving sentiment of the world.

That the compact brings the United States willy-nilly into a League of Nations for the maintenance of peace it would be idle to deny; but that war as an institution has been destroyed or its strength as an institution much impaired by the compact, it would be silly to claim.



From the Daily Express, London

INNOCENCE ABROAD

UNCLE SAM finds himself in an embarrassing position

No one need concede the extreme pessimism of Lloyd George in his assertion that the Kellogg treaty will prejudice rather than promote the cause of peace in Europe; but we are pessimistic enough to doubt that any international agreement, however specific and definite, will bind nations much longer than their ministries believe the obligation of that particular treaty to serve the national interests. History has found more than one treaty to be a 'scrap of paper,' and there can be no real assurance that history will not repeat itself in this respect so long as the present condition of international anarchy continues to exist.

TROUBLE ON THE BALTIC

THE eastern end of the Baltic is apparently replacing the Balkans as a European trouble breeder. It would not be quite accurate to revise the old joke about the Balkans and declare that 'peace is raging on the Baltic,' for the anomalous situation existing on the Polish-Lithuanian frontier is neither peace nor war. It is not peace; for Poland and Lithuania have regarded themselves, formally at least, as belligerents ever since General Zeligowski's Polish guerillas seized the disrupted city of Vilna eight years ago. Neither is it war; for though the frontier is closed and though Polish and Lithuanian patrols glare balefully at one another across it, there have been no battles and no bloodshed, except for the wounding of two Polish soldiers in a skirmish in July.

But though it is difficult to take seriously a 'war' in which nobody fights and almost nobody gets hurt, the Vilna dispute is too grave a matter to be dismissed with a smile and a shrug. The perpetual friction between Poland and Lithuania is having a disturbing effect on European relations generally. On one side of Poland stands Soviet Russia with a large and well-organized army. On the other, stands Germany, which has, indeed, promised not to try to alter its eastern frontier by force, but which has in the past been known to forget treaty obligations. To make matters worse, behind Poland stands her ally France,

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always suspicious of the Teutons. It is easy to see what dangerous and far-reaching results might follow were either Poland or Lithuania to venture upon open hostilities.

Only a few months ago Marshal Pilsudski, the Polish dictator, confronted Premier Waldemaras of Lithuania at Geneva.

'Is it peace or war?' he asked.

'It is peace,' replied the Lithuanian, after a moment of dramatic tension, and Europe breathed a sigh of relief.

The sigh was a little premature. The Lithuanians recently irritated the Poles afresh by adopting a constitutional amendment making Vilna their capital — in spite of the fact that the city is in Polish hands and that the great powers confirmed Poland in possession after the seizure by Zeligowski. On top of this came the clash of the frontier guards in which Polish blood was shed, while the two governments were still busily assembling data for the approaching meeting of the League Council, at which it is optimistically proposed to settle once for all a dispute with which the League of Nations has never in the past been able to deal adequately.

In the meantime Vilna is likely to occupy a good deal of space in the headlines; and the world will be fortunate if the controversy ends with nothing more serious than paper warfare.

The Cabinet of Personalities

HERMANN MÜLLER, the new Social Democratic Chancellor (who is the subject of a biographical note elsewhere in this number), has discovered that it is no easy task to select a cabinet in a country which has so many political parties as Germany. In order to have any hope of success with his Socialist programme in the Reichstag, he considered it necessary to combine several parties into a 'Grand Coalition,' so-called, which includes the mildly radical Social Democrats on the Left and all the parties toward the Right as far as the relatively conservative People's Party. Having failed in his first attempt to unite all these somewhat inharmonious elements, he compromised with a 'Cabinet of Personalities,' which is almost identical, except for the name, with the 'Grand Coalition Cabinet' originally proposed. This autumn Herr Müller is expected to rebaptize his Cabinet 'The Grand Coalition,' with the probability that most of the present members will remain.

Dr. Stresemann, who retains the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, was the first to suggest a way out of Herr Müller's early difficulties. Although the well known Foreign Minister caused a minor crisis in his own party when he telegraphed from his Black Forest sanatorium that the Cabinet should be formed of leading personages in German politics (who would for the time being be freed from party ties) he enormously increased his own prestige among voters whose politics are not the same shade as his own. The 'Cabinet of Personalities,' as it now exists, is considered merely

Wide World Photo

CHANCELLOR MÜLLER

WHO HEADS the latest ministry of Germany's ten-year-old republic

a temporary expedient, and in the autumn the concealed coalition it really represents will, it is expected, have so far ripened as no longer to need an alias and may blossom forth in all the assurance of name as well as fact.

But Herr Müller may find the same opposition from the Centre Party next October that he found this summer, when Dr. Wirth, the former Chancellor and leader of the Left wing of the Centre, almost succeeded in preventing the formation of the 'Cabinet of Personalities.' Although Dr. Wirth is himself a 'personality,' and a formidable one, he is not included in the present Cabinet. Unwilling to accept the Ministry of Transport, which was offered him, he modestly suggested himself for the Vice-Chancellorship, an office which has not been occupied for several years and which neither Herr Müller nor President von Hindenburg saw any reason for reviving. Dr. Wirth then asked for the Ministry of the Interior, though he knew that the Social Democrats had chosen their own man for the post and that the portfolio had already been accepted. Prospects looked discouraging indeed when President von Hindenburg angrily told Herr Müller that he would not have the composition of a Cabinet imposed upon him by a Parliamentary group.

It was then suggested that Herr Hilferding represent the Centre, though this would reduce that Party's representation in the Cabinet to one minister instead of the three as originally agreed, and left out Dr. Wirth. As compensation, the Centre was told to consider itself in no way committed to the Government, and Dr. Wirth was given a free hand to oppose the present Cabinet.

Since the Centre Party habitually dislikes being committed, it assented to the arrangement and decided to mark time until this autumn when the real 'Grand Coalition Cabinet' is to be formed. The present body, not being a genuine Coalition Cabinet, the parties represented in it are not committed to the policies or courses which may be formulated or followed. But since parties usually approve the conduct of their leaders, it would not be strange if the personnel of the new Cabinet were found to be nearly identical with that of the one it succeeds.

Ambassadors of Good Will

ARE old methods of diplomacy disappearing from the earth? May international understandings in peace time be only improved by unofficial 'ambassadors of good will'? The Prince of Wales in his travels stimulates the loyalty of the Colonies, wins world good will for Britain and all things British. Mayor Walker of New York in a different way pleases the multitudes in foreign capitals. His personality is genial, his methods conciliatory, to be sure. Prince Potenziani, governor of Rome, returned the Walker visit, finding America charming, and now it is said that in an even more personal sense Prince Potenziani left his heart in the United States. Of course Lindbergh was, and is, America's ambassador of good will *par excellence*. Years may pass, but none then living in the United States or France will forget the day when this young man dropped out of the clouds at Le Bourget, stepped from his airship and said calmly, 'I am Charles Lindbergh.' Foreign fliers have since come to the United States to welcomes of equal warmth, and the late lamented Carranza was widely and deeply mourned as messages of condolence and acknowledgment were exchanged between Washington and Mexico City.

Then the cab driver, Iron Gustav, and his ancient horse Grasmus, as related elsewhere in this number, markedly stimulated the slowly growing cordiality between Paris and Berlin, and no doubt

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the Olympic games in Amsterdam and the incidental individual international contacts constitute a potent and enduring influence for international good will.

Meanwhile, we had begun to hear so little of the official ambassadors of the older school, the honest men 'sent abroad to lie for the commonwealth,' that had not Secretary Kellogg drawn up his peace treaty and started the talk about it, we might almost have forgotten that State Departments as heretofore known, and their representatives abroad, were necessary appendages of great nations. So it is well for diplomacy as a profession that something has begun to be doing along the lines of outlawing war.

Another Unfinished Symphony

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S greatest musical composition is undoubtedly the *Unfinished Symphony*. This year, when a quarter million members of various singing societies gathered in Vienna to celebrate the centenary of Schubert's death, they used the occasion to remind the world of another 'Unfinished Symphony' — the political union of Austria and Germany, or *Anschluss* as this combination is called throughout Europe.

The injection of political propaganda into a great musical festival undoubtedly accounted for the absence of the French Minister to Austria, M. de Beaumarchais, from the official reviewing stand at the celebrations, for it is generally believed that he received instructions from Paris not to be present at this vast demonstration in favor of German hegemony. In all probability he felt that *Deutschland über Alles* and *Die Wacht am Rhein* were poor substitutes for Schubert.

Upon the formation of a new German Cabinet after the General Elections this year, Hermann Müller, the new German Chancellor, telegraphed Mgr. Seipel, the Austrian Chancellor, that he hoped the relations between the two countries would continue increasingly cordial. *Le Temps*, the semi-official organ of the French Government, immediately concluded that *Anschluss* was being hinted, saying: 'We are not ignorant of the fact that the parties on the Left and Right in both countries regard with equal favor the principle of *Anschluss*, for the conservatives see in it the possibility of rebuilding German domination in Central Europe, whereas the Socialists regard it primarily as a means for the realization of Social Democracy in all its force in a united Germany.' *Le Temps* warned Germany that France, at least, would not regard any move toward *Anschluss* at all favorably.

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New Diplomats for Old

An American visualization of unofficial ambassadors 'sitting on top of the world'

A treaty exists between Czechoslovakia and France, moreover, for the express purpose of opposing Austro-German union. And Dr. Bénès, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, recently declared that the political union of Berlin and Vienna might provoke another European War. Italy also opposes *Anschluss*, since she fears that Austria may become powerful enough to agitate for a revision of the Treaty of Trianon. Czechoslovakia is known to have a military plan for the occupation of Vienna in the event of political union between Austria and Germany, while Mussolini has declared that under such circumstances he would be forced to invade the Austrian Tyrol. Such a course might be considered a violation of both the spirit and the letter of the Kellogg anti-war treaties, and Europe speculates whether America would become involved in defending her compacts for world peace.

Another plan which bears a certain resemblance to *Anschluss* is the formation of a Central European Customs Union which might later be extended to a political federation. This scheme is the pet project of Dr. Bénès, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister. Germany has intimated that she would vigorously oppose a Central European Economic Union in which she was not included, on the ground that, if not a member, such a combination might be directed against her. In the past France has favored a new Danubian Federation, but has insisted that it must exclude the German Reich, fearing that, if Germany should be let in, she would dominate the union economically and, in time, politically. Italy is even more alarmed than France over the extension of Germany's economic and political influence in the Balkans, while England supports her Allies in the late war.

It may be said that, although Germany and Austria have been moving closer to one another, and *Anschluss*, or union, may be the natural evolution of the present tendency, for the moment the European Powers who were victorious over Germany definitely oppose any-

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From Simplicissimus, Munich

AN ANNOUNCEMENT ILL RECEIVED

A GERMAN CARICATURIST shows that he has no illusions concerning the reaction of Poincaré, Mussolini, and Chamberlain to an Austro-German union

thing which might lead to German hegemony. Italy, England, and particularly France — the latter supported by the Little Entente of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, which she controls — oppose the tendency toward political union of Berlin and Vienna. Nevertheless commercial rules and regulations in Germany and Austria are being brought into harmony, customs barriers are being lowered, cultural ties are being forged, and the believers in and promoters of union hope that in time *Anschluss* will exist in fact, although the other great Powers may withhold their blessing from any official solemnization of such an international wedlock.

CATCHING BOOTLEGGERS IN FINLAND

IN AMERICA, no special usefulness has been found for bootleggers who have been caught and convicted, in spite of the fact that some of the nation's keenest intellects are now devoted to outwitting the duller minds possessed by prohibition agents. Those convicted and sent to jail just serve their sentences at the public expense, as do other prisoners, and, during their leisure hours in stripes, devise cleverer wiles and devices for more successful and profitable operations when their terms of incarceration are past. In Finland prohibition is as old as it is in the United States, but experience there has apparently proved to be a better teacher.

When the Finns catch bootleggers, they put them to work making traps to catch other bootleggers.

The latest trap to be developed by the Helsingfors police is called a 'knife carpet,' and consists of an iron plate six feet long and six inches wide, in which is set a row of wicked-looking knife blades. This apparatus, manufactured by former bootleggers serving sentences in Helsingfors prisons, is laid across the road to rip open the tires of automobiles which fail to stop in response to police signals.

Although it is too early to say how effective the device will prove in halting bootleggers headed from the coast to the Finnish capital with automobile loads of German *Kümmel*, its practicability as a destroyer of automobile tires has been established beyond question. Within an hour after the "knife-carpet" was first laid across the road, a car disregarded the signal and had its tires slashed to bits. The police were gleeful, until they found that the car contained an eminent Finnish general on his way to an important appointment.

LEGISLATING FOR THE GERMAN SERVANT GIRL

WHEN Germany had a Kaiser, every domestic servant was required to carry a 'service book,' which contained the references given her by successive employers, their authenticity duly certified by the local police. Any intervals between the periods of employment indicated were closely scrutinized by a prospective employer, and households were thus protected against domestics whose pasts had chapters missing.

All this was cast overboard by the Socialist revolution of 1918, because it was thought to work to the benefit of the employer rather than the employed. The fact that a section providing for the return of the 'service book' is included in a new bill put before the present Reichstag by the Socialists themselves is therefore significant. It perhaps indicates that domestic dishonesty has not decreased in the last ten years. It may also indicate that the socialists for that reason are placating the German housewife with the 'service book' in order to gain her support for other provisions in the same bill, which are thought to benefit the domestic servant greatly.

Some idea of what this 1928 German servant girl is like can be gained from a knowledge of how she spends her money. A correspondent sends to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* the following expense schedule of a twenty-year-old German cook:

One pair of silk stockings	$1.36
One chemise	.28
One pair horn-rimmed spectacles (without glass)	2.02
One comb	.07
One pair knickers	.23
Two detective stories	.42
Monthly installment on cookery book	.30
One ring with fancy stone	.36
Lipstick, scent, and powder	1.43

The German servant girl is modernizing herself according to what she believes, from the American films she sees, to be the best American tradition. She puts silk stockings on her legs, that they may be displayed to as good advantage as the legs of the film stars; she watches her appearance carefully, paints and powders, spends little on undergarments not exposed to the gaze of friends and passers-by; she is literary to the extent of reading detective stories in addition to cook books; and, to increase the intellectual impression, which is reported to have a strong effect on the German equivalent of the American boy friend, she wears horn-rimmed spectacles, even though in her case she does not go to the needless expense of having lenses put in them.

Even if, outside of these externals, her situation has not changed greatly since the Kaiser's time; even if, as a cook, she is still paid fifteen dollars a month, or as a maid-of-all-work, ten; even if the conditions under which she works have not been altered except by the abolition of the 'service book' of monarchical days, nevertheless the Socialists feel that she has lost her old passivity, and has gained in intelligence and ambition to the point where they can count on her coöperation in the passage of new laws.

So, if the new bill is passed, although the 'service book' may come back as a sop to the housewife, with it will come many compensating advantages for the servant girl. She will be able to demand of her employer, among a long list of other things, 'a bedroom which can be heated if necessary.' Certain duties which may and certain others which may not be assigned to maids employed in certain capacities will be specified in the bill. Most important of all is the proposed appointment of inspectors to visit private households and report on complaints lodged by maids against their employers. In the end, the German housewife may find that servant girls will come very close to being organized into unions — as, say the Socialists, they very properly should be.

GRASMUS FAILED TO UNDERSTAND

WHEN Grasmus was in Paris this summer, he had some of the best oats he had ever eaten in his life, but one mean trick was played on him.

Grasmus, it will be recalled, is the ancient German cab horse who drew Berlin's cabby 'good-will ambassador,' Iron Gustav, on a two months multiple-stop jog from the German to the French capital. Naturally a horse like that had every right to expect to have things made as pleasant as possible for him, and Grasmus suspected nothing out of the

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way when he was invited to the Latin Quarter to enter a race with a number of French cabs. The stage was properly set. A big crowd had already gathered at the starting point when Grasmus arrived, and more came from the cafés as the impatient hoofs of the racers clattered on the cobbles.

Grasmus was not in the least nervous. As he sized up his competitors, his confidence increased. He had been in the business nearly thirteen years and, given coöperation from his driver, felt sure he would win the race. But this time someone had informed the German Embassy of the event, and a young German attaché was on hand to whisper to Iron Gustav, the 'good-will ambassador,' that it would contribute to the success of his diplomatic mission to allow a Frenchman to take the competition.

When the starting signal was finally given, no such noisy racket of hoofs and rattle of rickety vehicles had been heard in many a day. Grasmus was well in the lead, until an unfamiliar tug at the reins slowed him slightly. Accustomed only to being urged to go, and never restrained, Grasmus was mystified. As the finish approached, he tried to pull forward again; but Iron Gustav controlled him just in time, and the German Grasmus underwent the shame of seeing a French horse beat him by a nose.

Iron Gustav was proud of his finesse in causing so close a finish. A new link in a chain of national friendship had been forged. But Grasmus, who did not understand diplomacy, looked dejected and disgusted, standing panting at the curb.

When Krupp Offered Cannon to Napoleon

TEN years ago the name of Krupp, the great German armament manufacturer of Essen, made Frenchmen grit their teeth. To-day the animosities of the World War are so far forgotten that a French review, *L'Europe Nouvelle*, can make a huge joke out of one of the most curious business letters ever written. It is dated April 28, 1868, just before the Franco-Prussian War, and was sent by Friedrich Krupp, founder of the Krupp industries, to Napoleon III, Emperor of the French. In Krupp's own handwriting, the letter runs as follows:

'Encouraged by the interest which Your August Majesty has been kind enough to show in a humble manufacturer like myself, as well as by the happy results of your great efforts and sacrifices, I risk begging you to deign to accept the gift of the illustrated booklet which I am taking the liberty of sending under separate cover. It contains a series of engravings of the newest products of my factories. I trust that the last four pages in particular, describing the cast steel cannon for which I have received orders from several European governments, will hold Your Majesty's attention for a moment at least, and thus justify my temerity in writing this letter. With sentiments of profound respect, and high admiration I remain Your Majesty's very humble and obedient servant, Friedrich Krupp.'

No Krupp cannon were ordered by the Emperor of the French. Eighteen months later the German uhlans, backed by Krupp's artillery, swept across northern France to Paris and dragged the last Napoleon from his throne.

English à la Catalonia

AN ENTERPRISING Barcelona newspaper, *El Día Grafico*, is devoting several columns daily to English translations of news despatches for the benefit of visiting tourists. Efforts in Barcelona to protect the local Catalonian dialect against the advance of pure Castilian Spanish may have prompted the translator to try his hand at putting a few Catalonian touches to the English language. Here are some of the items.

'Amsterdam. An aircraft of the hollandish army which was flying in the aroundings of Grave fell down from a considerable height. The two airmen flying in same have been taken out of the burning remains, entirely carbonized.'

'Mukden. The Chang Tso Ling's burial has taken place last Sunday. The crowd was looking the funeral procession and blamed the Chang Tso Ling's political behavior.'

'Stockholm. The courageous swedish airman Lundborg, who saved the general Nobile, and that while trying to rescue the shipwrecked people broke his aircraft and was lost in the polar ice-blocks, has been rescued yesterday morning.'

'Sofia. Three unknown fellows have fired yesterday at midnight several shots against general Peteguerof. The general fell down seriously, and died while being carefully conveyed to the hospital.'

'Paris. Mr. Briand will submit to morrow to the Council the Kellogg's contemplated agreement against the war. This agreement has been wellcome and the Quai d'Orsay is trying to make a real convention of the Kellogg's commentaries in reply to France reservations.'

'Brussels. The circunstances by which the banker Mr. Loewenstein has passed away bring to the conviction that his death has merely been a self-murder. Mr. Loewenstein had been born in Brussels in 1874 and he was the third of the richest men of the whole world. The Loewenstein's widow has ordered that the fatal aircraft is sold at once.'

'Roma. The boxing match for the Europe Championship of half weight has taken place in between the Italian Mario Basisio (champion) and the mulatto Jack Walker (challenger) who has won by points.'

'Belgrade. Etienne Radich is growing worse. His wound suppurates and his heart spreads out. Radich is diabetic and cardiacal.'

'Roma. While everybody is hopeless in Norway as to Amundsen and Guilbaud's fate, italian people is growing anxious for Viglieri group. The fog and ice conditions prevent seaplanes to go down in polar regions. The seaplanes which had succeeded in getting Leigh Smith's cape, have been compelled to go back retracing their steps.'

'Cairo. The Egyptian government has just been resigned and the whole country is very influenced by this event.'

Another theory suggests itself which may explain this collection of items from the principal cities of the world, if not their idiomatic phrasing. The Living Age, in its June number, inaugurated the department *Metropolitana* consisting of characteristic and interpretive bits from the earth's metropolises. The department attracted immediate attention and stirred enthusiastic approval everywhere. Can the echo of this applause have reached the attentive ears of the enterprising editor of our Barcelona contemporary? Is *El Día Grafico* to have a *Metropolitana* all its own, and is what we have quoted the first installment of the series? The idea, we are sure, is a good one. The way it is worked out is a matter of taste, judgment, and literary skill. Our conception of these qualities is exemplified in our own *Metropolitana* found elsewhere in this number. But the items from *El Día Grafico* have their merit too.

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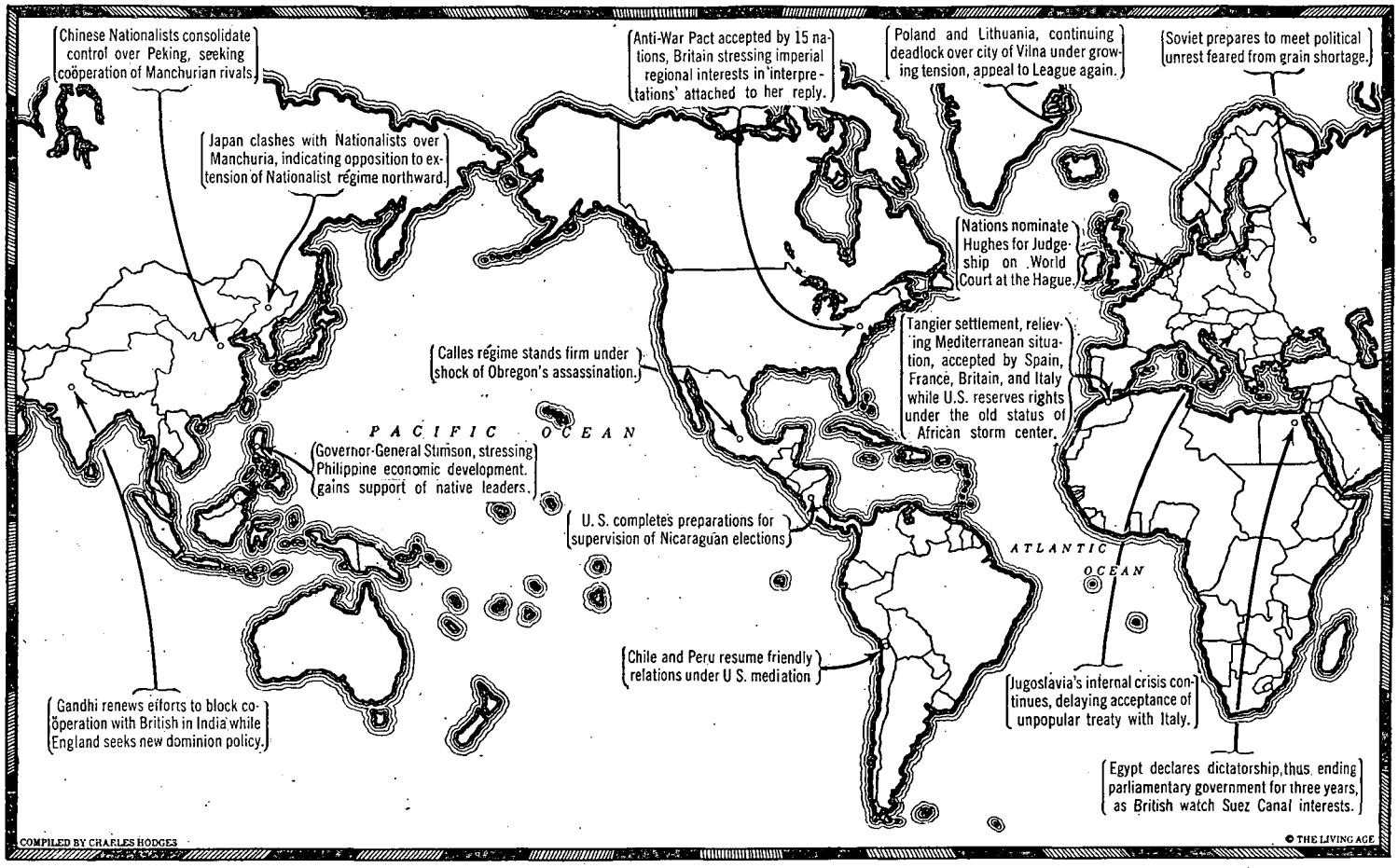
Chinese Nationalists consolidate control over Peking, seeking coöperation of Manchurian rivals.
Anti-War Pact accepted by 15 nations, Britain stressing imperial regional interests in 'interpretations' attached to her reply.
Poland and Lithuania, continuing deadlock over city of Vilna under growing tension, appeal to League again.
Soviet prepares to meet political unrest feared from grain shortage.
Japan clashes with Nationalists over Manchuria, indicating opposition to extension of Nationalist régime northward.
Nations nominate Hughes for Judgeship on World Court at the Hague.
Tangier settlement, relieving Mediterranean situation, accepted by Spain, France, Britain, and Italy while U.S. reserves rights under the old status of African storm center.
Calles régime stands firm under shock of Obregon's assassination.
PACIFIC OCEAN
Governor-General Stimson, stressing Philippine economic development, gains support of native leaders.
U. S. completes preparations for supervision of Nicaraguan elections
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Chile and Peru resume friendly relations under U S. mediation
Jugoslavia's internal crisis continues, delaying acceptance of unpopular treaty with Italy.
Gandhi renews efforts to block coöperation with British in India while England seeks new dominion policy.
Egypt declares dictatorship, thus ending parliamentary government for three years, as British watch Suez Canal interests.
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THE GEOGRAPHY OF CURRENT EVENTS

The Anti-War Pact Dominates the Political Scene

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

AGAINST a troubled background of Mexico's presidential crisis, Europe's chronic 'danger spots,' and China's battle for unity, the Anti-War Pact sponsored by the United States has run the gauntlet of Old World statesmanship with every promise of success.

Reservations have given way to 'interpretations,' such as the British explanation of their empire interests, with all acceptances at hand in Washington toward the month-end. The August conference of signatories to complete the pact marks the last stage of this pilgrimage of peace.

Below the Rio Grande, Washington has been improving the stock of the United States among Latin-American nations.

Possibly nowhere has this shown to better advantage than in the human tragedy surrounding Mexico. The assassination of President-Elect Obregón in the middle of July proved a crucial test for the Calles régime, with whom the United States has been working out a solution of paramount problems in Mexican-American friendship, and momentarily clouded the prospects for stabilization. The political balance has swung, however, in the direction of internal accord.

Next door, the American supervision of Nicaraguan elections, now close at hand, approaches its climax in the bitter battle of the Liberal and Conservative Parties of the Central American republic. Though sentiment has become more favorable to the intervention of the United States, Washington's Caribbean policy possibly is the larger issue at the polls.

In South America, the promise of Chile and Peru reaching a settlement of their feud over Tacna-Arica becomes more substantial with the two West Coast republics once again shaking hands. This resumption of diplomatic relations, Washington feels, is but the prelude to a full liquidation of difficulties which the good offices of the United States have long sought to clear up.

In the Orient, nationalism continues to color the picture. The Chinese Nationalists, escaping the Scylla and Charybdis of Japan and the Treaty Powers, have made good their mastery of North China. Manchuria, that apple of Nippon's eye, has indicated its intention to return to the Chinese fold. Yet such prospects of Chinese unity seem too good to be true — especially with the Mikado's land openly declaring against the extension of Nationalist control to the Manchurian provinces. A smaller flame of nationalism, the Philippine independence movement, burns less aggressively as native leaders become reconciled to Governor-General Stimson's policies. The British in India, however, find themselves once again confronted with the power of Gandhi, as the Hindu apostle of non-coöperation renews his programme of governmental paralysis. Closer to Europe, the struggle of Egypt over her relations with Britain, complicated by the all-important Suez Canal, has resulted in the failure of another parliamentary régime; a three-year dictatorship in Cairo, received as a 'surprise' by the British Foreign Office, opens up a new phase in Egypt's post-war status.

Europe's long existing sore spots — from the Baltic to the Adriatic — are providing their quota of anxiety. Poland and Lithuania, struggling over the city of Vilna, once more are deadlocked; the dispute goes to the looming League Assembly. Hungary becomes bitter over the results of the Transylvania land question, Rumania being the other party to a controversy which has left Budapest bitter against Geneva. Jugoslavia's internal crisis, precipitated by the shooting of Croatian leaders, leaves the paramount problem of Italy's Adriatic expansion still in the air by again postponing ratification of the Nettuno Conventions, pending for many months. Rome appears to be sympathetically inclined toward Belgrade in its difficulties.

Progress, however, is to be recorded in the settlement of the Tangier Question, which has been complicating the Mediterranean situation. Here, a diplomatic equation has been worked out to satisfy Spanish, French, Italian, and British interests and prestige.

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Both Ends of the Earth

A Noted Explorer Tells How the South Pole Differs from the North

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Author of *The Northward Course of Empire, The Adventures of Wrangel Island,* etc.

THE Arctic and Antarctic are not only 'far as the poles apart' in distance; they are antipodal, too, in many other striking qualities. This raises new problems for the two Arctic flyers, Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd, of the United States Navy (retired), and Captain Sir George Hubert Wilkins, of the Australian Army (World War service), when in September of this year, as they now plan, they sail with northern experience to guide them in their southern adventures.

Byrd, of course, knows the Antarctic through books as well as through the speech and counsel of many who have been there. Wilkins has these advantages, too, but in addition he knows the Antarctic personally, for he was second-in-command of the British Imperial Antarctic Expedition of 1920–21, and he was chief of the scientific staff with Sir Ernest Shackleton in his Antarctic expedition of 1921–22.

The differences between the Arctic and Antarctic are so striking that they might have been specially created for rhetoricians to describe in balanced sentences. They are antithetical, they complement each other, they are reciprocal, too, in a way of speaking.

Basic is the difference that the Antarctic is in the main a small continent, the Arctic in the main a small ocean. The Arctic should, indeed, be named a sea rather than an ocean because of its lack of size. Now that we are beginning to cross it frequently by air and know it more intimately, we are tending to revert to the Elizabethan usage and speak of it as the Northern Sea, the Polar Sea, the Frozen Sea, the Arctic Mediterranean, or almost anything else than an ocean. The mistaken idea of its great size seems, by the way, to be derived mainly from that convenient but otherwise wretched type of map known as the Mercator projection, which makes Australia look only one-third as large as Greenland, although it is three and a half times as large, and even more distorts the Northern Sea until it impresses you as being larger than the Pacific, although it is smaller than one-twelfth of the Atlantic.

But Antarctica is not a very small continent, for it is larger than Australia. There is, of course, the possibility that what we think of as one land mass may be instead an island in size somewhere between Greenland and Australia, and one or more other islands separated from it by a depression running from the Ross Sea to the Weddell Sea, cutting off what we now call Graham Land from the rest of Antarctica. The depression running between those two bights may prove to be a real division of land masses. But to the traveler, whether he walks or flies, it will remain of theoretical interest, for it is masked with such thick ice that nothing but elaborate deduction or observations by technical scientific methods can determine that the ice rests on land that is below sea level rather than above it.

As if to conform with what resembles an antithetical plan, the ice peaks of the Antarctic Continent are about as much above sea level as the greatest depths of the Northern Mediterranean are below it — around three miles in each case. The highest altitude observed in the South was in 1902 by Scott, who found Mount Markham to be about 15,100 feet. The greatest depths measured in the North were by Storker Storkerson of the third Stefansson Expedition, when in 1918 he sounded by wire and a lead 15,000 feet at a point about 90 miles north of eastern Alaska, and by Wilkins and Eielsen in 1927 when, by the echo method, they found 17,000 feet about 550 miles northwest from Alaska.

Although the Antarctic Continent is on the average higher above sea level than any other continent, it is not yet known to contain any mountain as high as the leading peaks of the five other continents. For the Antarctic Mount Markham is 3365 feet lower than Mount Elbruz (Europe), 4356 feet lower than Kibo Peak (Africa), 5200 feet lower than Mount McKinley (North America), 7980 feet lower than Mount Aconcagua (South America), and 14,041 feet lower than Mount Everest, considered not only the highest mountain of Asia but of all the world.

The Arctic, although deep considering its small size, is by no means the deepest of all the oceans. The Wilkins sounding is 5968 feet less than the greatest recorded depth of the Indian Ocean, falls 14,366 feet short of the greatest depth of the Atlantic, and 17,210 short of the Pacific.

GENERALLY speaking, the old-fashioned ideas about both of the polar districts do apply to the Antarctic and do not apply to the Arctic. There is, for instance, a real ice cap around the South Pole; around the North Pole there is no ice cap except when the journalists are talking about it. It is probable that the most intense cold on earth is found shortly after midwinter at the South Pole. At the North Pole the corresponding temperature is probably only half as far below zero and from 10° to 30° warmer than many places where Europeans live, as, for instance, the Verkhoyansk locality in the Yakutsk Province of Siberia, where grains are cultivated in summer with a July temperature of 90° in the shade, but where the winter cold reaches 90° below zero.

It is probable that the South Pole minimum is lower than 120° below zero, Fahrenheit; the minimum at the North Pole is probably never colder than 60° below. Incidentally, there are towns in the United States that have observed minimum temperatures from five to ten degrees lower than the theoretical minimum for the North Pole.

THE ANTARCTIC expeditions planned by COMMANDER BYRD and CAPTAIN SIR GEORGE WILKINS for this month are drawing the World's attention to the South Polar Regions.

What difficulties will be encountered by these two gallant flyers in their expeditions? How will the obstacles soon to confront them off the tip of South America differ from those they have already overcome in the North? From the point of view of exploration, what is the significance of the fact that the two poles of the earth are almost as different as black and white? An experienced Arctic explorer tells us in this article.

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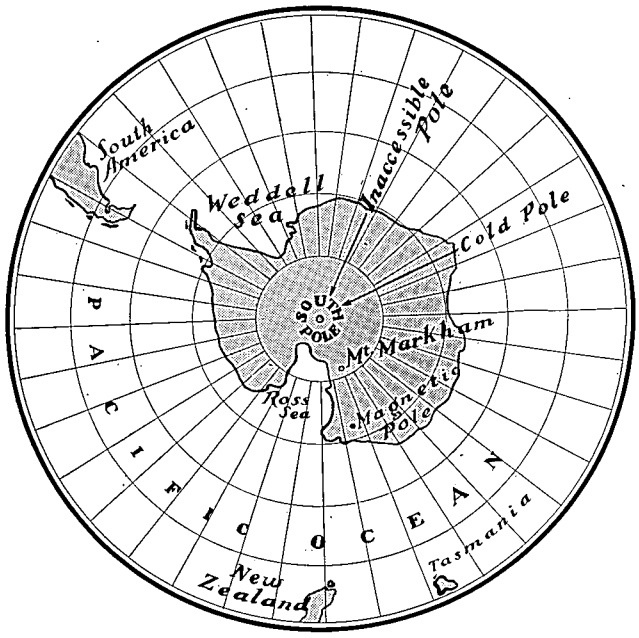

THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS

It would be a mistake to conclude from these midwinter temperatures that exploratory work in the Antarctic has been conducted in the past at lower temperatures than in the Arctic, or that it is likely to be in the near future. On the contrary, most Arctic travelers have reported colder weather on their journeys than has any Antarctic traveler. This is because the favorable exploring season in the Arctic is in the winter but the favorable season in the Antarctic is the summer.

It used to be supposed that Arctic exploration could be done only in spring or summer, and the early expeditions followed that principle. But Sir Leopold McClintock and others got away from it around 1850, and then began the long exploratory journeys by sledge. Peary laid it down as a principle that a well conducted Arctic expedition should commence sledge operations in January or February and finish by April, or at the latest in early May. But all Antarctic explorers have begun their work in spring and finished it by autumn. This will doubtless be the practice there for the immediate future.

With regard to wind distribution, the Antarctic is so regular that it is incredible to us of the northern hemisphere, who are not brought up to any such thing. This regularity of the winds follows mainly from the symmetry of the land. The Antarctic continent is roughly circular. The South Pole is approximately in the centre of it; the centre is, roughly speaking, the highest part, and the land slopes away in every direction. This frozen and ice-covered land is surrounded, therefore, in a circle by an unfrozen and ice-free ocean. The other three southern continents are about equally far away in their three directions, South America, Africa, and Australia.

According to a theory worked out in greatest detail by Professor William H. Hobbs, of the University of Michigan, and partly originated by him, the wind action of the Antarctic district has been explained with clearness, but not in any simple way that can be condensed into a magazine paragraph. You are substantially in accord with that theory, however, if you think first of the fact that cold air is heavier than warm. Then you recall how cold it is in the centre of the Antarctic Continent and how any air that is there will tend to slide down all the sides of that Continent away from the high centre, like water sliding off the back of a turtle. The farther the air slides, the more momentum it will get. Furthermore, it will move faster when it gets to where the hill is steeper, and that is generally near the edges of the continent. Then, moreover, the sea all around the land is comparatively warm, and so there will be rising currents above it, creating a partial vacuum for the air that has been sliding and sliding faster toward the edges of the land to rush down into.

Here you have the main explanation that states the rule and covers everything but the inevitable exceptions that are brought about by various subsidiary forces described by Professor Hobbs. Remembering the rule and forgetting the exceptions for the moment, you are not surprised to learn from Sir Douglas Mawson that the average wind velocity for a whole year at his winter base, Adelie Land, was approximately fifty miles per hour, that the greatest velocity for the windiest month was 60.7 miles per hour, the average for the windiest day was 107 miles per hour, and 180 miles per hour the highest velocity of single gusts.

You are made to realize the exceptions, however, when you find that no Antarctic expedition has recorded nearly as high velocities as Mawson because their base stations were located in other parts, and that some expeditions, such as those of Scott and Amundsen, were in large part exempted from strong winds because of their choice of wintering quarters.

A corollary to all the above is that there could never be much wind right around the South Pole. We knew this would be so, and both Scott and Amundsen observed conditions there which indicate that a wind has never blown at all for the last thousand years, or at least not with any violence.

When the violent winds blowing off the edges of the Antarctic Continent proceed in every direction north into the ocean, they are diverted from their course by the rotation of the earth, producing the storms of the Roaring Forties.

It used to be thought that there was a corresponding symmetry of wind circulation around a North Pole centre. This idea has been dispelled gradually by the observations of travelers, and new theories have been formed by Hobbs and others which make Greenland play in the north somewhat the part which the Antarctic Continent plays in the south.

Greenland has the will to dominate in the north but hardly the power. It is chief among many forces, no doubt, but by no means omnipotent like the South Polar Continent. Still there are many similarities, if no strict parallels. Instead of the complete absence of winds at the centre of the Antarctic Continent, these are few and weak at the centre of Greenland. Her winds speed up towards the margin, too, but are interfered with and confused by large northern hemisphere cyclonic storms that originate outside.

Both in Greenland and the Antarctic the gravitational and centrifugal gales stop occasionally, to take their breath as it were, for reasons of temperature, friction, and other complicated things that have been worked out in part by the scientists and are now in process of more complete solution.

There are various symmetries about the Antarctic that are wanting in the Arctic. In the South, for instance, the mathematical pole is approximately in the centre of the area of land ice and is, therefore, also the hardest point to reach. In the North, the mathematical pole is nowhere near the centre of the floating sea ice and is, therefore, nowhere near being the hardest point to reach. That point lies about four hundred miles from the North Pole in the direction toward Alaska and has been named the Pole of Inaccessibility, or for short the Inaccessible Pole. We can say, then, that the South and Inaccessible Poles lie on top of each other in the Antarctic but that the North and Inaccessible Poles are four hundred miles apart in the Arctic.

Similarly the coldest spot in the southern hemisphere, or the Cold Pole, is doubtless at or very near the South Pole. For the three main factors which

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determine extreme minimum temperatures in winter are distance from the equator, distance from the ocean, and height above sea level. The South Pole possesses all these three qualities; the North Pole possesses only one of them, distance from the equator. The North Pole is not high above the ocean, for it is in the ocean, and it is not far away from the ocean for the same reason.

To get the three factors working together and a resulting extreme cold in the northern hemisphere, you must proceed to some large land mass. Of the places so far visited by scientific men the three conditions combine most effectively at the above-mentioned place of Verkhoyansk, in Siberia, which has, therefore, been called the Cold Pole of the northern hemisphere. It is probable, however, that an even lower temperature may be registered in winter somewhere near the centre of Greenland. In either case the Cold Pole of the northern hemisphere is somewhere between nine hundred and twelve hundred miles from the North Pole.

As implied in the discussion some paragraphs back, the Wind Pole, or centre of wind distribution, lies at or near the South Pole in the Antarctic; but in the northern hemisphere it lies at about the same place in Greenland as does the Cold Pole, or a thousand miles away from the North Pole.

Of course, the Magnetic Pole is about as far from the South Pole in the southern hemisphere as it is from the North Pole in the northern, around one thousand miles.

As regards ocean life, the conditions are not opposed in the Far North and Far South. The general principle is that the amount of animal life per cubic unit of ocean volume is least at the equator and increases as you go north or south. Accordingly we find the great fisheries of the northern hemisphere around Alaska, Newfoundland, Iceland, Norway, and Spitsbergen. Similarly there are incredible quantities of animal life in the ocean when you get to the farthest possible South where the water meets the edge of the land.

But when you step ashore in the Antarctic, the contrast with regard to life becomes as complete as the similarity was till then. The penguins and seals do clamber out upon the rocks or upon the edge of the ice, but they do not go far. Beyond their range there is no life belonging to what we call the higher forms. Not a single four-footed land animal, not even a mouse or a rat scampers over the snow or hides among the rocks. In the Arctic, on the contrary, there are great land animals, such as the caribou (reindeer) and ovibos (musk ox), that crop herbage on the north coasts of the most northerly lands in the world, whether those are continents or islands. The grazing fields of the caribou surround the whole Northern Mediterranean, whether we think of the mainland or islands as belonging to Europe, Asia, or North America. Once upon a time the ovibos completely embraced that sea, too, but he is a beast that does not flee from human enemies and has, therefore, been exterminated wherever men hunt, whether they be civilized or savage. There are a few thousand still left, confined wholly to uninhabited districts.

In further contrast with the South, there are a great many other animals in the North. Hundreds of thousands of white foxes, with one of a blue phase for every hundred that are white. For every ten thousand foxes there are probably a thousand wolves, living on caribou in winter and on birds' eggs and rodents in summer. Of these rodents, there are several varieties. And of the birds there are more than one hundred and fifty species that come north in spring to have their young and go south with them again in autumn. Then there are three birds that spend the winter north, the ravens, snowy owls, and ptarmigan. Perhaps ninety per cent of the owls and ravens go south to the temperate zone in winter, but a few remain in the Arctic; and at least half the ptarmigan stay there the year around.

The great abundance of animal and bird life in the Arctic is, of course, based upon the abundant vegetation. There have been discovered and reported from the Arctic more than 30 varieties (species) of ferns, more than 250 varieties of mosses, more than 330 varieties of lichens and more than 800 varieties of flowering plants. From the Antarctic only two flowering plants have been reported and only 150 species of non-flowering. If you consider the average tonnage of vegetation per square mile of the lands in the Arctic that are as far from the North Pole as the edge of the Antarctic Continent is from the South Pole, you can conclude with probable safety that the tonnage of vegetation from a hundred square miles in the Arctic is greater than the total tonnage of all land vegetation in the whole Antarctic, though it be a continent larger than Australia.

The form of vegetation known as bacteria may go a considerable way into the Antarctic Continent, flourishing in the snow. Similarly there are microscopic plants that grow in the snow of high mountains in the Arctic and breed in the snowbanks on top of the ice that drifts about on the deep Arctic waters far from land.

The nearest things to land animals we know about in the Antarctic are certain low forms discovered by the Shackleton expedition in the fresh water of lake bottoms where, in some cases, the ice above them was more than thirty feet thick and the water in which they lived only four or five feet deep between the ice and the bottom.

There is one beast looked upon commonly as a land animal, though its real home is the floating sea ice at considerable distances from land. This is the Arctic polar bear, that feeds almost exclusively on seals and never on fish except when captive in zoölogical gardens and forced to eat what there is. No corresponding animal is found in the Antarctic.

That there are no bears or similar animals in the Antarctic is either because they never got there from the lands of their origin or else because, if they were there once, they died out at a time when conditions were more unfavorable than they are now. If polar bears could only get to the Antarctic as it is to-day, they would find what to them would be a paradise of blood and slaughter. Penguins do not flee, for there is no creature on land

(*Continued on page 77*)

THE ARCTIC REGIONS

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The Education of an Émigré

How a Naïve Russian Refugee Became a True Parisian Sophisticate

By A. I. Kuprin

From *Russkaia Gazeta* (Paris Monarchist Daily)

HE has a fourth cousin by marriage in Paris — a settled, veteran émigré. He comes to Paris from Vapniarka, Province of Podolia, clad in what used to be a dark-green hunting suit, dancing-slippers, and a brownish derby. His baggage consists of a notebook and a suitcase filled with well-worn, soiled underwear and rolls of currency — not Russian, to be sure, but the almost equally worthless bills of the border States, among which the most valuable are Bosnian crowns and the *sas-sapitoss* of the White Russian Republic.

The magnificent, clean-shaven, metropolitan fourth cousin looks over the new arrival again and again, observes his uncouth provincial manner, discovers his utter ignorance of any language but Russian, glances contemptuously at the greasy bundles of border-state currency, and says: —

'You may lodge in this closet for the time being. Never show yourself in the salon. You'll have three francs a day for your expenses, and a dictionary as a present from me. In two weeks, you'll have to get out.'

'Vasili Vasilievich! But how do you say "exchange" in French?'

'Look in the dictionary.'

An hour later finds the young man already at the agency. There, on the broad steps, between the portico's huge gray pillars, a mighty human whirlpool surges and writhes. Thousands of people pack every square inch of space, shoulder to shoulder, cheek to cheek; and the dense mass puffs and swells like rising dough. All shout simultaneously at the top of their lungs. A tenor's upper A dominates the turmoil.

But our youth does not feel embarrassed. On the contrary, he elbows himself with fierce delight into the very midst of the throng and feels as much at home there as he used to feel at the Vapniarka railway station. In this tumultuous sea he has not even a compass to guide him — nothing save the exchange report clipped from that morning's paper.

Two weeks later he again presents himself before his fourth cousin's anglicized stare.

'Well?'

'Four hundred francs,' answers the youth modestly.

'Is that so?' The fourth cousin's eye softens. 'Your greasy paper was n't worth ten. Keep right on. When you have bought a dinner suit and learned some kind of manners, come again. I'll show you to the world. My wife has tea every Thursday between five and six. And here, take this thousand francs. Don't thank me. The interest on it will be 15 per cent. a year. I'll give you no advice, but if there's business, I'll help. Go on.'

ALEKSANDR IVANOVICH KUPRIN, the author of this sketch, is himself a Russian refugee, but of a different type from *de Chizhoff*, the amusing opportunist whose evolution is satirized. Incidentally, there is in Russian no particle of nobility (*de*). Its assumption by *Chizhoff* ('de *Chizhoff* on his calling cards') is an especially subtle touch by the author.

M. Kuprin was born in 1870, has written many books, among them *The Duel*, *The Red Czar*, and *Pegia Loshadi*. That he is not in sympathy with the present régime in Russia may be surmised from the sketch here presented. This is confirmed when one learns that he has described the great Lenin as having 'the unfeeling innocence of *moral idiocy*.'

FOUR months pass. Our youth is no longer buffeted in the crowd of brokers. He drives past in a taxi, beckons to a man who is waiting for him as alert as a loaded pistol with the trigger raised, and drops a curt order such as: 'Amsterdam,' or 'Salt pork,' or simply 'Stop!' Then he drives on to pursue his complicated commercial affairs. He has already been once at his fourth cousin's wife's tea, and the mighty relative has said to him: '*Nichevo*, you are passable, except that you must stop wiping your nose with your fingers. They might think you have no handkerchief. And swallow your food before you begin to speak. You really do not have to talk at all. That is just as well.'

A year later our youth has begun to fill out a beautiful expanse of waistcoat, with a real gold chain hanging across it. In the salons where his fourth cousin has introduced him, he proves unobtrusively witty, very obliging to ladies, and a patient listener to long stories. His 'aunt' is already planning a match for him — to a girl not young, but with money and with many useful connections. Chizhik — for such is his name — is somewhat procrastinating in this matter. He has not even hinted that 'over there,' in Russia, he was — somewhat — to a certain extent — legally married. He has paid his fourth cousin the 15 per cent. interest demanded, and has even purchased stock in one of the latter's numerous undertakings.

Another year and a half pass. To-day you can find in Paris no trace of Chizhik from Vapniarka. You may meet our esteemed, our beloved, our dear Nikolai Nikolaevich Chizhov (*de Chizhoff* on his calling cards), a regular visitor at fashionable resorts, beaches, and *batailles de fleurs* under azure skies. The birth of a sturdy son has definitely established his position as a respectable member of society. He has a salon of his own, and gives Wednesday afternoon teas where his mighty fourth cousin drops in as an equal. His own wife wears a new heavy pearl necklace — a sure thermometer of commercial success. He need not call at the exchange any longer; he gives his orders over the telephone — his own telephone. He has begun to know a good deal about choice wines, good cigars, chic demi-mondaines, and racing horses. He is a Parisian.

BUT his soul is not satisfied; his heart still yearns for something; a certain last touch is still to be acquired; a certain moment is still to come, to round out his career and his figure.

However, *de Chizhoff* has been born under a lucky star. The supreme moment comes quite naturally. He is at a dinner table in a *cabinet particulier* at Paillard's, alone with X. from Moscow.

'Well, then, Nikolai Nikolaevich, you take those diamonds?' the man from Moscow asks, sipping his golden Château Yquem. 'By the way, what an excellent *poularde!*'

(*Continued on page 79*)

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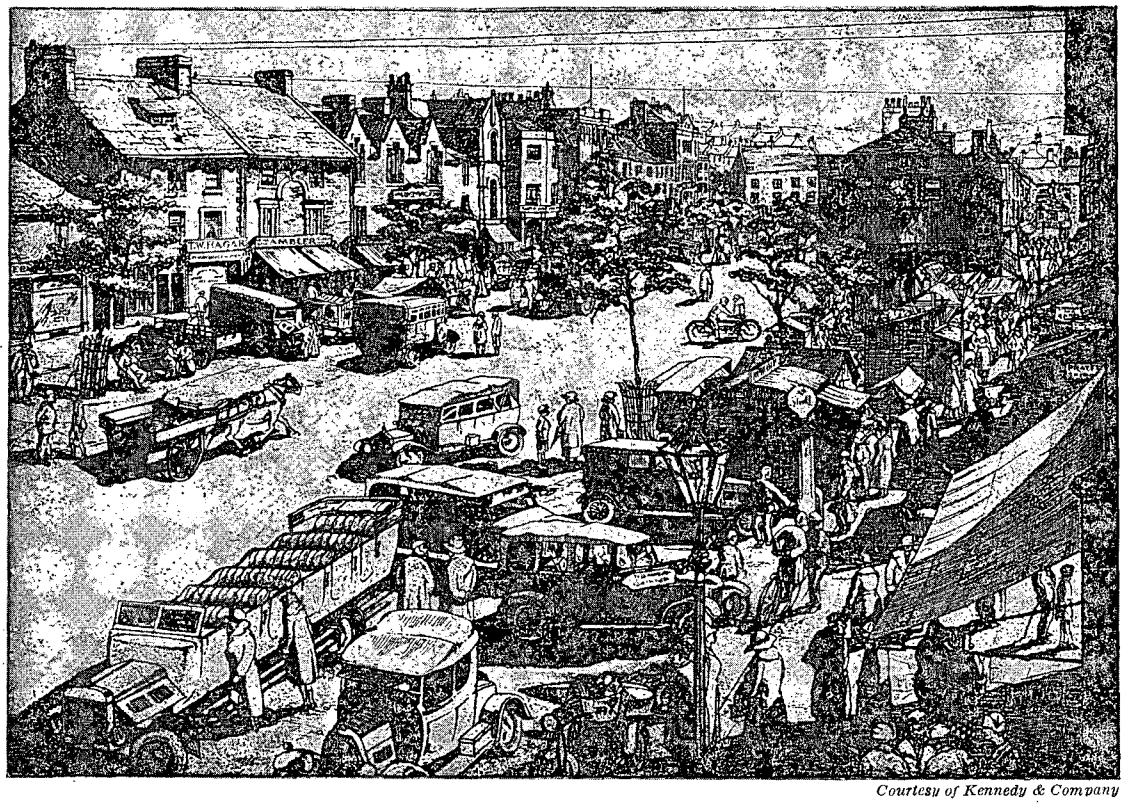

Courtesy of Kennedy & Company

MARKET DAY, SKIPTON
FROM A DRYPOINT BY KENNETH HOLMES

Within an Hour of London

A British Authority on London's Past Reveals the Charms of its Present to the Modern Visitor

By E. Beresford Chancellor

IT IS a curious but indisputable fact that a visitor to a great city, on the principle I suppose that 'man never is, but always to be blest,' has no sooner arrived in it than he wants to make voyages of discovery beyond its boundaries. If he is in Rome, train or motor can carry him away to Lake Nemi or Ostia; or if he is in Paris he is never quite content until he has visited Versailles or seen St. Denis or St. Cloud. Those who come to London are no exception to the rule. Although London is vast enough and complicated enough to exhaust the energies of the most inveterate sightseer, that sightseer would, I doubt not, adapt a famous line, 'What do they know of London who only London know?' And as concerns London, this is probably truer than it would be of any other European city. For there is not one London but dozens. So extensively has the city spread during the last hundred years, that what were once far-flung villages on its outskirts are now integral portions of its immensity, and the suburbs of to-day are spreading in ever widening circles around what Cobbett was wont to call 'the Wen.'

If I were to take the heading of this article *au pied de la lettre*, I should have to say something about places which are so far from London (that is, of course, if you make the journey by train or car!) that we should be scouring quite remote recesses in what we English call the 'home counties.' What is more, we should be neglecting many of those newer spots which are instinct with rural charm and historic associations. Rather I should like to suppose that a visitor asked me to convoy him north, east, west, and south out of London for a day's ramble; and to imagine for the space of this article where I should take him and what I should point out as being most interesting and worth remembrance.

Like the wise men, we should first make for the west. With Richmond, now almost an adjunct of London, one would presume a previous acquaintance. Everyone seems to know its amazing view over the valley of the Thames and its 'Maids of Honor' — those delicacies for the recipe of which a Royal Princess once begged in vain; its memories of Thomson, the poet, and its long line of resident sovereigns. Edward III died here, and so did Elizabeth, although, by the way, *not* in the little room so often pointed out, but in a part of the old palace long since in the dust. No, Richmond should be passed and we should cross the bridge to Twickenham where Pope lived in his riverside home and constructed his grotto; where Richard Owen Cambridge dwelt and Dr. Johnson visited; the Twickenham of those later days when Dickens occupied a small cottage there and Tennyson passed some of his earlier married life in Montpelier Row close to the Orleans House of the exiled Louis-Philippe, later to be converted into the famous Eponymous Club. Nor must we forget York House, a little way beyond, which once belonged to Lord Clarendon, and in which two future queens, Anne

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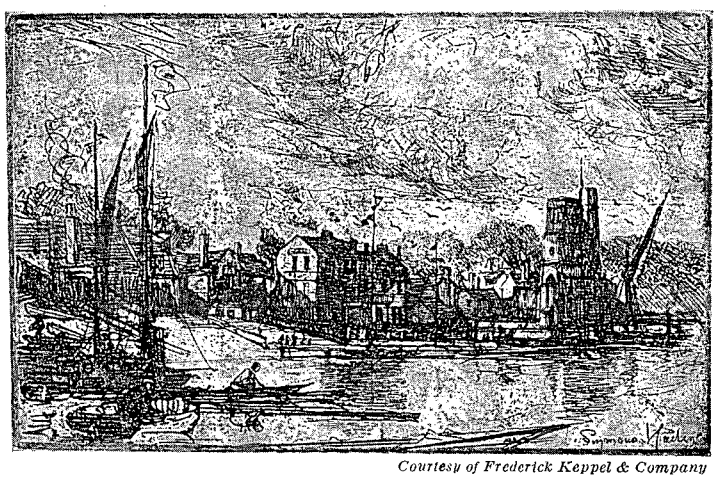
and the second Mary, were born, when the place had become the residence of the great Chancellor's son-in-law, the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

From Twickenham it is but a short way to the Strawberry Hill of Horace Walpole, where that dilettante collector constructed his house, 'set,' as he himself once remarked, 'in enameled meadows and filigree hedges.' Much has been changed hereabouts, and much essential rurality has been obliterated, but there still remains the Gothic Castle over the elaboration and beautification of which its owner spent such loving care. And you may still, in imagination, see that thin, sparsely clad figure emerging from one of the windows opening on the lawn with a bowl of breadcrumbs in his hand, scattering with delicate, ghostly fingers his daily offering to the birds and squirrels — his pensioners.

OR SUPPOSING that we did not elect to cross Richmond Bridge, but wandered instead beneath the famous Hill, and found ourselves in the little twin villages of Ham and Petersham. In the former we would visit one of England's most beautiful great mansions — the Ham House of innumerable associations. That red-brick pile was built by the Duke of Lauderdale, the 'L' of the notorious Cabal Ministry. To-day, you may see (by permission) the rooms which remain exactly as they were when he and his masterful duchess lived in them — the silver toilet table at which she sat, the silver bellows with which a recalcitrant fire was fanned into blaze, the walking stick on which the old lady leaned, and probably, if you have quick eyes and the time, the dents it left in the parquet flooring. You may not be able to see the little library, with its eight or nine Caxtons, every book in which is no younger than the picturesque seventeenth century — for that is a favor rarely granted. But at any rate you can gaze at those great gates which have never been opened since they closed on James II, who, you may remember, first fled hither on the approach of William of Orange, before being persuaded to make for Rochester and safety overseas. Those gates look on a long avenue; and this avenue enters into literature, for in it Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht fought their duel when the young fool of quality was killed, as readers of *Nicholas Nickleby* will remember.

Petersham, close by, has a literary association too, in the poet Gay, whose summer house, where he is said to have written his *Fables*, was long pointed out. His patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, then had a house here, and in that home the bard was protected and spoiled to his heart's content. Since we are at Petersham, it seems worth while to push on the few intervening miles to Kingston where a tangible monument of England's early history is still to be seen in the marketplace. It is nothing less, indeed, than the stone on which most of the Saxon kings were crowned, and which you can compare with Scotland's Stone of Scone, on which subsequent monarchs have sat in Westminster Abbey. If a longer flight in this westerly direction is desired, we can reach, well within the hour, that beautiful spot in Surrey where Box Hill rises, and on the slope of which stands the cottage where George Meredith lived and dreamed of Clara Middleton and Diana and that tremendous Countess de Saldar. There you may roam about Burford Bridge and Fetcham and Chessington where 'Daddy' Crist dwelt and gave wise advice to Fanny Burney what time that young lady was surreptitiously producing masterpieces, before she had entered the gilded slavery of Queen Charlotte's service.



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company

HARRY KELLY'S, PUTNEY

FROM AN ETCHING BY SEYMOUR HADEN

We are on Ariel's wings but they have carried us far enough, and they must take us back to the Wen. But we may return by an alternative route, so as to link up Lyon House and Osterley Park on our way.

The detour will be worth while, for Lyon is one of the most interesting of all places in London's environs. It was reconstructed by the Adams in Georgian days, and is full of their graceful arabesques and decorative audacities. Withal it is part and parcel of the old monastic headquarters which in course of time became the property of the Dukes of Northumberland. Here the ghost of Lady Jane Grey, reading her breviary or conning, under the tuition of Roger Ascham, some Greek or Latin classic, must walk, if her gentle spirit seeks again glimpses of a moon that shines on times so alien to her own.

Then, thanks to a by-way, we can include Osterley where the Childs, who have long since been Earls of Jersey, have lived since Elizabeth's day when the great square, red-brick house with its four corner turrets was built by the founder of the family. Here the Virgin Queen once stayed. On arrival she remarked that a long wall in front of the mansion was out of place, and lo! the next morning when she gazed from her window, the wall was gone. It had been demolished by myriads of workmen (the Eight Hours Bill did not then stand in the way) during the night. No wonder those days earned the name of 'spacious'!

THERE remain three other points of the compass, and the name of Elizabeth suggests the east, for it is there that the Greenwich which she loved is situated. That Greenwich is so near London as almost to be an integral part of it, does not seem to matter; for after all it *is* Greenwich and not London.

There the great palace which Wren erected stands on the site of that earlier one — the Placentia of Tudor days which is so indissolubly associated with the 'Fair Virgin throned in the West.' Here she loved to retire from the more turbulent atmosphere of the capital itself, and the royal river pageants which marked her comings and her goings drew thousands of spectators to both shores of the Thames. Here it was that the traveler Hentzner saw her passing in glory through the courts of her palace when the assembled crowds cried, 'God Save the Queen!' and she replied, 'I thank you, my good people.'

These, however, are but memories. The 'sight's self' to-day is that vast pile created by the genius of Wren and destined in later times to devote its splendor to sheltering the heroes who had fought in Britain's naval battles. There is another interesting association with the past, as well as a monument to present scientific enterprise, in the great observatory. It arose under the ægis of Flamsteed, in the days of Charles II, and

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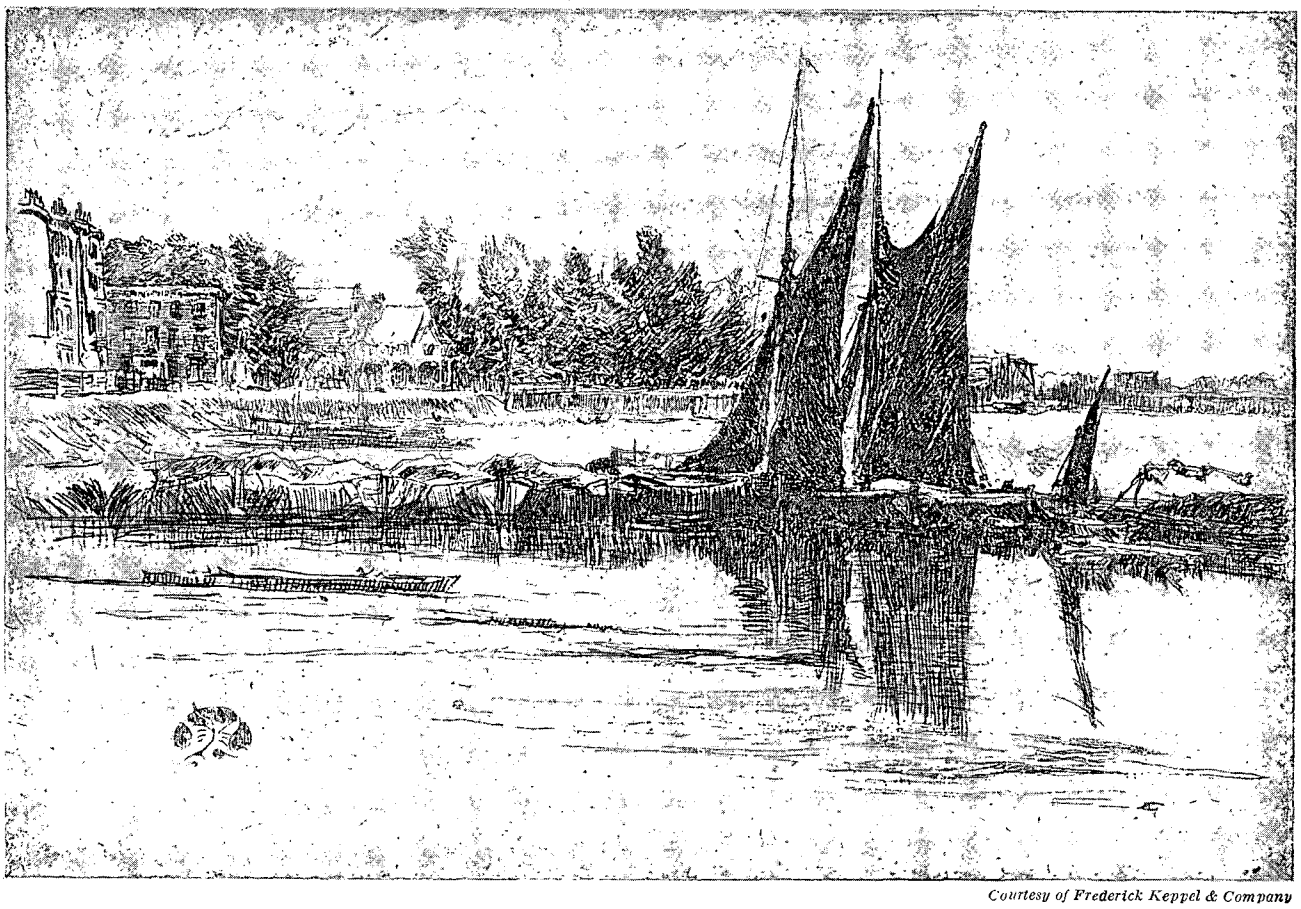
now gives the correct time to the whole kingdom. You can wander about the glades or on the slopes of Greenwich Park, or study the carvings and the pictures in Wren's architectural masterpiece; or you can recall, in the old taverns, those 'Whitebait Dinners' which were once a regular concomitant of ministerial office when the members of the Cabinet foregathered to enjoy for a space a surcease from the cares of administration. 'In after-dinner talk across the walnuts and the wine' (you will recognize the Tennysonian tag) they forgot for a few hours at least that such a thing as the Opposition existed.

Nor need our journey eastward end at Greenwich. We can continue down the river to where it joins the Medway, near where Rochester's old ruined castle and cathedral break the skyline. I am writing this for my many unknown friends in America, and to try to tell Americans anything about Rochester which they do not know either by personal investigation or by reading would be an impertinence. For Rochester stands for Dickens. The names have become well-nigh interchangeable, and from Mr. Pickwick and Jingle and the rest, descending at the Bull Hotel, to Pip having his horrifying interview with the convict Magwitch, on the misty flats on that cold raw morning; from the mysteries of Satis House to the mystery of Edwin Drood, a series of unforgettable pictures of the place has been drawn by the magician of Gad's Hill. Nor can we escape him if, instead of taking the river trip, we press forward, on *terra firma*, into Essex, for we shall come to Chigwell and at Chigwell stood that picturesque Maypole (now, alas! but a memory) which figures so largely in *Barnaby Rudge*.

There are, after all, other beloved names in English literature besides that of the chief one, and of these that of Charles Lamb is, I think, the next most revered. It is in the north of London that we can track that delightful creature, at Edmonton, to which an omnibus will take us and in which he lived. There flows the New River in which his friend Dyer had his unpremeditated plunge, becoming in consequence immortal as the Amicus Redivivus of the *Essays*. No one who remembers Charles Lamb can forget Edmonton. If the impossible could happen, even then the place would be unforgettable, for it enters into the greatest of the later English ballad poems. John Gilpin seems, in one's imagination, always to be riding headlong past 'The Bell' whose balcony was filled with his distracted wife and weeping family.

Curiously enough, the author of the *Deserted Village* is directly connected with a building not far away. To Canonbury Tower poor Grub Street authors were wont to resort for some inexpensive recreation in their sordid and tumultuous existence. Perhaps some association of ideas caused Goldsmith to select that hostelry as an adjunct to his verse, for he came there frequently on what he called his 'Shoemaker's Holidays.'

From Edmonton we can easily gain the more westerly of London's northern heights, can visit the little house (now preserved for all time) where Keats lived and wrote, and can wander about the rural fastnesses of Hampstead with the shades of Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt or refresh ourselves at 'The Spaniards' or at 'Jack Straw's Castle,' as Dickens and Forster were wont to do. And while in this neighborhood one 'sight' should not be missed, Kenwood, that exquisite and splendid example of the Adams convention, which the great Lord Mansfield built, and which, but for a lucky combination of circumstances, would have been looted and destroyed by the Gordon Rioters. This magnificent mansion, with its ample grounds, has now become public property through the generosity of the late Lord Iveagh. In it will be hung the collection of pictures which he assembled with such care and discrimination.



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company

HURLINGHAM

From an Etching by J. A. McN. Whistler

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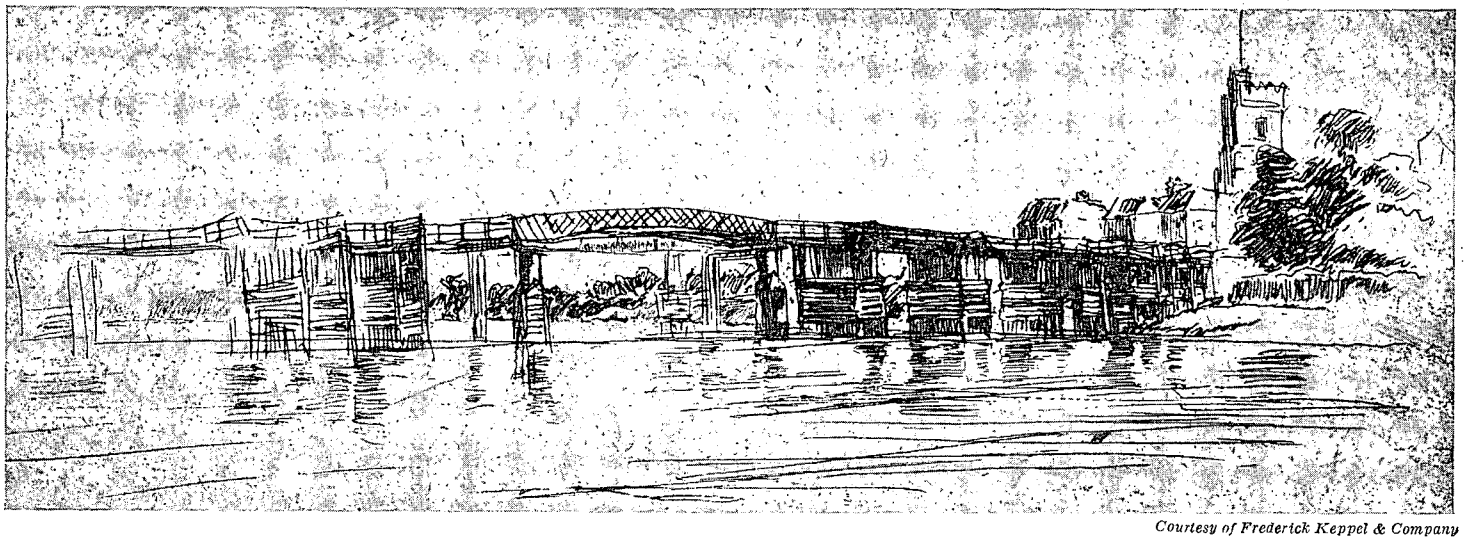
WE HAVE left ourselves little space in which to visit the last point of the compass; but nowadays tubes, trains, and trams link up the outlying suburbs of London so completely that we can get to the south at least in time to visit Croydon. Here stand the almshouses, founded by Archbishop Abbott in the time of James I and still instinct with the picturesqueness that seems inseparable from matured red-brickwork. We can compare them with the not dissimilar fabric known as 'The College' at Bromley. And at Bromley we are close to Down, where Darwin lived in the house which will one day belong to the nation. As we return, we can look in at the Dulwich Gallery, which Sir Francis Bourgeois added to the scholastic foundation of Alleyn, the friend of Shakespeare. This will be worth while because Dulwich, in spite of much building, still remains one of the most attractive of London's surrounding villages, and after you have feasted your eyes on the famous Watteau and one version of Reynolds's 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' you can wander about the charming lanes and hope to meet Mr. George Moore's Evelyn Innes, who is inseparably connected with the spot.

Greater London, as the area through which we have been wandering is called, is everywhere studded with architectural and historic landmarks. Even where the metropolis has thrown out its extended tentacles in the form of modern building development, you will unexpectedly come across some old house forgotten, it would seem, by time, and hanging on to existence amid alien surroundings. The unexpected is always the most arresting, for previous description has not aroused undue anticipation. Thus in wandering about the purlieus of the great city, one can often catch the aura of a time that is gone in a more authentic way than by gazing at monuments that are well-known and that have not infrequently become all too familiar through constant reproduction.

As I reread what I have written, innumerable other places seem to claim recognition: Mortlake, where Dr. Dee lived and was visited by a rather superstitious queen; Putney, where Gibbon lies buried and where Swinburne passed at 'The Pines' the less adventurous portion of his poetic career; Strand on the Green, where Gainsborough dwelt; and Kew churchyard, where his body rests . . . . But space, or want of it, say 'No.'



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company

THE LITTLE PUTNEY
FROM AN ETCHING BY J. A. McN. WHISTLER

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Alsace: Problems of Restoration

By Lazare Weiller

French Senator from the Department of Bas-Rhin (Alsace)

From the *English Review* (London Tory Monthly)

IF NO nation is more closely united than France, there is also no other country where men are more closely attached to their native provinces. Every Provençal is proud of calling himself a fellow-countryman of the poet Mistral. Each Béarnese looks upon himself as a distant cousin of Henry IV. Each Alsatian fervently proclaims his fidelity to his native province: he clings to his traditions with a grim tenacity, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that these traditions make him less deeply attached to France.

For us Alsatians, for the men of my generation and for myself, Alsace has been not only the land of our forefathers and of sacred family traditions; it has been a sweet and bitter memory, the symbol of love and sorrow, and of an unquenchable hope.

In our childhood our eyes saw, as Homer said, 'the smoke of the roofs of our homes ascending to the sky.' We have recovered the ashes of our forefathers and, at last, the bright memories of childhood are revived before our aged eyes.

It will never be forgotten that our resurrection was quite as much the fruit of the sacrifices made by England as of those made by France.

IT IS often asked from the point of view of the foreign policy, or even of the internal policy of France, if there is an Alsatian question. Does the development of the specific differences of Alsace within the unity of France or even that of Europe present a problem?

From the point of view of foreign policy, there is no Alsatian question, and, in making this positive statement, I do not refer to the execution of the treaties. Certainly the Treaty of Versailles has blotted out the Treaty of Frankfurt. But in a world disturbed by constant shocks, there is no everlasting treaty. The clearest and most positive texts provide only provisional shelter for those who draw them up or appeal to them.

In a celebrated line of poetry, the only one, I believe, he ever composed, Talleyrand, who was being congratulated on a treaty then only initialed, said:

Pour parler d'un beau jour attendez jusqu'au soir.

Who can know precisely the time that separates the dawn of day from the night that is coming to an end?

JEAN LAZARE WEILLER, besides being Senator from Alsace, is a director of three of the largest machinery manufacturing firms in France. He was educated in his native country and at Oxford, and he has written several technical books on electricity.

M. Weiller was one of the first Frenchmen to see the future of the aëroplane in modern war. In 1908 he arranged with Wilbur Wright to handle all the Wright patents in France, and he presented a Wright machine to the French War Ministry for experimental purposes.

At the end of the war of 1870, when Bismarck profited by the victory won over France to establish German unity and proclaimed the Empire, the question of the annexation of French territory by the Reich produced a distinct line of cleavage between the diplomats and the soldiers.

Moltke beat Bismarck. The genius of the famous statesman had foreseen the remote consequences of the wound which would remain open in the side of the great neighboring nation. But the strategists were more powerful than the statesman; they were inexorable. It was a misfortune, not only for Alsace and France, but also for Germany herself. The annexation of Alsace and Lorraine made a real reconciliation between the two countries impossible. How much bloodshed and destruction could have been avoided if, in 1871, reason had not been made to yield to the sword? May I venture to add, if England had then shown more foresight?

Of course, united Germany managed to justify before mankind the act of spoliation of which France had just been the victim. There have always been jurists in Germany, as the great Frederick declared, who excel in justifying acts by legal quibbles. From 1871 to 1918 these jurists represented the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine as the recovery of territory of which France had formerly robbed Germany. This fallacy has been put forward again since the Treaty of Versailles, with alarming animosity, by certain schools across the Rhine. So I may explain what this claim amounts to.

When, not by conquest, but by a voluntary gift, and in order to escape from the tyranny of the Swedish occupation, the Alsatian towns and rural districts offered themselves to France, Strassburg under Louis XIV, Mulhouse during the Revolution, there was no united Germany. The German States were, on the contrary, thoroughly disunited. And in these Rhenish German States bordering on our Alsace in the '*Couloir des Évêques*,' which for centuries has played such an important part in history, there was such a mixture of Latin and Germanic elements that my eminent and lamented friend, Maurice Barrès, rightly considered what he called the 'Genius of the Rhine' (*le Génie du Rhin*) as one of the beacons of Western civilization.

To my thinking, it is self-evident that neither Germany nor France can found their claim to their right, with regard to Alsace, on the consideration of race. It was only by giving themselves voluntarily to France that the various parts of Alsace became conscious of their regional unity. Thus modern Alsace, whose destiny, which was settled in the seventeenth century, has since progressed along a straight line in spite of all historical obstacles, is the creation of the common will of France and the Alsatians.

But the violent separation of 1871 and even the efforts of the new rulers, which were sometimes ingenious, failed to change a state of affairs which was the outcome of circumstances and of the cooperation of the French genius for unification with the traditional devotion of the Alsatians to order and independence.

Moreover, an unimpeachable document has just been added to those which refute the claim put forward by the Germans that in 1870 they answered a call of the race. It is a letter which was recently published. It was written on October 26, 1870, by William, King of Prussia, to the Empress Eugénie. The future German Emperor declares therein that the motive of the annexation was purely military. Germany wished to take

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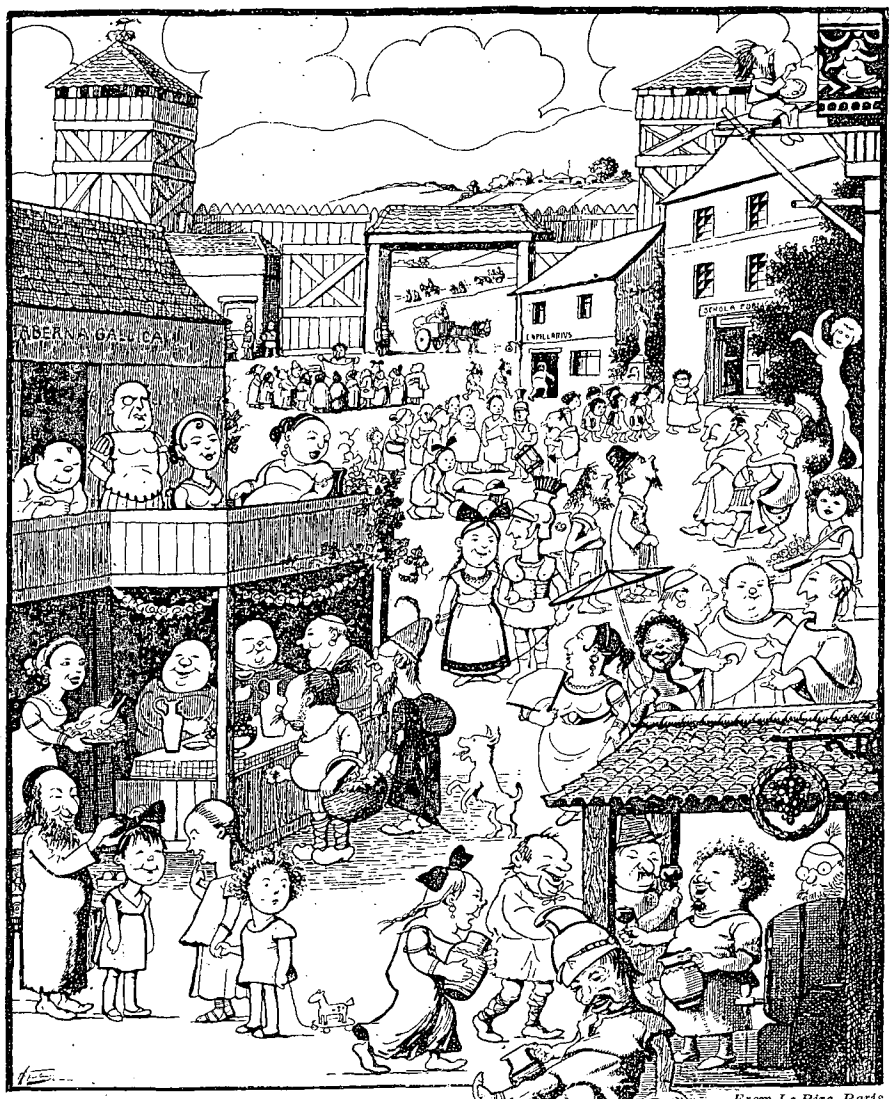
Alsace with a view to a future war. France has reconquered it with a view to a final peace.

IF the restoration of Alsace to the homeland has satisfied the most eager desires and the requirements of justice, nevertheless it was bound to give rise to a certain number of difficulties. Nearly half a century had elapsed between the defeat of 1871 and the victory of 1918. The Alsatians, in order to remain what they are and to preserve themselves for France, had clung with great tenacity to their tradition, and particularly to their religious traditions. During the forty-seven years of exile the church, the chapel, and the synagogue were the most active centres of Alsatian life. But during the same period French policy had followed a different course. The principle of an undenominational State had prevailed. It has been, and still is, the cause of heated debates in Alsace.

There was, then, from the religious point of view, a contradiction between the customs and legislation of Alsace and those of France. This was a first difficulty, arising out of the very nature of things. There have been other difficulties. Shut up in their country and retiring within themselves, the Alsatians had, during the period of their separation from the mother country, given a great impetus to their provincial activities. Moreover, they had profited either by the progress made in German legislation, or by the freedom which, though conceded slowly and grudgingly in the political field, was amply granted in the social sphere. Thus they were enabled to establish in their country and to adapt to their customs and tastes economic mutualist institutions the equivalent of which did not yet exist in France.

But they had good reason to fear lest the strong tendency to uniformity, which for more than a century had dominated French legislation and administration, should make it impossible for them to maintain their traditions and the institutions created by Germany. These traditions, even more than the institutions, were very dear to them.



From Le Rire, Paris

A FRENCH CARTOONIST'S CONCEPTION OF ALSATIAN HISTORY: ROMAN TIMES

M. H. ZISLIN, the well-known Paris cartoonist, here tells in lighter vein the story of Alsace, which Senator Weiller so ably summarizes in his article. The axiom that *history repeats itself* is cleverly emphasized by the repetition of similar groups in different costumes but of essentially similar types and in similar situations in each picture of the series

France desired to reassure them at once. Solemn promises were made to Alsace at the beginning of the war. So far, these promises have been kept. The Alsatians expect them to be kept in the future also. Doubtless, there may have been, and inevitably will still be, minor blunders or slight friction in the application of the difficult measures which are to safeguard within the unity of the national life the differences in the religious and social institutions of Alsace. The recent elections seem to have confirmed some of these apprehensions.

BUT in order thoroughly to understand the feelings of the Alsatians, whom the French Press reproach, perhaps with too much violence, for their particularist spirit, a little more attention ought to be paid to what happened before the War, when Alsace was governed by Germany. Neither the somewhat clumsy enticements of German methods nor the heavy fist of the rulers of the Empire had been able to overcome Alsatian particularism.

After the wild enthusiasm of the restoration to the mother country, the two had to resume the ordinary business of everyday life.

How was it possible to avoid little bickerings due to differences of method, behavior, and language? Parties were at once active in France which demanded the immediate assimilation of Alsace and Lorraine, the introduction of *méthodes laïques* and other political innovations, which caused a real panic among the Alsatian population, especially among the villages. Moreover, circumstances necessitated the presence of French officials in Alsace for the purpose of organizing the republican system of administration and facilitating the linking up of the services. Chance — was it really chance? — ordained that the officials chosen should come from that part of France which was least able to understand Alsatian particularism and confounded Alsatian mentality with that of southern Frenchmen. These officials seemed amazed to find Alsatians who were both advanced in their ideas of social progress and intensely religious. It was then that the Alsatians began to fall back upon themselves.

Then Parisian 'pilgrims' began to explore Alsace and to discover not only

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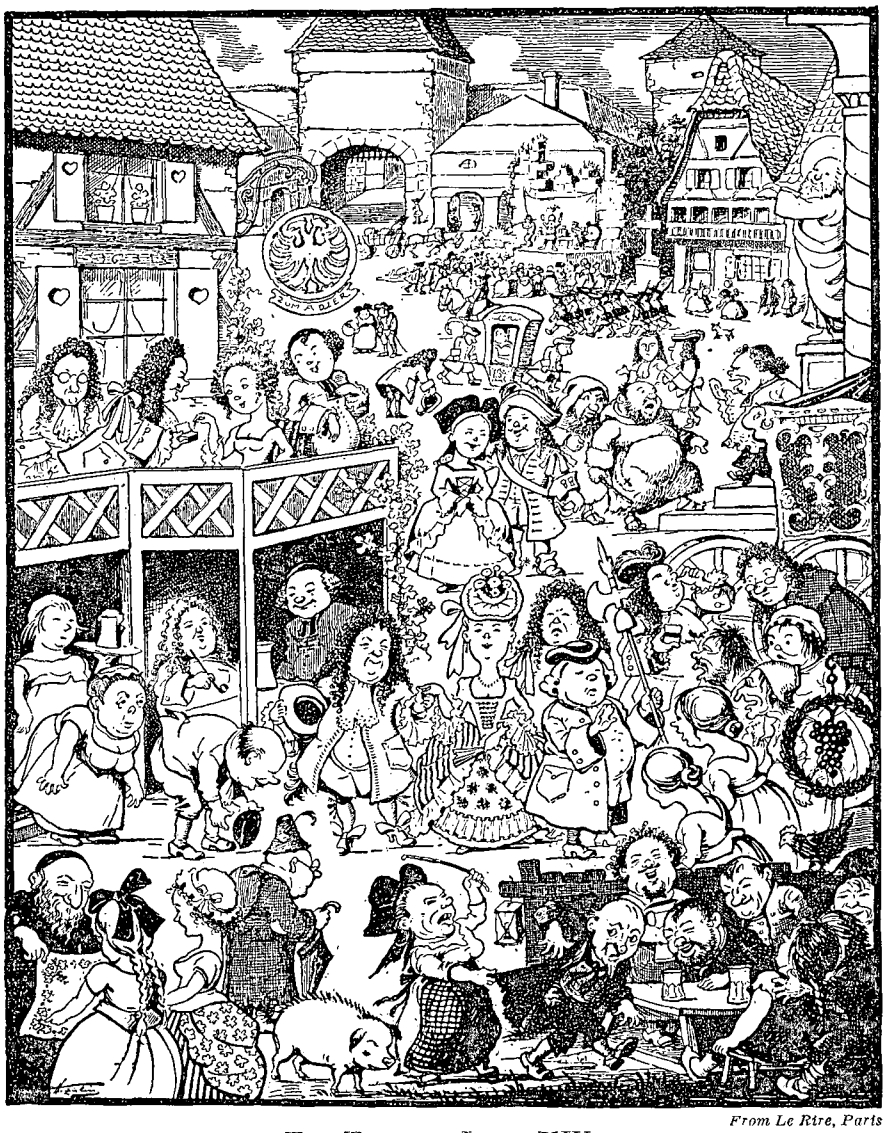
the noble qualities of its race, but also its shortcomings. They called the particularists by the name of 'autonomists,' and the latter finally adopted this name themselves. They laid stress, with an insistence which was unfortunately justified, on the intrusion of German elements which were, of course, only too happy to take advantage of the differences which seemed to have arisen.

This was the origin of the somewhat confused situation that has been revealed by the recent elections. But with a minimum of political understanding the French Government, seconded by the most competent representatives of Alsace and a Press which the recent election results have enabled us to see more clearly, will know how to establish Alsatian affairs on a sound basis.

The Government should deal as they deserve with the queer individuals who have come from Moscow and Germany to repeat the mischief in Alsace they do elsewhere. But it should not confound Alsace with these individuals. Instead of trying to frighten the doubtful elements of the Alsatian population, the Government should try to win them over to its side; it is not impossible, it is not even difficult. They should not be perpetually reproached with uttering an insincere cry when they shout, 'Vive la France!'

And, above all, let it not be forgotten that Alsatian particularism is perhaps one of the noblest forms of the political ideal. Is not the Scotsman, who, for his part, is also a particularist, a Briton who is devoted to Great Britain? And does not the Englishman whom we see hastening busily through the City cling to his traditions which are so essentially English? To-day the Americans themselves, whose optimism and wealth have grown as a result of the war, are showing signs of uneasiness and defending themselves against foreign influences that antagonize their feelings, which have suddenly become those of uncompromising imperialists. As in our Alsace, where the priests take an active part in politics, and village ministers and priests are all of the Church militant, the present public life of Americans, whose original States were founded by English Puritans, is powerfully swayed by their religion. My friend André Siegfried, in his remarkable work entitled *L'Amerique d'aujourd'hui*, has laid stress on this situation in a striking manner. Whether we wish it or not, whether it is an error, a fault, or even a political crisis, the Alsatian ministers and priests are the masters of their Catholic and Protestant villages, just as the Puritans of English origin, the Protestants of Dutch origin, and the Lutherans of German origin are at present the masters of American politics.

All this is one of the many aspects of that particularism which has never been better understood or managed than it was by the ministers of an absolute monarch like Louis XIV. However, the French Republic has always fulfilled its obligations to Alsace and Lorraine and, I am sure, will always do so. Whatever Government may be in office, both promises and treaties will be respected.



From Le Rire, Paris

THE TIMES OF LOUIS XIV

NOTE THAT THE YOUNG ALSATIENNES' liking for soldiers (see centres of cartoons) apparently dates back to Roman times. The pleasures of the vine (lower right) seem also to be constant. It is characteristic of French nationalist feeling that the cartoonist should pass over the period of Germanic rule that preceded acquisition of the province by Louis XIV

BUT everything has not been perfect in the way Alsatian affairs were managed during the early days of the new rule. Alsatian conditions and modern French conditions did not harmonize, and there were difficulties due to the special circumstances.

Alsatians may be divided into three classes: *those who are more than* 60 *years old, those who are more than* 30 *years old, and those who are less than* 30.

The eldest men have retained, if not through themselves, at least by the immediate traditions of their homes, the French stamp of the period preceding the annexation. Those who are less than 30 years old passed into the current of our national life under the sign of victory. But we must surely face this truth: those who are more than 30 years old, i.e., two or three generations of men who are at present heads of Alsatian families, communes, and institutions, have been molded by German culture. How could it be otherwise? The intellectuals who had been influenced by the spirit of the German universities could not tune their thoughts to the rhythm of French culture. The lower classes themselves spoke German and had German manners and traditions. The Germans had made Strassburg a centre of their intellectual activity, but this centre was animated by

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the Alsatians themselves. And it was only after the Armistice that the Germans who had lived in Alsace made a new intellectual effort, which arose at Frankfurt, not Strassburg. It was in this great German centre that they formed the association of Alsatians in the Reich which was immediately subsidized by the 'Deutsche Notgemeinschaft.'

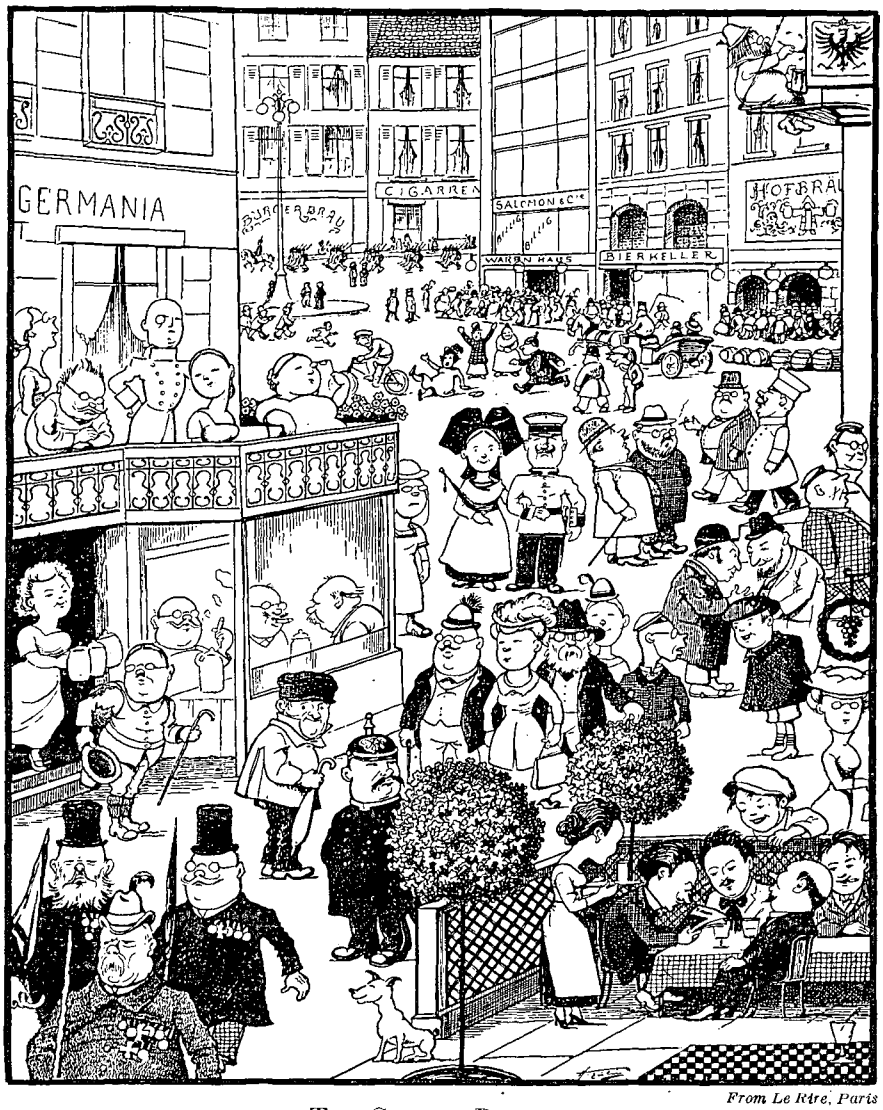
Since the Armistice, Frankfurt has become a real source of historical information, the chief aim of which is to prove and justify before the learned world the causes of the War. Here is a striking example of the sudden intellectual activity displayed by the Germans of Alsace since the time when they were no longer allowed to stay in that country. Before the War no important work on the cathedral of Strassburg had appeared in German. Since then four have appeared. The names of the authors are Dehio, Ficker, Hamann, Hascett. They all desired to prove that this cathedral bears the stamp of a building that separates two civilizations.

Since the restoration of Alsace to the mother country, for which many Alsatians fought, the inhabitants have been directed into channels of political and administrative life for which they were not prepared. This was bound to cause, and did cause, numerous difficulties, fortunately not serious, with which it was impossible to cope at once. They have arisen from day to day, and it is only from day to day that they can be solved. Doubtless the echo of these events would not have passed beyond the walls of our towns and villages, had not interests opposed to all social peace in Europe, Asia, India, and wherever disorder can bear fruit, made use of them in order to transform a passing indisposition into a deadly disease.

What has been called the '*malaise alsacien*' is only a fugitive trouble, and could be nothing else; a kind of difficulty involved in the transition, which we had to expect, all the more as the enthusiasm of our reunion had reached such a high pitch.

The French Government had anticipated these difficulties, and in order to facilitate the transition it had created in Alsace and Lorraine a 'Commissariat Général.' It was the duty of the High Commissioner, assisted by provisional representative assemblies, to prepare the way for combining with the whole body of French institutions those features of Alsatian institutions that had to be and could be preserved. The work done by the Commissariat Général, which was presided over in succession by M. Alexandre Millerand, afterwards President of the Republic, and M. Alapetite, ambassador, has yielded fruitful results. It was, in my opinion, a great mistake to abolish the office before its task was completed. It is certain that, while the Commissariat Général existed, there was never any question of Heimatbund or autonomism. There are Heimatbunds in Alsace, at Eupen and Malmedy, in Schleswig-Holstein, in Czechoslovakia, and in the Tyrol. What statesman does not understand what may happen in a country that has been recently reconquered?

The claims of the Heimatbunds are linked up by the 'Deutschtum,' i.e. the defence of Germanism, among populations which the theorists of revenge, notwithstanding the treaties, declare to be German minorities temporarily separated from the Reich. If these disquieting theories of the Heimatbund were upheld by the German spirit of revenge, they would necessarily lead to war, for none of the nations aimed at would allow itself to be robbed gratuitously of any portion of territory essential to its sovereignty. The character of certain events observed in Alsace will appear at first sight as strange to Englishmen as it did to Frenchmen. However, it is common to all home defense associations. These often lean both on the most religious elements of Christian communities and on the Communist elements of the population. These elements manifest themselves especially when elections are in progress. In this respect, the Communists of Moscow show an extraordinary ability in flattering the religious passions of the Alsatians. In associations of this kind, which seem to us to be against nature, the Catholics and Protestants who allow themselves to be led astray into the company of Communists are dupes. They will soon become aware of it, and they run the risk of preparing for themselves endless regrets.



From Le Rire, Paris

THE GERMAN PERIOD

RACIAL TYPES REMAIN much the same, representing that auspicious mixture of Jew, Latin, and German, to which is attributed the high quality, physical, moral, and intellectual, of the human stock in Alsace. The artist slyly scoffs at the stiff military carriage of the German soldier, who is contrasted with the easy-going and much less obtrusive French poilu of the succeeding picture.

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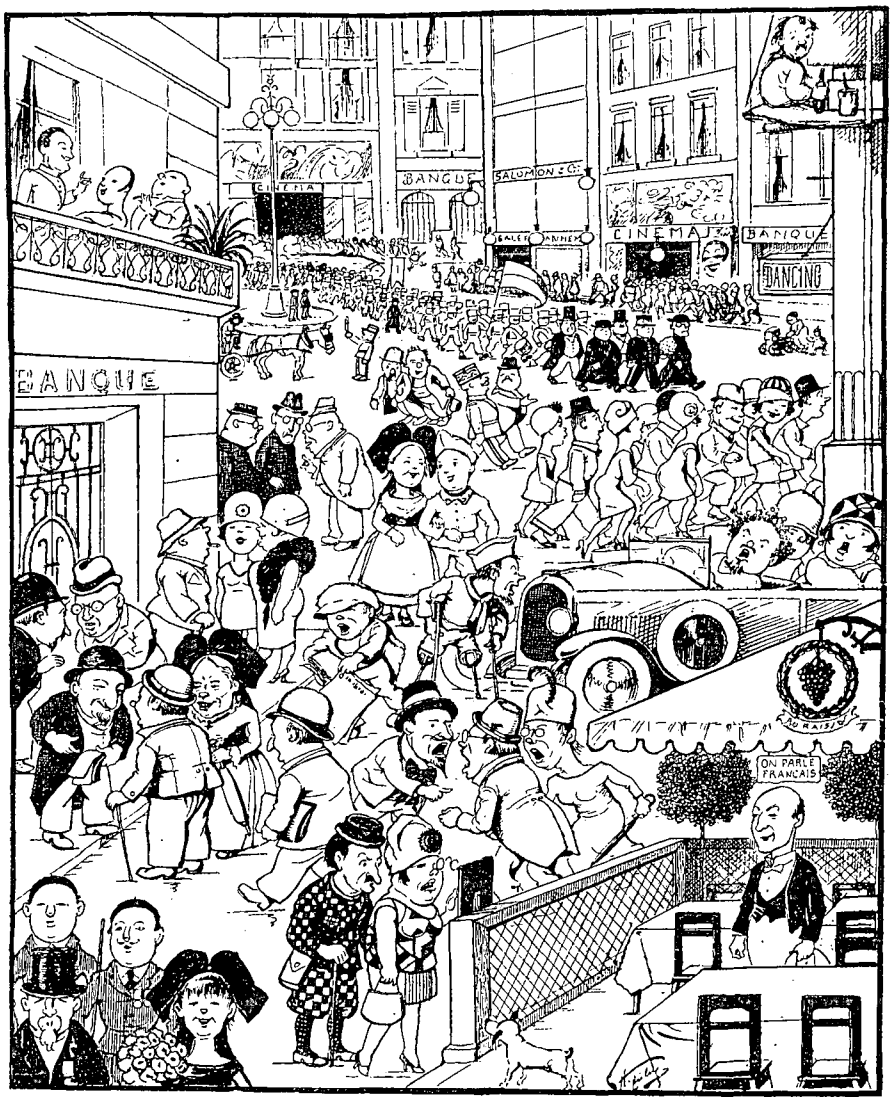
Wherever there is a political or social disturbance in the world, or even the mere threat of a disturbance, wherever there appears a chink in public or private institutions, Bolshevism appears at once on the scene. Sometimes, unfortunately, it aggravates the trouble, it widens the chink, and even among the masses that are most devoted to order, it sometimes succeeds in sowing stealthily the seeds of the universal Revolution. In Alsace, as elsewhere, Bolshevism mingled its poison with feverish manifestations which, without this infection, would have been insignificant.

WE owe it to King Louis XIII that Alsace passed into the current of our national life. His minister, Cardinal Richelieu, was one of the most powerful creators of French unity. When the next king had to organize his father's conquest, did he propose to bring Alsace within the rigid framework of the institutions and laws of his kingdom? No! Louis XIV knew that unity must be compatible with diversity, and his first utterance, the golden rule that he laid down for his ministers, was this: 'Leave Alsatian affairs alone!' This rule did not remain an empty phrase. At the very moment when he allowed the detestable revocation of the Edict of Nantes to be wrung from him, Louis XIV guaranteed to the Alsatian Protestants complete and unrestricted liberty of worship.

And it is on account of this royal protection that the equestrian statue of Louis stands before the entrance to the cathedral of Strassburg.

These circumstances explain the zeal with which Alsatian believers of every denomination unite in claiming from the Republic what Louis XIV conceded to their fathers: the maintenance of their religious rights.

This consciousness of independence, which has nothing in common with religious fanaticism, was the mainspring of their civic activity during half a century of exile. While the German soldiers occupied the squares and streets of the conquered towns and cities, the Alsatians sought refuge in their churches, chapels, and synagogues. Thence issued the 'protesters' to unite in courageous deeds and, if necessary, in making sacrifices.



From Le Rire, Paris

THE FRENCH PERIOD

GERMAN ORDER AND NEATNESS are contrasted with Latin carelessness and *joie de vivre*. Only in German times are priests, rabbis, and ministers conspicuous by their absence; nowadays they head the procession. No goose-stepping soldiers parade the streets to remind Alsatians that an army is at hand to compel their allegiance, no matter what loyalty their hearts may render

The Protestant Preis was imprisoned, together with the Catholic priest, Wetterlé.

ONE cannot imagine that such memories will be blotted out in a few years. Alsatian sentiment is preserved, so to speak, from decomposition by the salt of mother-wit. Their heroes are good tempered heroes. Hansi, the brilliant artist and writer, is one of the characteristic figures of contemporary Alsace, which resembles the Alsace of all time.

While terror reigned during the war, the German military chiefs distributed iron crosses lavishly, as if to make fighting France believe that her Alsatian sons were the most determined of her enemies. But within an hour of news of the Armistice, the town halls, churches, private houses, from the humblest to the most beautiful, were decorated with the tricolored flags of France, the display of which under the German dominion had, of course, been rigidly and completely banned, for obvious political reasons.

The Alsatian women had torn up their bed-sheets and had dyed them secretly so that on the day of victory their French brothers, entering to the sound of the bugles, should find on the threshold of their dwellings the immortal symbol of their country and of the devotion to it in which Alsace, through all her years of trial during the German domination, had never faltered.

At Strassburg, when the allied troops marched amid cheers past Kléber's statue, two men who, I do not know for what reason, were not supposed to be very fond of each other, Poincaré and Clemenceau, embraced most affectionately. Alsace was France's reconciliation with herself.

When the British troops passed beside ours, the same shout united in the same outburst of affection the two great nations which, after fighting each other for centuries, were joined together by the pride they felt in their common victory over the Germans.

Thus did Alsace become, in addition to other and exalted privileges she enjoys, the symbol of the everlasting friendship that now at last happily unites the English and the French.

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Italy's Military System

By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart

Military Correspondent of the London 'Daily Telegraph,' Military Adviser to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'

From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent-Conservative Daily)

AMONG the armies of Europe today none is such an unknown quantity as the Italian — and yet none so important and interesting to evaluate, because of the rebirth of the nation of which it is the instrument. For Italy is clearly determined to be not merely in name but in reality one of the Great Powers, and to demand the respect so due.

The desire for this respect in the comity of nations is, indeed, at present a much clearer source of her care for the armed forces than any of the ambitious designs for conquest with which she is often credited abroad. It was characteristic of Fascism that at the very outset it threw its own protective mantle over the army and insisted on respect being shown to officers of the fighting forces, who for several years had been targets of mob insult, hardly daring to be seen in uniform. The logical sequel was to ensure that this respect was merited in the eyes both of Italian citizens and of the world outside Italy.

How far has the Fascist Government succeeded in this aim? My desire to ascertain this prompted a glad acceptance of an invitation to visit the training centres of the Italian army. To the courtesy, cordiality, and unrestrained facilities offered me I cannot pay high enough tribute. And the fittest return I can make is to show equal candor in my comments, for only a healthy organism can bear the strong rays of criticism — a bad one is better passed over in silence.

No better sign of health, indeed, could be afforded than the open way my investigations were permitted. Both in the army and the air force I was given carte blanche to visit whatever places I wished, even experimental centres, and when there encountered no vestige of 'shepherding.' If indicative of courtesy, this was still more a sign of a commonsense rare among officials in any country, our own not excluded. It is the characteristic of ignorance to label everything 'secret and confidential' — with the result that by reducing the practice to absurdity real secrets are disclosed. In contrast, the present Italian authorities clearly appreciate that no one can penetrate the intricacies of a technical design from a casual view — and the more he sees the less likely. For the true art of secrecy is to be so open about ninety-nine per cent of a subject that the really secret one per cent is the more easily hidden — because its existence is then unrealized.

THROUGH the eyes of a world-famous English military critic we see Italy training her troops with clear vision for the actualities of war, employing methods and equipment in some respects unequaled by any other nation of the earth. Mussolini believes in a strong army backed by a united civic sentiment, ready to organize the non-combatant population for the exigencies of international conflict.

Whether such vivid visualization, coupled with an aroused public sentiment, is the best assurance for prolonged peace or whether it more probably tends to war is a subject upon which minds may differ. Captain Liddell Hart's article will be found illuminating from any viewpoint.

Repaying frankness by frankness, I would say that the regeneration of the army is beyond doubt, but that this progress is most marked as yet in the moral and physical spheres, less so in the mental, and least of all in the material — like the varying levels of a moving platform.

There is an unmistakable new spirit throughout the army, and an experienced observer has only to watch the troops on the march and at work to feel the existence of a real pride of service, which is the foundation of morale. This probably owes much to an improvement in the class of officer and the new relations between officers and men. With the recollection of stories I had heard of the former gulf, exemplified after Caporetto, it was a pleasant surprise, yet a common experience, to find officers saying that whatever their men were called on to do they must share, to give a lead. This was no empty gesture, for in the arduous physical exercises officers up to and including the rank of captain take part daily with the men.

And these are no ordinary trials, for the physical training and development of the new Italian army is not only its most impressive feature, but far superior to anything I have ever seen. They are training up an army of human cats, and breeding them, too, for the gospel and practice of physical culture are being spread throughout the nation, beginning with the boys who are not yet of military age.

This aim scores doubly. On the one hand, it promises to produce a higher standard of physique and health in the nation, accentuated in the next generation, and, on the other, it is most shrewdly adapted to Italy's military problem. For all Italy's European frontiers and most of her possible theatres of war are mountainous. In such terrain agility and hardiness are immense assets; indeed, it is the only type of country where physical qualities are still, under modern conditions, preponderant over matériel. A further value, also, is that the lack and difficulty of communications make supply a serious problem in the mountains, which enhances the value of troops who can march and fight on a minimum of food — as Napoleon proved in his early Italian campaigns. Certainly the marching endurance of the Italian troops is as astonishing as their slender scale of rations, and it was most impressive to see the fine fettle in which they marched back after a hard day's training — despite their short service and a pace faster than our own. An indirect testimony both to physique and morale was that nowhere have I seen hospitals and guard-rooms so empty.

In the intellectual training of the officers the watchword is *plus pratique* In view of the Italian traditional temperament there is special value in a rigorous mental discipline, which is in keeping with the new national tendencies. Yet even this worthy purpose can be carried to excess, and in a military class particularly may limit vision, which is all the more essential now when the methods

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and means of warfare are changing rapidly. Thus schemes and operation orders, while admirably 'organized,' seemed to tend to excessive length and detail. And it is perhaps a consequence of this thoroughness in detail that the tactical doctrine and organization do not fully exploit their inherent assets. For the broken surface and abundant dead ground in the mountains offer immense opportunity for an agile light infantry, true skirmisher-sharpshooters, to penetrate past and outflank the opposing machine-guns — which today in flat country form a close-woven network of fire impenetrable to infantry.

But the Italian tactics seem to me to savor too much of the deliberation and close formations of the World War. I cannot see that such tactics would be likely to make a greater impression on the enemy's front than they did in 1915–17. For if more elastic and more mobile than the French methods, they have also less fire-power to fulfil these deliberate methods. And in laying down that it is useless for infantry to open fire until within three hundred yards or so of the enemy, they not only put a severe strain on human nature, but seemingly fail to appreciate the potentialities of the rifle as a weapon of precision — the most suitable one for agile skirmisher-sharpshooters, working forward along natural cover and covered by massed machine-guns in rear.

Such a system might well fit the Italian army — which has already the human foundation for it — all the more because at present the country's main deficiency lies in material. The Air Force, wisely, appears to have received first preference in the supply of new matériel. For in case of war it is the force of immediate action, while the Army could expand, both in men and matériel, secure behind its mountain ramparts.

IN rebuilding her scheme of defense, Italy, like France, has shown a full understanding of the fact that a modern war calls upon the whole resources of the nation, which should be organized beforehand to this end. And in some ways she has advanced beyond any nation in coördinating these resources. At the top comes the Supreme Council of National Defense, presided over by the Prime Minister, and its advisory organs are not merely military, naval, and air, but include a Civil Mobilization Committee, which in turn has an offshoot in a Service of Industrial Observers, who keep it informed of the state of industry and its capacity for producing war material. Again, there is a Chief of the General Staff, who prepares and coördinates the plans of all three fighting services. The Ministry of War, like so many others, is in Signor Mussolini's own hands, but the routine direction is delegated to the Under-Secretary of State. And it is significant of the value that Signor Mussolini places upon youth and expert qualifications in picking his ministers that the post is filled by one of the ablest junior generals, Cavallero, who had actually left the service to be managing director of the great Pirelli company.

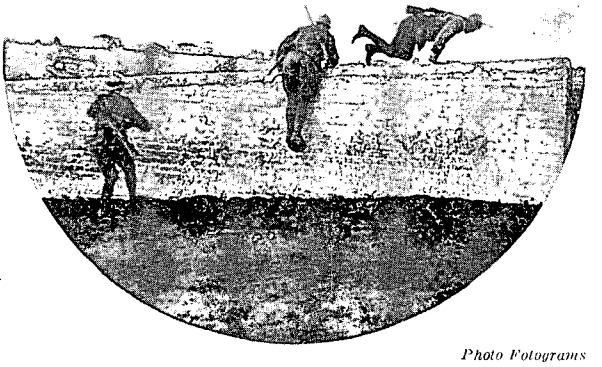

Photo Fotograms

VAULTING a six-foot wall helps train an 'army of human cats' for mountain fighting, where agility and hardiness are tremendous assets

The country is divided into ten army corps districts, besides the Sicilian command, and of these six lie in the north, with headquarters respectively at Turin (I), Alessandria (II), Milan (III), Verona (IV), Trieste (V), Bologna (VI). A new XI Corps, also, is being formed, with headquarters at Udine, taking over part of the Fifth Corps area on the north-eastern frontier. The existing organization yields thirty divisions, a figure which superficially appears high compared, for example, with the twenty, plus five light divisions, to which the French home forces are being reduced. But the Italians, of course, have not the large forces abroad which the French are compelled to keep in the colonies and on the Rhine. Further, the Italian division in peace consists usually of only six battalions of infantry and one regiment of mixed field artillery — compared with the French nine infantry battalions, one field artillery regiment, and one field howitzer regiment.

Outside the army corps organizations are the nine regiments (27 battalions) of Alpini and twelve (24 battalions) of Bersaglieri cyclists, five regiments of heavy artillery, the cavalry, and the tanks. The cavalry are famous for their horsemanship, and the officers are of a stamp closely akin to our own, but Italian military opinion of the value of cavalry is indicated by the fact that the three cavalry divisions of pre-war days have been broken up, and the twenty-nine regiments reduced to twelve. There is one regiment of light tanks, of five battalions, compared with the French forty-four battalions, plus two of heavy tanks. It is my impression also that research for new types is at a standstill. Yet the existing Fiat is a faster and superior machine to the Renault, and I gather that last autumn it was tried with considerable success in the Alps, proving able to move when it was nearly track-deep in snow.

Photo Pacific and Atlantic

BLACK-HELMETED BERSAGLIERI (sharpshooters) pass in review massed at parade trot, with overhanging clouds of dust . . . dust, the bane of the infantryman!

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TO SKETCH the human fabric woven on the Italian army frame is not easy in a short space. Perhaps the best way is to outline some typical experiences during my round of visits. The Central Schools for infantry training are at Civitavecchia — on the Mediterranean shore, forty miles north of Rome. Driving on to a parade ground formed by nature, where the low hills fall gently to the sea, I saw drawn up at the far end a company of infantry at war strength. The men were in 'gym' kit — merely cardigan, shorts, socks, and belt — and bareheaded, but with arms. Across the down a martial song floated to one's ears, and when they moved forward, marching and counter-marching, cadence of step and of chant coincided in a stirring harmony which was as exhilarating as it was impressive.

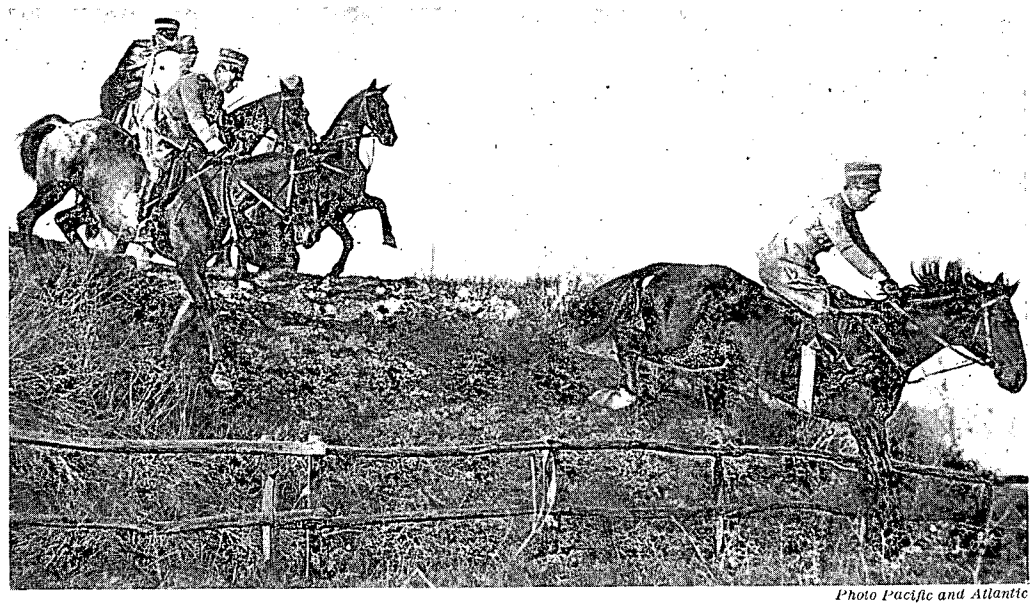

Photo Pacific and Atlantic

FAMOUS for hard riding, Italian cavalry take hillock and fence without pause. Horsemen will appreciate the excellent jumping form of the leader. Such tradition and pride of service do much for army morale

Bayonet fighting followed, also to a rhythmic chorus, but consisting of the old style drill of points and parries rather than the modern individual test round a prepared assault course. However, they added a further exercise which was most uncomfortably practical — letting the lines of men cross naked bayonets, and afterwards practise using the naked hand to parry the opponent's bayonet and disarm him. I was relieved when the exercise finished without any Roman having been butchered to make a military critic's holiday. Then, grounding arms, the men moved to a part of the hillside which was covered with gymnastic apparatus. Here the whole two hundred, not merely a picked few, went through a series of vaulting, jumping, and balancing exercises in a way which only crack gymnasts in England could have rivaled.

A visit later afforded me the chance to see the tactical work. The infantry battalion comprises one machine-gun company and three ordinary companies — a basis of organization similar to the French and German, and one which our own Army has adopted since March 1. But the Italian, in comparison with the others, seems distinctly under-weaponed, for the machine-gun company has only six guns in peace and twelve in war. Similarly, the other companies have only four light automatics apiece — although eight in war — whereas our companies have eight and the French nine. This slender weapon strength is the more surprising because the Italians go as far as to term these 'light machine-gun' companies, divided into two platoons, each of two squads. Thus, there is one light machine-gun to each 'squad' of twenty men, whereas the French have one to each 'group' of twelve men.

But one discovers that in the combat the men of the squad are not tied so narrowly to the light automatics as with the French, where the fighting power is essentially reckoned in numbers of light automatics and the men of the group as its servants merely. The Italian platoon moves forward in two long worms — each of one squad — close together, and as the enemy's fire grows hotter these 'fan out' to right and left respectively of the light automatics which march at the head of each squad. Then, while these, with their crews, keep the enemy post under fire, the riflemen seek to manœuvre round each flank.

Although the large size of the squads makes them seem both vulnerable and unmanageable, one discovers that they break up into little groups of three, working forward at a pace which is a testimony to their stamina. This attack was carried out swiftly, silently, and with a skilful use of cover — both natural and from the machine-guns in rear. For the Italians, rightly, hold that support by heavy machine-guns is necessary for the infantry to advance at all. Wherefore one wonders that they have so few, and whether they are right in fettering the movement of their agile infantry by the intermixture of light machine-guns — unhandy and liable to stoppages. Again, such frontages as fifty yards for a platoon and 400 for a battalion seem to have corpse-producing density under modern conditions. In contrast, their physical assets might be exploited better if they were to use well-extended companies of light-footed riflemen — trained to use this weapon with precision — to infiltrate and manœuvre under cover of equally strong machine-gun companies. In the mountains such a form of attack has great scope.

I WAS, I believe, the first foreigner who has been permitted to visit the tank training centre, which lies on the outskirts of Rome. There is a symbolical significance in the fact that it lies beside a road down which the legions of Ancient Rome marched to many a victorious campaign — won by their combination of armor with a unique mobility, both strategical and tactical. Therein lies a lesson for the New Rome, for even a mountainous frontier has valleys, and beyond mountains there are always plains.

The tank centre, like many of the technical establishments of the Italian forces, appears somewhat small in comparison with the scale of those forces and of the country generally. Officers and men radiate keenness, and are of an exceptionally good type; but, as in other technical centres, one feels that the quality of the men and their instruments deserves a better quantity.

The tank battalion comprises four companies, each of two platoons in peace and four in war. Besides one company headquarters tank and one reserve tank, the two platoons have each four (Fiat) tanks. In appearance these are hardly distinguishable from the French Renault, but actually weigh five tons compared with Renault's seven, and have a speed of over twelve miles per hour compared with six miles per hour. They are also far quicker in manœuvre. Colonel Miglio, the Commandant, kindly turned out a platoon, which carried out the various phases of an approach march and attack.

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Photo Pacific and Atlantic

INSTEAD OF A FENCE, a mortared wall that means a bad spill for the clumsy. Six young officers of the Italian Cavalry — a branch of the service which carries the same prestige as in Great Britain and the United States

For road moves, instead of carrying these tanks on large lorries, like the French, the Italians carry them on a small two-wheeled trailer, simple and strong, behind a light lorry. The method has much to recommend it, and is very expeditious. The tanks ran straight on to the trailers, were coupled on to a bar projecting from the lorry, and in a very few minutes the column was moving off — the crews riding on the lorries with the ammunition.

The road march was to an assembly position in the cover of a deep sandstone quarry. On reaching a point on the road near by, the column halted — and in less than two minutes by my watch, the tanks had dismounted from the trailers and were climbing off the road. When I saw the precipitous sides of the quarry, forty feet deep, I caught my breath — and still more when the tanks, making for different points along the edge, lowered themselves over it. Even caterpillar tracks could not grip, of course, on such a slope but they held for the first dozen feet, and then, skilfully handled, slid swiftly but safely to the pit-bottom. After an interval, emerging at a point rather less severe, they moved forward to the attack, threading their way through coppices, dimly seen and mysterious shapes converging swiftly and stealthily on the objective.

A unique feature of the Italian system is that although the tank holds only two men, a driver and machine-gunner, the crew consists of six. Besides being spare men, the surplus act two as scouts and two as pioneers — with shovels and signal grenades. Lightly equipped and extremely athletic, they follow their particular tank, helping its passage over obstacles, and then, in the assault, moving with cat-like agility and use of cover by rapid bounds to back it up. Thus, where many tanks are attacking, they form a special tank-accompanying light infantry.

Camouflage is another feature, for these tanks take more than 'a leaf' from Macbeth — so entwined with leaves and branches that they are a literal fulfilment of Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane. Camouflage is equally prominent — but not obvious — at the engineer school at Civitavecchia, where apparent village washing troughs conceal machine-gun emplacements and wayside shrines are really observation posts. Here, too, painted wood shavings are woven in quantities into 'grass' of all shades, autumnal and spring. Searchlight experiment seemed equally active — for this mountain warfare offers great scope. Perhaps most interesting of all were the varied examples of bridge construction, for the Italian engineers have no superiors, if any rivals.

BUT if anyone desires an impression of their variety of activities and achievements he cannot do better than visit the Museo de Geneo in Rome, where no fewer than eighty-six rooms are filled with models illustrating the historical evolution and present state of fortification, signalling, bridging, and a host of other branches of the engineer's technique. I know of no military museum which approaches this collection, the result of twenty years' devoted labor by General Borgati, the warden of the Castle of St. Angelo. The army engineers go far outside the usual scope, for they even build drydocks for the navy, submarine refuelling stations, and seaplane bases. And their artistic skill finds expression in the new barracks which are springing up, for the Fascist Government is clearly determined to set an example to others in the decent housing of its troops.

In contrast, it was my impression, perhaps erroneous, that the chemical development is backward. There does not seem, as in Germany and Russia, a deep interest in gas warfare, nor smoke. A smoke tank produced a very weak cloud by our standards, and the artillery have scarcely any smoke shell.

At present only the army and corps artillery are mechanized. Of these the medium calibres are drawn by the Pavesi tractor, which I saw demonstrated at the Artillery School. A unique-looking machine, rather like two ancient chariots coupled together, it has four large wheels, all driven.

For road travel a two-wheeled sprung trailer is run underneath the gun-trail, lifting the gun-wheels off the ground. This seems a happy solution of the problem of hauling guns at a rapid pace and over long distances without damage to the delicate parts of the gun. For cross-country travel the gun is lowered on to the ground and the trailer supports the end of the gun-trail — forming an intermediate link and support between tractor and gun. But it seems a weak link, for in descending rough slopes it has a habit of turning over.

As for general motor transport, there is a centre in each army corps for training drivers and mechanics, for transport duties, and for repairs. I visited the one at Rome, commanded by Colonel Mussa. As throughout the army, the material was old, except for numbers of the new Fiat light cars. But it looked well cared for, better than the general run of equipment seen elsewhere, while the garages and barrack-rooms alike were a model of order. It is worth remark that the Italian practice here is to keep men to one specialty throughout their term of service, so that they can take similar employment in civil life and return to it in emergency — round pegs in round holes.

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Persons and Personages

Interesting Figures Who Have Achieved Prominence in World News

Halidé Edib Hanoum

THERE was anger and consternation in the palace of Sultan Abdul-Hamid, known to his foes as Abdul the Damned. For his majesty had learned that the eight-year-old daughter of one of his secretaries was studying at the College for Girls at Constantinople, the school of the accursed American infidels. That was dangerous. The thing was little better than a scandal, and an imperial *iradé* speedily put an end to it.

All this happened some thirty years ago, but almost every one of those thirty years has brought new evidence that Abdul was right. It *was* dangerous — dangerous, that is, for the old order in Turkey. Little Turkish girls belonged in the harem where their mothers could take care of them — so said the holy men of Islam. Little Turkish girls belonged in school and college where they could fit themselves for a share in the new life of the Turkey that was to come — so said a few thoughtful Turks who could look imaginatively into the future.

The little girl whom Abdul-Hamid forced to leave school and go home to study with private tutors was Halidé Edib Hanoum, who has since become leader in the political and intellectual life of modern Turkey and, now that she is in exile, one of America's guests at the Williamstown Conference on International Relations.

So, in spite of Abdul, she had her own way, as she has been having it, with intermittent periods of adversity, ever since. A few years after the Sultan-Caliph forced her to leave the College for Girls, she entered again, graduating in 1901. In the same year she married Salih Zeki Bey, renowned as the foremost mathematician of Turkey. In a few years there was something new in Islam — a woman intellectual, a woman journalist, a woman advocate of liberalism. A celebrity while she was still in her early twenties, Halidé Edib became one of the chief journalistic supporters of the Young Turk movement in 1908, and, when the reaction against the Young Turks began the following year, she had to flee in disguise, finding refuge in London. Not until after Abdul-Hamid had been dethroned and exiled was it safe for her to return to Constantinople.

But new troubles were in store. In the monogamous Occident, allegedly 'advanced' thinkers frequently speculate on, and occasionally experiment with, the advantages and practice of polygamy. In the polygamous Orient, the prospect of monogamy has charms, particularly for wives; and when Salih Zeki Bey announced that he had married again, the progressive Halidé Edib promptly divorced him, in spite of his flattering desire that she should remain as his principal wife.

In 1916 she was married again, this time to Dr. Adnan Bey, Director-General of the Health Department, and the next year she became professor of Western Literature at the University of Istamboul. Then came the armistice, the Allied plan to partition Turkey, the landing of the Greek Army at Smyrna, and the defiant beginning of the new Turkish nationalist movement by Kemal Pasha's little group, who fled to sun-baked Angora to establish a new government and a new army of their own.

Courtesy of the Century Company

Halidé Edib Hanoum

This very modern Turkish lady has bobbed hair and wears European clothes

Among their sympathizers who remained in Constantinople (where, under the guns of British battleships, Sultan Mohammed V still nominally reigned) was Halidé Edib. Knowing very well that they could control the Sultan with their fleet but that far inland at Angora the Nationalists were beyond any foreign control, the British decided to round up the leading Nationalist plotters who still remained in Constantinople. Seeking to strengthen themselves by strengthening the Sultan, they made a sudden raid; but when they counted prisoners it was discovered that Halidé Edib and her husband had, just in time, fled to Angora.

One dramatic incident of the flight was the mysterious appearance of a flashlight moving through the garden of the house where the refugees were hidden, which was supposed to indicate the presence of a government spy, but turned out to be in the hands of Halidé Edib's divorced husband, taking his evening stroll quite unconscious that the lady who had refused to be head of his harem was hidden close at hand.

At the new capital she threw herself into the work of the nationalist organization, occupying her one period of leisure by writing the *Memoirs*, now in course of publication by the Century Company, which tell in detail the story of her earlier years. Under Allied auspices, the Greeks landed at Smyrna, and presently began their march inland toward Angora. At Constantinople, Halidé Edib, her husband Dr. Adnan Bey, Kemal Pasha, and other Nationalist leaders had been condemned to death and the sentence confirmed by a decree of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, which authorized any good Mohammedan to kill them on sight. As the little group of leaders sat safely in Angora reading their death sentences, Dr. Adnan Bey observed seriously, 'I hate to be condemned to death.'

'I also dislike it,' said Kemal Pasha. But Halidé Edib took a more cheerful view. 'Nothing could make us more popular,' she said, for already the people were realizing how completely the Sultan, whose court had passed the sentence, was controlled by foreigners.

Halidé Edib enlisted in the army, became a corporal, then a sergeant. At last the armies of the New Turkey were ready. They swept forward and drove the Greeks into the sea. Smyrna went

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up in an agony of flame and smoke, Mohammed V stepped on board a British battleship, and Turkey was a republic. Abdul-Hamid's worst fears of long ago were fulfilled.

Then came dissension among the Turkish leaders. Even at Angora there had been friction with Kemal Pasha. Now Kemal's faction suspected plots, and in a single day hanged fourteen of its own former partisans on the beach at Smyrna. They had earnestly desired that Adnan Bey should be among those present on this auspicious occasion, and would have given him a high place if they could have found him. But again he and Halidé Edib escaped opportunely.

Since then she has lived in London the somewhat interesting life of a political exile, reading, writing, studying the effervescent politics of the Near East, in which she has played the most remarkable feminine rôle, yet finding time for a trip to America to direct a round table at the Williamstown Conference.

The little girl whose own education was halted by the Sultan has at the present time two sons in college — one at Cornell, U. S. A., the other at the London School of Economics. There is no Sultan to say them nay. But if Abdul-Hamid's ghost, now sporting amid the houris of that Paradise which Mohammed promised to all true believers, has any least inkling of the things she says at Williamstown, for this particular shade, the Moslem Paradise has lost a little of its charm.

Mr. Speaker FitzRoy

AT ELEVEN o'clock on a warm evening this past June, the Right Honorable John Henry Whitley stepped up to the Speaker's Chair in the House of Commons for the last time. The members filed by to bid him farewell. When the slow procession had passed, Mr. Whitley silently left the building. The House of Commons was without a Speaker for the first time in seven years, and forty-eight hours of the pomp and ceremony of electing a new one would elapse before Britain's legislators could again proceed with the business of Empire.

Commons met next afternoon with the Chair empty and the mace, symbol of authority, placed beneath, instead of on, the table, to indicate that the House was not fully constituted. The Clerk rose to make known the King's permission to proceed with the election of a new Speaker. Who would be chosen? As in the case of many other traditional ceremonies more picturesque than practical, the outcome had been decided in advance. The name of Captain the Right Honorable Edward Algernon FitzRoy, member for the Daventry Division of Northamptonshire for twenty-two years, was proposed and seconded. There was no opposition. Captain FitzRoy rose and 'submitted himself to the will of the House,' in accordance with tradition. Proposer and seconder, again in accordance with tradition, moved down the aisles to the nominee's place to fetch him, simulating mild protest in the traditional manner, to the Chair.

Mr. Whitley, who retired at sixty-two after serving for seven years, was a Liberal and a business man. Captain FitzRoy, who succeeds him at fifty-nine, is a Conservative and the first soldier to hold the Speakership in many centuries. Educated at Eton and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, he served, although fifty years old, as Reserve Lieutenant in the First Life Guards during the World War and was wounded at the First Battle of Ypres. Both retiring Speaker and Speaker-elect have by their occupations broken a long tradition, since for many years the office has alternated between representatives of the law and the land alone.

Photo Atlantic and Pacific

Mr. Speaker FitzRoy

In the full traditional court costume with the wig and gown which constitute the costume of the Speaker when presiding over the House of Commons

Whitley, while not a forceful man, had a dry humor and a sense of tolerance toward the new and impatient radical members of the House which enabled him to teach them respect for parliamentary tradition and to 'reconcile the minority to majority method.' His was a rule of gentleness. He rode the House on a snaffle — to borrow a phrase from equestrian terminology.

The new Speaker, while better known outside Westminster, strangely enough, as a breeder of shorthorn cattle than as a public speaker, has served as Deputy Chairman of Committees for six years, a post which no parliamentarian can hold without marked ability in guiding men. Like his predecessor in the Speaker's Chair, he also has a reputation for gentleness. His manner is leisurely and deferential, his voice in conversation soft and persuasive. One hundred and forty-seventh in a line of Speakers that stretches back six centuries to the reign of Edward III, he promises to be the mildest of them all. Again like his predecessor, he is decidedly handsome, an attribute, says the Liberal *Daily News* ironically, 'regarded as highly important in a Speaker.' He is called the most distinguished looking man in the House of Commons; and is often mistaken for that other model of fashion in British politics, Sir Austen Chamberlain, though lacking the supreme advantage of a monocle.

During the afternoon of the day of his official confirmation in office, traditionalists gloried in the most colorful ceremonies of all. Commons had assembled, with the Speaker-elect waiting before them in bobbed wig and court dress — knee breeches and buckled shoes. A distant cry sounded down the corridors. It was the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, coming from the House of Lords to summon Commons before the peers. As the approaching step was heard, the Sergeant-at-Arms slammed and locked the door through which the

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messenger must enter. Black Rod knocked three times, was admitted, and delivered his message. Thereupon the whole House, led by the Sergeant-at-Arms with the mace of authority clutched under his arm, proceeded to the Upper Chamber.

Before the empty Throne sat the King's Commission of five peers dressed in scarlet and wearing mediæval hats. FitzRoy, tall and graceful, with a perfect leg for Court dress, stepped up to them and announced in resonant tones his election to the Speakership. After the accepted ritualistic words by which the royal assent to his choice was made known, the new Speaker bowed to the King's Commissioners. They raised their hats to him; and the whole procession, dignified but perspiring, filed back to the House of Commons, headed by the Sergeant-at-Arms, who this time carried the mace on his shoulder.

Then, while the members settled a trifle wearily in their seats, FitzRoy, looking neither to right nor left, passed straight through the Chamber to the Speaker's House to don the full-length wig and long gown of his office. He returned in full regalia amid a burst of cheers, and climbed to the Speaker's chair. Someone rose to address a question to the Minister of Pensions; the ponderous parliamentary machine of the British Empire began to move again just as it had been moving forty-eight hours before and has moved for centuries; and Mr. Speaker FitzRoy entered upon his unique and powerful office as the only man in British politics without a colleague and without a party.

Felipe Espil

PANAMA is the bottle neck between North and South America which within the next few years will be the focal point for an intricate system of air routes linking the two continents. Here air mail from Brazil and Argentina will be transferred for California and the Orient. Here mail from New York and Europe will be transferred for Chile and Peru. This crossroads of the air the United States supremely desires to monopolize.

If she fails to get the monopoly she wants, the man responsible will be Felipe Espil, chargé d'affaires of the Argentine Embassy in Washington. Nine years ago Tomás A. Le Breton, newly appointed Argentine Ambassador to the United States, was looking around for a diplomatic secretary who knew the country to which he was going. Someone recommended a young expert on American constitutional law. Thus Espil came to Washington.

Most foreign diplomats, being distant from their own governments and in constant personal touch with American officials, tend to become somewhat subservient to the State Department. Latin-Americans are especially susceptible to this influence; and the longer their stay the greater their desire to please. Not so Señor Espil. During eight rather gay years of social and diplomatic activity in Washington, he has won recognition as the friendly enemy of the United States. He has opposed the State Department on almost every question affecting the two countries; his opposition has been vigorous, able, usually successful; yet he has kept his friends.

His deadliest opposition came during the Pan-American Aviation Conference, which Secretary Kellogg had called to further aviation among the Latin-American states and to give North American air firms a privileged position in the vast potential market to the south. A treaty was proposed regulating air pilots, licenses, cross-boundary flights, and many other important technicalities.

The United States had drawn up in advance a draft treaty which it wanted adopted. Most of the Latin-American diplomats came to the conference inclined to favor American views, knowing little about the technical questions involved. Señor Espil was an exception. Two months earlier, he had begun to read every law or regulation that touched aviation in the United States and Europe. He found two articles in the proposed American treaty which he vigorously opposed. One would have permitted the United States to carry munitions of war by air over the Central American Republics to Panama or Nicaragua. The other would have permitted the United States to monopolize commercial aviation in the Panama Canal Zone. Espil argued that the 'Open Door,' which the United States championed so consistently throughout the world, should swing both ways. He held that while the United States had every right to bar all aviators from the Canal Zone, yet, if it gave North American commercial companies privileges there, it must give the same privileges to Latin-American companies. He won his point. Both articles were changed.

At the Sixth Pan-American Conference at Havana last winter, Señor Espil again opposed the United States. His most vitriolic arguments concerned the question of trade-marks. Latin-American countries, which export practically no manufactured goods, are not particularly interested in trade-marks. They are producers of raw materials — copper, wheat, rubber, coffee, nitrates — which cannot well be branded; and, as Señor Espil pointed out with vigorous bluntness, they have no reason to favor the additional complexity of trade-mark machinery which a great manufacturing nation like the United States naturally desires. He pointed out that it was foolish for Pan-American nations to have their own trade-mark bureau when South Americans buy as many goods from Europe as from the United States. Why should they not all join the International Trade-Mark Bureau at Berne, he asked, and avoid duplication? The American delegates looked daggers, but Espil won his point.

Señor Espil has opposed the United States in many matters which are less spectacular, but perhaps even more important to his own government. When the Department of Agriculture proposed that all alfalfa seed imported from Argentina should be colored red, Espil prepared the brief which won Argentina the right to color her seed orange. This is more than a matter of artistic preference. It makes a vast difference in the sales of Argentine seed. For the red hue indicates alfalfa that cannot survive even the mildest winter anywhere in the United States, whereas orange indicates seed that will 'winterkill' only in the colder northern states. It can, in consequence, be sold throughout the South.

But although Espil is the most vigorous and consistent opposer in the Washington diplomatic corps, he can be upon occasion just as vigorous and consistent a friend. He proved to be such at the International Radiotelegraphic Conference last fall, where he won the famous fight on 'votes.' Japan, Great Britain, and France, having extensive colonies, demanded six votes each. Germany, being shorn of her colonies, opposed them. So did the United States, but being conference host she could not be as emphatic as the occasion demanded. Espil bore the brunt of the fight in her stead. It was a strenuous one. The Japanese, British, and French forces actually promised Argentina all the votes she wanted if Espil would support their claims. He refused, and the matter was finally compromised — favorably to the American-Argentine position.

On three other major issues at the Radio Conference, Espil coöperated with the United States. When Europe wanted to change broadcasting wave lengths, the United States argued that this would cause the scrapping of all the receiving sets in the country. Since Argentina buys her receiving sets from the United States, Espil backed the Americans.

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Such is Espil, alert, handsome, the Beau Brummel of Washington, champion of the United States when that is to his country's interest, otherwise our vehement and sometimes successful opponent. His appointment, soon to take effect, as Argentine Minister to the Netherlands is evidence that while in Washington he has served his own country well. The many letters of good wishes sent him by Americans who regret his departure, among them a warm one from Secretary of State Kellogg, is equally strong proof that at the same time he has won this country's friendship and esteem.

Hermann Müller

IF HERMANN MÜLLER had not been discharged from his first job when he asked for higher wages, he might never have become a Socialist; and, if he had not faced hard work and duty to Party so courageously, he would surely never have become Chancellor of the German Reich. Whenever German Social Democracy has found itself in a difficult situation, it has looked to Hermann Müller for help and has counted upon him to shoulder the gigantic and thankless tasks that no one else would undertake.

In Mannheim the Müllers had successfully conducted a small brewery, and it was the wish of Hermann's father that the industrious lad should make a place for himself in business. The father of Dr. Gustav Stresemann, Herr Müller's distinguished colleague, also conducted a brewery in Berlin. But Dr. Stresemann attended the University and wrote his doctor's dissertation on 'The Bottled Beer Industry in Berlin.' Hermann Müller, on the other hand, was sent to Breslau to learn business in the harsh but practical school of experience. When several of his fellow workers felt that they deserved higher wages, Hermann undertook to interview their employer. He was rewarded for his trouble by being discharged. Simultaneously he was convinced that there was no place for an industrious, ambitious, and honest worker in the world of commerce. As a result, he set out to work wholeheartedly for the Socialist Party.

As managing editor of the *Görlitzer Zeitung*, an insignificant sheet published by the Socialists, he proved himself a better worker than writer. But his efforts attracted the attention of August Bebel, the grand old man of German Socialism, who made him a member of the Executive Committee of the Socialist Party. At this time Herr Müller was only thirty years old and was the youngest member of the Committee. In his working hours, he collected statistical material and wrote those peculiarly lifeless reports in which statisticians delight; in his spare time he studied French and political economy.

Like the young man in the advertisements, when opportunity knocked, he was able to step forward and advance himself through his knowledge of a foreign tongue. He proved invaluable in making speeches before international congresses, and in 1914, when the Socialists throughout Europe sought to avert war by joint action, it was Hermann Müller who went to their Paris gathering to represent the Germans. If we are to believe the Belgian representatives, he was none too expert in the Gallic tongue, and the discussions were protracted and arduous. The congress ended when Jaurès, the French Socialist leader, was murdered. War was declared a few days later, and Herr Müller was left to his own resources to travel homeward through enemy territory. In Maubeuge this missionary of peace was almost lynched by the hostile Belgians, but he succeeded in getting through the lines and returning to Berlin and to his drab office on the fourth floor of the Socialist Building on Lindenstrasse.

From Die Rote Fahne, Berlin

HERMANN MÜLLER

AN INFORMAL VIEW of the New German Chancellor, coatless and hard at work. His formal portrait appears on page 4

He was elected to the Reichstag in 1916. This was against his desires, but he was the only person the Socialists could find who would accept the nomination in the Reichenbach by-election. Later he represented Franconia and was called Müller-Franken, for it is the custom in the Reichstag to distinguish between members of the same surname by adding the name of their constituency. When *Vorwärts*, the official Social Democratic newspaper, began to swing to the Left, Müller became the pilot who brought it back to a straighter course.

With the revolution, there was a wild scramble among the Social Democrats for important government posts, and no one remained to hold the Party together but Herr Müller. He became President of the Social Democratic Party and Chairman of its Executive Committee. These high-sounding titles meant sixteen hours of inconspicuous but important work every day; and while his colleagues made speeches and gave out interviews at Weimar, Herr Müller in Berlin worked into the wee small hours bringing order out of chaos.

He could always be relied upon to fill an important breach when no one else was available. That is why he was willing to sign the Treaty of Versailles for Germany. Men like Philip Scheidemann resigned their office in order to avoid signing the 'infamous document' which, they said, would disgrace the nation and bring eternal shame upon the heads of the signers. Hermann Müller, with a keen sense of reality, recognized that the treaty must be signed by somebody, and that efforts for its revision should be postponed; and he consequently made a second trip to Paris in the interests of peace. In the Hall of Mirrors he conducted himself with dignity and poise as the Foreign Minister of Germany. Quietly refusing the historic gold pen with which the treaty was being signed, he took from his pocket the battered fountain pen he used in his daily work and wrote his simple bourgeois name.

Upon his return to Berlin, he was attacked as a traitor, but he continued in office, chiefly because no one else wanted the humiliating task of dealing with the victors and answering the queries of foreign military commissions. When he was first made Chancellor, after the Kapp *Putsch*, it was largely because other politicians realized that the Government would end in failure and did not wish to jeopardize their prospects by heading it. Müller was an awkward figure indeed when he donned his Prince Albert coat to appear before the Reichstag. He looked as if he had rented the costume for the occasion.

This summer for a second time Hermann Müller has been chosen Chancellor of Germany, mainly because no other prominent Socialist could be found for the task. And for a second time Hermann Müller must appear before the Reichstag in his ill-fitting Prince Albert coat, which he promptly sheds when he returns to his desk to work as diligently as ever over tedious reports.

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Communism in the Orient

A Startling Suggestion that Red Propaganda Has Found the Achilles' Heel of Imperial Europe

By Luis Araquistain

From *El Sol* (Madrid Independent Liberal Daily)

From El Sol, Madrid

LUIS ARAQUISTAIN

WITH CHERUBIC WINGS and a lily sprouting from a hand-grenade

CROMWELL'S maxim, which was also Shakespeare's, to the effect that 'when you don't know where you are going, then you go furthest,' does not apply to the Occidental European, at least in modern times. Communism has been defeated in Europe not only because European nations are strong nations, but also because the Western European, even when he calls himself a Communist, wants to know where he is going, whereas true Communism is a leap in the dark. After three centuries of leaping into darkness, life in Europe has ceased to be a vivid adventure and has become, instead, a laboratory experiment. There are still occasions when Western Europe is willing to bleed itself white for the sake of European equilibrium, or some other ancient ideal. It did that as recently as 1914–1918. And such things as revolutions can still happen. Modern Italy threw off constitutional monarchy and came under the absolute rule of a dictator overnight. But Europe no longer feels justified in spilling a single drop of her blood for any ideal merely because it happens to be new.

Is this old age? Is it wisdom? Sometimes they are the same thing.

Since revolutionary Communism has found no opportunity for effective action in the West, where it serves merely as a motivating force in election struggles, it has gone off with giant strides into the shadowy Orient. The Third International, which is a political group and nothing more in the West, is a real flag of battle and armed revolution in the East. On one day Communism arouses the natives of the Dutch colonies in the Pacific — Java and Bali — to revolt. The next day the Communists come to an agreement with the Left Wing of the Chinese Kuomintang. Communism is working as a ferment, which may gradually transform the great Chinese Nationalist revolution against European imperialism into a social revolution, supported by students, farmers, and workmen.

Recently the world read with astonishment of the visit of the King and Queen of Afghanistan to Moscow to confirm a solemn treaty of understanding between the Soviets and the Central Asian state through which Russian Communism must pass on its way to British India. England watched uneasily such mutual fawnings and flatteries between the monarchy which borders on her Indian colony and the Machiavellian Soviets.

Certain purists in political etiquette were scandalized at diplomatic fraternization between a government which pretends to be the most radical in the world and a semi-feudal monarchy. But the Western powers, themselves past masters in the art of pursuing an international policy quite contrary to their domestic policy, can hardly protest at this sort of relationship, in which idealistic principles are sacrificed to reasons of state.

IT IS well known that Russia's policy, since her attempted frontal attack upon England proved of no avail, is to strike the British on their flank, in China, in India, and in Egypt. A short time ago a number of young Egyptians, who in 1922 had gone to Moscow at the expense of the Soviet to study at the Oriental College of Communist Propaganda, reappeared in Cairo. Every day, throughout almost all Asia and Oceania, Russian Communist vessels are coming and going with students trained in revolutionary doctrines. The study of revolution as a variation of the art of war is a new departure in education, and it is beginning to interest the great European empires.

Russian Communism is seeking the Achilles' heel of Imperial Europe in the latter's colonies and dependencies on other continents. The intense struggle between Communism and modern economic imperialism has given rise to a tremendous development of nationalism throughout all the Orient. Many of these nationalist movements of a colonial type preceded the Russian Revolution; but it was the Russian Revolution that provided them with plans and the means for organized combat. Never were the colonial empires of European nations in greater danger than they are to-day.

WE SPANIARDS can watch this Nemesis of the great European powers without undue anxiety. Our own Nemesis was the French Revolution, which stimulated and finally drove to the point of action a series of nationalistic movements in the Americas that eventually deprived Spain of her colonies. The death blow of the Spanish Empire was struck by the French Revolution when it fired to white heat the desire for liberty and independence of the people of the Americas. With the Bastille fell not only feudal France but Imperial Spain.

With certain variations, history is repeating itself. A revolution, in Russia, is shaking the colonies of Asia, of Africa, and of the Pacific to their foundations, initiating another cycle of nationalist movements. The Orient is aping the America of a century ago, and like America, will soon succeed in shaking herself free from Europe. The parallel seems inevitable. The future of European economic imperialism is measured by a few years, if not by days. Why should we mourn its fall? There were no lamentations when Spain lost the Americas, not even from the Spaniards. To-day we realize that it was a good thing for all concerned. The existence of her colonial empire was one of the basic reasons for Spanish decadence; and the loss of her last colonies, though snapping the strongest bonds of patriotic feeling, was the salvation of Spain. Perhaps the loss of the Orient will likewise save Europe, which is to-day so spiritually decadent, so fearful of the unknown.

And if this happens we may thank the Russian Revolution, the arrow which found the vulnerable heel of an imperialistic continent.

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From Byezvoozhnik, Moscow

A Satiric Cartoon Aimed at the Asiatic Gormandizing of the Russian Muzhik

'Scratch a Russian—'

How East and West Meet and Blend in the Most Enigmatic of Nations

By Upton Close

FOR ten years the Russian people have been obscured from vision by the Great Red Fog, a vapor compounded of the reekings of western prejudice and Marxian fanaticism. But if one approaches Moscow through its great Asiatic back yard, he gets a pretty clear view of the lineaments of Russian character before the fog thickens about him. He may even discover an opportunity to perform that minor revealing operation on the Russian soul made famous by the aphorism of Napoleon: 'Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar.'

By 'Tartar' Napoleon probably meant 'barbarian'; but if he meant, rather, 'Asiatic' he spoke with that direct feminine intuition which has caused him to be quoted down through the ages. For 'scratch a Russian and you find an Asiatic' is the most fundamental truth about that people and their place in the world to-day. The hordes of Jenghiz Khan, sweeping over the Slavic people in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, left their mark on the faces as well as in the souls of the Russian people. Russians, of all the varied racial strains to be found in that great land save the Balto-Germanic, are Asiatic in mentality and lack those traits which characterize the Euro-American. The supplanting of the Germanic ruling caste by an Asiatic group sets the seal on Russia's ostracism from the West and reaffiliation with Asia.

We get the lie of the land even before we enter the Soviet Union, at Harbin, Manchuria, the only great city of white men ruled over by yellow. (There are soon to be others — the great 'settlements' of the China coast.) On the streets swarthy Russians in Chinese police uniform patrol alongside their more slender Mongoloid fellows. Up in the municipal offices ascetic-looking Russian clerks sit side by side with sleek Chinese, their working harmony apparently not even disturbed by the inevitable problems of division of the squeeze. Along cobble-paved China Street comes a peasant cart with the typical arched yoke over the horse's neck, and in it, going to market, ride John Chinaman and his full-breasted Russian wife. With no other white people could it be quite so.

As we roll leisurely the length of Siberia and on to the European plains, we are pleasantly surprised to find that we are still in the East. There is no Western rush or bustle. In Moscow it takes half an hour to negotiate the purchase of a bun in a bakery. What Western people would put up with such a system of double check and audit on every purchase? Queues of people wait with true Oriental patience to buy, to board busses, or to see governmental officials. At the Grand Hotel we wait an hour after we have finished eating for the waiter to bring the bill. To present it too soon would have been inhospitable, savoring of doubt regarding our financial integrity. When we finally ask for it the head waiter must for courtesy's sake make us wait another hour to make it clear that he is not hurrying us. We go to the Alexander Station an hour early to purchase tickets to Poland. 'Tovarish,' exclaims the station master, 'you were not going to-day! Go to-morrow. Why rush us so?' Such things, more than color of skin or systems of government, determine a people's real place in the world.

Attitude toward time is, of course, a give-away. The Westerner, saying his prayers while he takes his setting-up exercises, could no more be contemptuous of time than the Asiatic of his sages. But other things are as telling. 'How can the Russians endure such material deprivation? How can they be kept from rising up and overthrowing their rulers, whether the latter be responsible or not?' are the recurring questions of Westerners. The answer is, 'Because they are Asiatic.' They look upon material comforts as do the Chinese or Indians, nice to have but not essential to life. Give three Russians a dirt floor, broken stools, and a samovar of tea and they will discuss philosophy through the night as happily as kings.

Then there is the attitude toward sex,

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a reliable criterion. The European takes sex as a game. The Asiatic, using the term to include the Russian, takes sex as an appetite. With the average Westerner the idea of sex is always present and within the realm of consciousness. Could Western school girls, clerks, and factory girls bathe naked in the heart of a city without sex consciousness? We realize the difference as we look on. These flappers are bathing simply because they like to swim or need the bath. There isn't a sex magazine on the stands, not a bathing girl on the covers or in the advertising, and we see no girls reducing the visibility of their noses or heightening that of their lips in public places. When the men hunger, they eat and forget it. Russian women, being freed Asiatics, do likewise.

It dawns upon us that these people, being Asiatics, are not obsessed with the lust for accomplishment and exploitation of their resources which obsesses us. Although they occupied the six thousand miles of territory between Moscow and the Pacific in about the same time that it took our pioneers to spread across the three thousand miles of the American continent, it is evident to our eyes that in the matter of exploitation, or developing power out of what they have occupied, they do not rival us at all. And in spite of the efficiency and 'Americanization' programme of the Soviet oligarchy, one hundred and forty million of them will do less empire-building in the modern sense (which is different from overrunning) than forty million Anglo-Saxons or Germans.

Being Asiatics, these Russians receive us with the comfortable mixture of courtesy and contempt and curiosity and indifference to which we have become accustomed in Japan and China. 'You never can tell what a crazy foreigner will do — best just to let him go,' seems to express the mental attitude of the common people as we go about trying to 'rush' the East. Of course there is an official attitude which is much concerned about what we do, but we run into little of that until we cross those mountains — composed of map-ink rather than earth and rocks — which are the mythical dividing line from Europe. By that time word has gone on that we are Americans, and therefore to be treated well. Our luggage is not even examined, we are conscious of no spies, no listeners-in on our telephone calls. We even do what every official and unofficial adviser has told us is utterly impossible, carry a camera and a typewriter across Russia — and any number of uncensored issues of the *New York Times!*

ALONG the Lubyanka, making our way toward the crenelated wall of the Tartar city which lures us in the distance, we wander into the forbidden precincts of the Geypeyoo, dreaded secret police of the régime. With a courteous but firm reprimand a guard puts us under arrest. 'I'll have to trouble you to accompany me to the judge,' he says. 'German, are n't you?' Every European-looking foreigner is suspected first of being a German.

'No, American,' we reply in German — our best medium of communication, we find.

'Oh — Americanski? Um. Well, do you see that exit over there? Suppose, while I am looking at something else, you get out?' We do. It is with American money and skill that the régime expects to satisfy the demand of the peasant for boots and ploughs, and to crush the British Empire in Asia. One must be lenient with Americans.

We meet another American, Vice-President of one of New York's largest banks, who has been a guest for ten days in the Kremlin itself. For his delectation all the crown jewels were brought out, and the inspection took eight hours. The diadems, swords, and clusters are so valuable as to make them literally valueless. The only way of procuring sale would be to break them up, and thus far the artistic and sentimental feelings of the régime have overcome their financial needs.

It is the Armenian, Karakhan, huge, vigorous and suave, reminding us of an

From Byezbozhnik, Moscow

A BOLSHEVIST ANTIRELIGIOUS CARTOON

NOTE THE ARTIST'S unconscious use of both European and Asiatic racial types. From left to right appear typical European, Mongolian, Slav, Turkish, and Jewish faces

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elephant with a panther's tread, who gives us the official Communist viewpoint on America. Since his Chinese experience as Russian ambassador to Pekin, during which he embarrassed to mortification the ministers of the Western powers, he has been chief of the largest and most important division of the Russian Foreign Office, the Asiatic. It has three subdivisions, Far Eastern, Middle Eastern, and Near Eastern, and he retains concurrently the headship of the first. 'It's foolishness to talk about "the revolution" in America for another hundred years. We have given you up as utterly unregenerate for this generation at least. It is utter waste for a nation which has one pair of boots to every nine people to spend money propagandizing idealism within a nation which has a motorcar to every five people. We must make our masses rich first. By that time your masses will be getting poor under the capitalistic concentration of wealth and tendency toward serfdom.'

From Byezbozhnik, Moscow

A Sick Man Writhes with Pain

While his attendants pray over him: a satire directed at the Russian's Asiatic scorn for the value of time and the relief of human pain

HOSPITALITY is one of the most ingrained traits of the human being, and the more primitive the people the more pronounced it is. We have found this in Asia and we find it in Russia, which is of Asia. On the trains through Siberia or the boats on the Volga, where we buy our roast geese and hams and cheese and milk and great loaves of bread hit-and-miss from the peasant women at every stop, we are always offered a portion by some fellow traveler who likely has less than ourselves. And the muzhik's bed will always hold one more. Propaganda, like education, has some strange influences on the travelers. We are crossing Siberia when the news of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti reaches the train. The dear, illiterate, old mother who, with her engineer son, shares our compartment has been concerning herself with our comfort. Suddenly she turns aloof, and regards us for half a day as deplorable creatures of some blood-thirsty and savage race. But she forgets it over the brewing of the evening tea. Commenting on the same incident young Attaché Huten of the Foreign Office, a member of a noted Polish family, says in excellent English: 'We are shocked — terribly shocked! You have hurt us to the soul.' His Geypeyoo has just executed thirty alleged spies said to be in the service of England!

As we come out through the Stolpce customs house we Americans receive attention first, then a Japanese traveler. The Germans enjoy the most informal camaraderie, the least official attention. Russian-speaking Americans, particularly those of Jewish extraction, are, however, closely examined and questioned. One investigator for an American-Jewish philanthropic society tells us that he found it desirable to pretend no knowledge of the language. Admitting it now would at once get him into a Geypeyoo jail.

When it comes to the red tape of visas, however, we all stand equal. Days of waiting in line for the permit to be stamped, having it expire before one can get to the head of the line, making it necessary to wait in line to get a new permit, only to wait in line again to have it stamped — these are the traveler's only unpleasant experiences in Russia. And one can, of course, hire the waiting done for him. But he cannot buy service from the officials.

The men clerks are impervious to gifts — more discouraging still, the buxom young women to flattery.

For three centuries Russia was forced into European make-up by the Germanized Romanov dynasty. You cannot, of course, artificialize a nation like Russia or China.

About one-tenth of the people were changed — the upper tenth. And the hatred of the nine-tenths for the one-tenth was as much that of the hearty Asiatic for the affected European as it was of the economically impoverished for the wealthy.

Even into the Communist Party this race struggle was carried. Lenin, half-Asiatic and half-European, succeeded so well because he combined the Asiatic 'hard-boiled' practicality, acceptance of conditions and capacity to compromise, with a European idealism. The result was his unsurpassed opportunism, which could tack with the wind and yet receive credit for honesty. When he died there was no man possessing this rare combination of qualities to succeed him. Followed the struggle between the purely and bluntly Asiatic Stalin, Tomski, and Voroshilov on the one hand and the purely idealistic and uncompromising Jewish Trotski, Zinoviev, and Radek on the other.

Do I confuse 'European' and 'Hebraic'? The Jew has always been, in mentality, the most Europeanized element in Russia, and the non-compromising and idealistic type of Jew is the exact antithesis of the Asiatic mind. The pure Slav, between the Jew and the Tartar, has been on the whole a neutral element, artistic rather than executive, dreamer rather than actor, or else phlegmatic and colorless altogether.

Stalin wins. We deal with a Russia that is frankly and purely Asian now, but which has adopted as its fetish 'Americanism,' meaning, to it, regimentation and mass production. Amazing combination: 'go-get-ism' as a national policy, not an individual ebullience, based upon Asiatic fatalism. Under the Red Fog, Asiaticism and Idealism are combining; and these opposing elements can come together only because they are overlaid with the lineament-hiding glue of Slavic mysticism.

Scratch a Russian, and this is what we find to-day.

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The World Looks at Hoover

By William R. Willcox

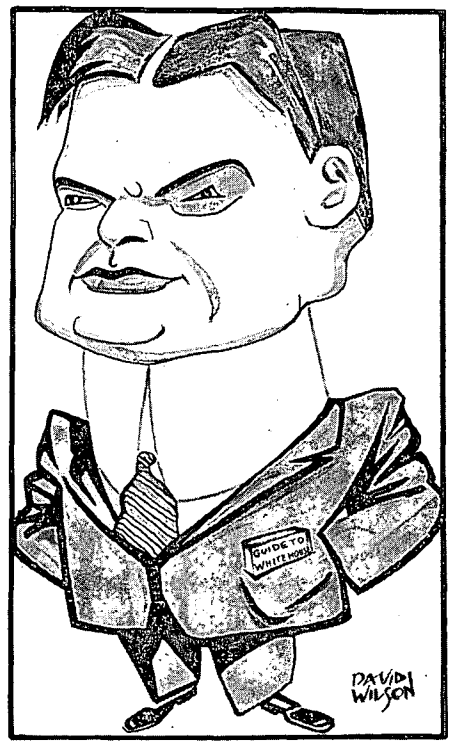
Chairman Public Utilities Commission, City of New York, 1907–13;
Chairman Republican National Committee, 1916–18

EUROPEAN eyes are focused, just now, on the presidential campaign in America, for Europeans are aware that on its outcome may depend the immediate future of such matters as the American tariff, war debts, and the related question of reparations, with which their own interests are so intimately bound.

Of course Europe is looking most of all at two men. Governor Smith is something of a puzzle. Hoover, in a way, Europeans think they understand. He has lived much among them. He won world-wide fame in Belgium. He is a familiar figure in France. For some years he resided in London. And during the most critical years of the war, as director of the interallied food control, he made his name known in every home and his economy programme felt in every kitchen between No Man's Land and the Mediterranean.

In general the European journalists who undertake to interpret the approaching American election seem to find the Republican presidential candidate a good deal easier to comprehend than the methods by which he was nominated and those by which, so many of them predict, he will be elected. A European beholding an American political convention for the first time, observes the Swiss *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, 'will be as much amazed at its vast size as at its total lack of political discussion,' adding cynically that 'only a very few Americans ever know what really does go on.' The Tory *Morning Post*, which usually contrives to be more thoroughly condescending than any other London newspaper, comments sardonically upon American elections and 'the curious scenes of synthetic enthusiasm' by which conventions are accompanied. 'It would never have occurred to the most enthusiastic Conservative,' it continues, 'to have provided himself for the last General Election with a gigantic portrait of Mr. Baldwin, so that in the hour of victory he might bear it triumphantly along the Strand. Nor could the Central Office have conceived the idea of gathering in London a bevy of the most beautiful girls to strew flowers before the victor.'

Naturally, Europe thinks first of Mr. Hoover's services as a 'specialist in national disasters.' The *Indépendance Belge*, referring to his work as head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, declares that 'it was there, though without any desire on his part, that his political career and his great rôle in the political life of the United States began. It was there that he revealed his qualities of intelligence, energy, authority, and his capacity as an organizer.'



From the Passing Show, London

HOOVER IN BRITISH EYES

DAVID WILSON, a British caricaturist, famous for his ability to put people on paper, has a try at the Republican candidate

'He entered politics accidentally,' says this newspaper. 'Without the war, he would probably never have done anything of the sort. There is nothing of the politician about him,' and it ends by observing that 'if Herbert Hoover is elected President, there will be in the White House a strong personality whose action may include some surprises.'

In Paris, *Le Temps* describes him as 'an example of the American realist and organizer, with profound knowledge of the world's needs and a very definite feeling of the economic solidarity of all nations.' Stéphane Lauzanne, editor of *Le Matin*, praises him because he does not 'indulge in sentiment at the expense of reason,' and because he is 'the leading business man in a country which has the greatest business men on earth.' Under Mr. Hoover's administration, if he is elected, 'America will never perish of cold, hunger, or privation' — which does not, however, seem alarmingly probable in any case.

In the *Écho de Paris*, the acid Pertinax unbends sufficiently to describe Hoover as 'the inspired repairer of disasters.' He is, according to this famous observer of international affairs, 'retiring, imperious, laconic — more genuinely laconic, perhaps, than President Coolidge, for he has not at the tip of his tongue the pat, ready-made vocabulary of the professional politician.'

In Germany, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* avers that the Republican Party has 'done the wisest thing it could have done.' 'As his career demonstrates, Hoover is a man of superior qualities. In his seven years as Secretary of Commerce, he has shown himself not only a superior organizer and administrator, but also the possessor in high degree of the gift of statesmanship.' In spite of this, however, and in spite of the fact that 'he has the gift of knowing what to do in critical times,' the *Frankfurter Zeitung* predicts that he will have a hard fight, partly because he is not sufficiently known, partly because of his 'political neutrality,' and partly because of the forces arrayed against him. The *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, asserts, however: 'No one can deny that he is known. He is somebody, he holds high rank in his profession, and his profession is no mere restricted specialty. Wherever he has had an opportunity to show that he is a practical man with practical organizing ability, Hoover has proved his worth.'

Neutral Switzerland, where one might expect Mr. Hoover to have impressed himself less than among the late belligerents, is most enthusiastic about him. 'It would be unjust and ungrateful not to remember,' writes William Martin, the famous editorial writer of the *Journal de Genève*, 'that if Switzerland somehow or other managed to live through the war, it was in part due to Mr. Hoover's work.' He is, says the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, 'one of the greatest organizers and doers in modern business life.'

In the opinion of the London *Daily Telegraph* he is 'the best example of the man whom modern America admires most, viz., the successful super-organizer,' and 'in times of special emergency

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it has grown to be the habit for all eyes to be turned in his direction.' The London *Sunday Times* — which, by the way, has no connection whatever with the *Times* (London) — says: 'Mr. Hoover stands as Disraeli stood, "on his head," on his efficiency, on the sheer excellence of his record as an executive officer.'

THE editorial commentators of all nations are quite aware of the significance of the American elections for Europe and the world at large, and they take obvious satisfaction in the thought that the next President may be a man so intimately acquainted with world problems as Herbert Hoover. The London *Observer*, edited by J. L. Garvin, who is also editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, calls him 'one of the biggest men alive,' who 'knows more of the world at large than any former president, even more than Roosevelt knew.' In the *Journal de Genève*, William Martin also declares that the next American President will be 'arbiter of the world's destinies.' Mr. Hoover, if elected, however, will not in his opinion be 'a European president.' Continues Mr. Martin: 'Europe does not look for a president of her own in the White House. But she will be glad to see there a man who knows that she exists and understands her needs.' Very much the same attitude appears in the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna), which says: 'It is of special importance to us that the new President shall not favor isolation, that he shall carry on the peace policies that Coolidge began and that Kellogg yesterday carried further, that he shall make his voice heard on behalf of righteousness in the great international assemblies.' Pertinax humorously points out in the *Écho de Paris*, however, that Hoover has an engineer's passion for efficiency and that 'Europe was made to scandalize him, by the excessive number of its national compartments. What waste! What loss! What folly! What absurd complications!'

In far-off Tokyo the *Asahi* declares editorially that, no matter who is elected, 'the national as well as the foreign policy of the United States will not be affected'; but later in the same editorial the somewhat inconsistent view is expressed that 'the change of the chief executive, his personal worth, and the advance of the times may bring phenomenal features into international life.' What he hopes one of these 'phenomenal features' may be, the editorial writer points out specifically. Mr. Hoover is 'a Californian, but a professed friend of Japan,' who 'will probably undertake to solve the immigration question.'

Le Temps says that 'whether victory goes to Hoover or to Smith, there is every reason to think that the presidential elections will bring to the White House a new policy as well as a new man. In view of the United States' large share in common action for the solution of the great problems now confronting the nations, we have here a fact of immense significance for the entire world.'

'Should destiny bear him to the White House,' says the *New Statesman*, a London weekly which supports the Labor party, 'Mr. Hoover would be the first of the American Presidents to represent in any full sense the world of American Big Business in its international aspect, and he would have the advantage of a personal experience rightly to be described as unique.'

At a time when the acquisition and protection of foreign markets is an increasing preoccupation of American manufacturers, says the *Times* (London), 'Mr. Hoover seems admirably fitted to control the machinery of government in the interests of foreign trade. By the circumstances of their apprenticeship in State politics, most American Presidents and Senators, and many American Ministers, know little of the world which exists outside the wide boundaries of the States. This is a defect in the organization of American public life which is coming to matter more and more as American interests abroad increase in importance and complexity. That the Republican Party should choose as its standard bearer a man who is not only not a politician, but who is credited with all the business man's contempt for the politician's calling, is a proof how completely the party accepts the dictum of President Coolidge that "the business of the United States is business."' The Bolshevist organ *Pravda*, in Moscow, expresses somewhat the same view, but laments the nomination as 'a final capitulation' to the bourgeoisie.

Mr. Hoover, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, 'is a public man of the world's newest type, and as such is all the more significant when seen against the background of American party politics — the most unreal and mechanical politics in the world.' It refers to his nomination as 'an event of the highest moment to the world.'

The British press does not take seriously the suggestion that Mr. Hoover is an Anglophile, though *Germania*, organ of the German Catholics, while recognizing his post-Armistice services to Germany, accuses him of a 'clearly British complexion' in his international dealings. Few British papers even mention the accusation, and the *Sunday Times* curtly dismisses it as 'preposterous' and intended to mislead voters 'who still cherish the ancient grudge.'

Several foreign editorial observers are already predicting a Hoover victory. None suggests the likelihood of defeat. The *Indépendance Belge* says: 'All our hopes are that this great-hearted organizer of human happiness will be elected to the place at the head of the American people once occupied by the man who liberated the slaves.' The *Sunday Times* (London) thinks there may be 'as close a fight as in 1916,' but the *Times* (London) regards a Hoover victory as 'unquestionably the probability.' In Japan, Osaka *Mainichi* says that the election 'is likely to go in favor of Mr. Hoover.'

If he becomes President, the *Neue Freie Presse* is careful to remind its readers, Mr. Hoover's position will not resemble that of the more or less powerless presidents who have succeeded kings and emperors in most European countries. In Europe, the real power remains in the hands of the prime ministers. American presidents, on the contrary, 'are their own prime ministers and, during the four years for which they are elected, possess such powers as no monarch ever had, even in the good old days of the monarchical idea.' The London *Observer* is even more emphatic: 'No monarch and no premier has the home-power and world-power belonging to a president of the United States.' Pertinax, in the *Écho de Paris*, says the same thing more succinctly — 'imperial power unequaled in this century.'

WHAT effect can pæans of foreign praise have upon an American presidential election? An estimate is difficult just now. But it is known that the powerful newspapers published abroad, in addition to their regular subscribers in the United States, influence profoundly the foreign language press of the United States, read by millions of voters. From this it follows that in a closely contested national election the enthusiastic support of the newspapers and periodicals of Europe and the civilized world outside of the United States might constitute an asset of substantial importance.

Next Month: 'The World Looks at Al Smith'

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Primo De Rivera

Spain's Jovial, Hard-Working Dictator Enters his Sixth Year of Power

By Verax

From the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Paris Critical Monthly)

AT LAST the General received me. He came forward with his hand outstretched, a big man, rather stout, dressed in a tightly fitting khaki uniform and seeming scarcely to feel the weight of his fifty-eight years. The office to which he conducted me was a very much gilded room, in the centre of which stood a big table covered with documents and with maps of Morocco.

His cordial welcome — assisted by the offer of a cigarette and by the *abrazo*, the traditional Spanish hugging embrace — quickly brings about a certain familiarity. There is no constraint, for Primo de Rivera is always the military man, and every visitor knows at once whether he is regarded as an enemy or a friend.

The General speaks volubly, and though in French a few words fail him, he makes up for that with gestures. In any case, he understands French well and his quickness in answering shows that none of its fine points escape him. He told me that he loved France and recalled the fact that he was one of the few Spanish generals who, during the War, had asked to visit the French rather than the German trenches. It was after one of these trips to the front that he was made a Commander of the Legion of Honor.

Gray hair cut short; a broad forehead, rather bald; eyes sparkling with intelligence, full of light and gaiety; a closely clipped mustache; great mobility of features, with an engaging smile and a laugh always ready to break out at his own jokes and even at other people's jokes; amiable and good-natured gestures: the ensemble at once inspires friendliness. Even his voice, though it is hoarse and sometimes strikes high notes of command, is not without charm. He is the picture of the fine military officer, overflowing with health and good humor; and when he says that even the devil became a hermit when he grew old, this is feigned modesty, for Primo de Rivera is still as young and gallant as a page.

Tireless, he is never sick. Always up and about at nine o'clock, he never goes to bed before three in the morning, and only then when he doesn't have to work or . . . dance until dawn. And this has gone on since September 13, 1923, the day he came to power.

For two years he alone governed Spain, first with a Directorate of eight members, then with a few other collaborators less inadequate than the first, but not so much better that he entrusted them with distinct ministerial functions. He alone, therefore, was responsible to the King and to the country for all decisions made. Later on, the Directorate was changed somewhat and General Primo de Rivera's collaborators became ministers.

The powers of each, however, are restricted; and all important business is submitted to Primo. The General follows affairs closely — so closely that during the Moroccan War and the Tangiers dispute the Secretary of State, de Yanguas, was forced to give up his portfolio. To-day Primo de Rivera is Secretary of State as well as Prime Minister; and during the most active period of military operations in the Riff, he was also High Commissioner to Morocco and Commander-in-Chief of the troops.

Added to these tasks is the preparation of the numerous speeches which he delivers on every possible occasion, of the replies he must make in the National Assembly, of the articles which he writes for *La Nacion* and for Monday's government journal, and finally the obligations of his very active official and social life.

Furthermore, he is easy to reach; and, in Spain more than anywhere else, business conversations involve long preambles in the course of which natural eloquence is allowed free rein. This is especially true in the case of the General, who is a brilliant conversationalist and loves to talk.

His activity, at first glance a little confused, is nevertheless orderly. His secretaries object because he arrives at his desk at nine o'clock — an abnormal hour for Madrid — though his mail is not brought to him until between ten and eleven. He stays at his office until two o'clock. Sometimes, when he does not have to preside at a banquet, he lunches in the city. Back in his office about five, he receives visitors and works until ten o'clock at night. Besides all this he confers with his ministers, calls them together in Cabinet Council, and goes to make his report to the King, who himself presides at the Council once or twice a week.

THE General rarely dines alone and accepts invitations willingly. He is a delightful guest. Always in good spirits, he eats heartily, drinks freely, and smokes a great deal. The biggest Havana cigars do not intimidate him. In the evening in the drawing room he is pleasant and interested in the ladies, who seem not insensible to his charm. At all events he apparently forgets his daytime anxieties completely. His day, however, is not yet over, and he works on until late at night after he has returned to the Ministry of War.

He lives there, for he is a widower; and his simple room would hardly satisfy some of his lieutenants. He and his friend and companion-at-arms, the Duke of Tetuan, Minister of War, keep house together. Each has retained his former orderly. One of the soldiers acts as housekeeper for the two generals, and the other serves as cook on occasions when they dine, often with friends, at the Ministry. It is said that when their accounts come to be balanced at the end of the month, each protests that the other has invited too many guests.

In spite of a life which no one else could stand, General Primo de Rivera

WITH a fiesta that makes up in careful planning what it may lack in spontaneity, Spain, on September 13, will celebrate the fifth anniversary of Primo de Rivera's rise to power. The Dictator came to office proclaiming that he would stay at most for ninety days. He has already headed his government longer than any Spaniard in a hundred years; and his latest pronouncement postpones his resignation until 1933. Mussolini, posturing before the world, is familiar to Americans. Primo is almost unknown. Yet the Spanish dictator has ruled nearly as long as the Duce, and holds his country in as firm a grip. What is he like? A penetrating French observer tells the story here.

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does not seem to age. One can scarcely see how he is rested by his numerous trips to Morocco, during which all his time is spent on the boat, on a horse, or in an automobile; or by his quick tours of the provinces where, arriving on one train and departing on the next, he speaks at banquets given by the Patriotic Unions, unveils monuments, visits factories, and harangues the authorities. Even when he goes to Jeres, his native town, he cannot refuse the invitations of his friends, who entertain him and make him drink the headiest of sherries under the most treacherous of suns.

One marvelous faculty enables him to resist this continual overwork: he can rest at will. At any moment he chooses, he can forget all his cares and fall asleep. Sleep comes instantly, if only for a few moments. After this restoring interlude, he is once more fresh and ready for work.

SUCH a concentration of power in the hands of a single man, so radical a change from the former system of government which meant so much profit to so many people, has naturally harmed the interests and aroused the hatred of many. Those who exploited the parliamentary régime, those for whom it is still an article of faith, have attempted to combat the dictatorship. But even they, though enemies of the government of General Primo de Rivera, Marquis of Estella, are usually friends of Miguel. Almost all who have approached him have felt his charm, admired his sincerity, and recognized the success of his methods.

He is certainly a dictator, but he is a paternal dictator who is horrified by blood and who seized power without shedding a drop of it, though under the circumstances perhaps he did not deserve much credit, since he encountered no resistance. The government of the Marquis of Alhucemas, which preceded the dictatorship, was not overturned. It fell like an overripe fruit, suffering from all the evils which are traditionally Spanish, military intrigues, Catalan separatism, terrorism, Moroccan difficulties, parliamentary corruption. Primo de Rivera, called by the King just after the resignation of this government, left Barcelona on the evening of September 14, 1923, blessed by the Bishop, embraced by the Mayor, and hailed by delirious ovations. He did not even have to march upon the capital to take possession of it. He had only to publish a proclamation and get aboard the train.

What did he come to Madrid to do? As representative of a military movement, was he, like certain of his predecessors, going to establish himself in power and then exploit it? No. Immediately he announced that he had arrived like Hercules to sweep out the Augean stables.

He defined his programme as follows: (1) establish better order below, more authority above; (2) combat the corruption that had become general under the dissolving action of a political organization that was extortionate, incapable, and discredited. He planned to remain in power as long as necessary to complete this task. To the journalists he explained that his mission was only temporary, three days, three weeks, or at the most three months. Ninety days, he said, would permit him to honor the letter of credit drawn on the confidence of the King. He compared the members of the Directorate to surgeons; they would open the abscess, make an incision in the sore, and cut down to the living flesh. Soon they would place Spain, weak but successfully operated upon, in the hands of an honest doctor who would watch over her convalescence. Then, his duty done, Primo de Rivera would go back to his tent.

Photo Pacific and Atlantic

GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA, DICTATOR OF SPAIN

'. . . A BIG MAN, rather stout, dressed in a tightly fitting khaki uniform and seeming scarcely to feel the weight of his fifty-eight years'

He set to work immediately. About administration he knew nothing. He had fought in the Philippines, in Cuba, in Morocco; he had been stationed in many garrisons; and his political ideas were those of an officer who, in the military casino, had talked more than he had listened.

One day when he was holding forth in a drawing-room, the King approached his group and said:

'Tell me, Miguel, where did you learn to govern?'

'In the casino of Jeres, Sire.'

Several times, notably in a speech at Saragossa in June of 1924, Primo de Rivera has admitted his lack of preparation. 'I bow before the altar of my country with remorse,' he said, 'because I did not make better use of my youth so that I might have arrived at the position which God has reserved for me with a technical preparation which would have guaranteed my success.'

His collaborators were even less competent than he. It made no difference. He went forward. He dissolved the Cortes and the elected part of the Senate, suspended constitutional guaranties, suppressed the jury system and transferred its powers to provincial judges, established a rigorous censorship, replaced municipal governments by *Juntas de Asociados*, and finally demanded diligence of all government officials.

This last measure disturbed the life of Madrid and made the city tremble. At a stroke, one newspaper publisher lost all his editors. Every one of them had been on the government pay-roll. The head of a Ministry discovered an assistant whose existence he had never suspected, and who confessed that month by month he had been drawing money to feed two mules that had once belonged to the Ministry's stables but had long been dead. There were heavy cuts, right and left. In two weeks six hundred officials vanished from the lists; and Madrid tailors began to complain that a good many honorable gentlemen were letting their bills go unpaid, for lack of government funds!

But though he had full power from the King, the General did not indulge in reprisals. It is true that there have been several investigations, that a number of suspects have been imprisoned for a

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short time, and that a few have been banished; but those who have been unduly eager to seize his place have not suffered badly. General Cavalcanti is governor of the Balearic Islands, whose climate is delightful; the Marquis of Magas is the King's ambassador to the Vatican; only General Aguilera, instigator of the attempted uprising of June 24, 1926, has spent a few months in prison. Several of the latter's accomplices were also given light sentences, soon followed by pardons.

Tranquillity in Spain has thus been assured for the last four years, and all these measures, which are legal in so far as the acts of any dictator who suspends the Constitution on his own authority can be considered legal, were inspired by Primo's desire to avoid heavy punishments and unnecessary brutality.

Up to the present time, Primo's luck has not failed him. According to the officers who accompanied him, certain of the military operations that he carried on against the Riffians were highly daring. Those were the ones which succeeded best. Every plot aimed against him or his government brought about its own discovery. One of them was so widely talked about that he refused to believe it was true until the wife of a general who was implicated in it convinced him of its seriousness. She told him of it after a dinner at which wine had been plentifully served. *In vino veritas.* Primo hesitated no longer. It was lucky he didn't.

GENERAL Primo de Rivera is not only lucky. He is also clever, and his great strength lies in maintaining constant contact with the popular mind. He knows his people and he knows what he can get out of them.

'At the proper moment,' he once said, 'you can obtain whatever you wish from the people by appealing to their emotions and exalting their patriotism. No people on earth is more tractable or easier to govern than the Spanish people.'

He himself is the incarnation of all that is Spanish; but this does not mean that he has every Spanish virtue or every Spanish vice.

Clamorous, colorful Spain is still the country 'of blood, of passion, and of death.' She is tragic and emotional. Her religion is terrifying rather than consoling. The Spaniard is haunted by ideas of death and of hell. The true painter of the Spanish soul are Zurbarán, Ribera, El Greco, and Juan Valdès Leal who, in his 'Triumph of Death' in Seville, depicts a corpse in such a state of putrefaction that Murillo, when he saw it, cried out, 'Hold your nose!' The Spaniards may be sad, but their Dictator is gay. He has been so all his life, and even to-day he still loves to mix with crowds and take part in popular demonstrations.

He has faith in his mission. When he describes it, he speaks with enthusiasm and conviction. In his bursts of mysticism modesty fails him. Whatever his personal belief may be, his outward attitude toward religion is as ostentatious as that of his compatriots.

In public he never forgets what he owes to the Church. When he played his trump card and left for Madrid to undertake his crusade to clean up Spain, the Bishop of Barcelona blessed him. Since he has been in power, in almost every diocese the Church has recommended that the faithful pray for him. *El Debate*, the Jesuit newspaper, is the sole independent organ which has steadily backed his policies. In his turn, Primo de Rivera repays the Church for what she has done for him. At the request of the bishops, for instance, he has forbidden blasphemy in the streets. God knows the richness in oaths of the Spanish language. Has their number diminished? In any case General Primo, during one of his visits to Morocco, solemnly telegraphed the Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, to inform the latter that in all the time he had spent with the victorious troops he had not heard a single blasphemy!

All his kindness, however, does not go out to the clergy. He saves the best part of it for the women of Spain. It seems that they took kindly enough to him in earlier days, and now he counts the largest number of his partisans among them. Their influence is not to be disdained, even though, among the common people, their activity outside the home is scarcely understood. Quite recently an Englishman, still wrought up and indignant, told me that when he was obliged to stop in his automobile one Sunday in a village on the road to Seville, the fact that his wife was driving was sufficient to call forth ill-timed remarks from the crowd. They were not satisfied to treat him as a *roi fainéant.* They abused him as they would abuse the cowardly bull who flees the combat.

Even now there are many Spanish women in a condition resembling that of Arab women. I remember the wife of a diplomat who was late for an appointment to visit an apartment that she wished to rent, and found the door locked. As she continued to knock, a servant opened a peep-hole in the door and explained to her: 'The master could not wait for you any longer. When he left, he locked my mistress and myself in as usual.' This occurred in the twentieth century in Madrid.

Nevertheless, the Spanish woman is practically the absolute mistress of her home and of her children, and to them she gives all her time. Therefore, her opinion counts. General Primo knows this, and it is seldom that his speeches do not contain lyric phrases about the women of Spain, their beauty and their virtue. 'When I see the shining eyes of the women in fields and roads and villages,' he cried in one speech, 'I realize that women are the point of departure for the glorious Spanish revolution!'

He likes them and knows how to get along with them. I was told the following anecdote as true. During the commercial negotiations of the summer of 1926, the French Chargé d'Affaires called upon Primo to request a reduction in the duty upon certain articles imported from France, notably silks. After every reason that he brought forward had met a stone-wall of refusal, the Frenchman is said to have declared to the General:

'You say that you worship the Spanish woman, and yet you plan to refuse her the means of bringing out her full beauty, by closing the frontiers to the silks that she loves! She will be told about it.'

'No,' was the General's reply, 'she will be told that for her I will give you satisfaction.'

The General has had less success in dealing with Society. At first he was received as a savior. But, once order was reëstablished, many grandees of Spain felt that they also were qualified to exercise power. When Calvo Sotelo, Minister of Finance, made known his intention to establish a general income tax, the grandees of Spain — in general, great landed proprietors — considered this project revolutionary, since it threatened to put them on a plane with the common people. Their uneasiness reached its height when Primo let it be understood that several hunting preserves which had been allowed to remain uncultivated were to be divided among the peasants

But such dissatisfaction is not of a type to trouble the Dictator. In the game that he is playing there is an unknown quantity which is still more dangerous: King Alfonso XIII has made and unmade so many ministries, has always taken such an active part in the direction of affairs, that he can consider the reign of General Primo de Rivera only as a single moment in his own.

IN SPITE of Primo de Rivera's development of the national wealth, many Spaniards, even those who praise the accomplishments of the Directory, feel that it has held power for too long.

(*Continued on page 80*)

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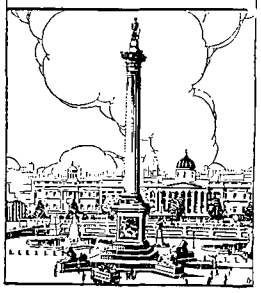
Metropolitana

London Stares at an African King—The Shady Side of Roman Streets—The Jewelry Shop Murder in Paris—Dust and Roses in Peking—Theatre-mad Moscow—Mexico City's Matrimonial Refugee—The Scandalous City of Tokio

LONDON



IN ITS long career as the capital of a great Colonial Empire, London has entertained many odd dignitaries, but never an odder one than the visiting king from the Gold Coast, who came to England to be formally knighted this summer.

Many a monarch has been called soulless. This African chieftain has not only a soul, but a separate soul in the person of a small black boy who accompanies his royal master on all formal occasions. The former's official title is Paramount Chief of Akim Abuakwa, but at home he is a king in everything but name. Having been recently knighted as Sir Ofori Atta, it is as such that he has become best known to Londoners within the past few weeks.

Sir Ofori was tactfully plied with questions concerning his dark and youthful attendant. He was reticent in the extreme, condescending only to explain that the paramount and divisional chiefs of Akim Abuakwa are hedged about with mysterious customs. Each of them has a 'soul,' who is the mystic repository of the kingly dignity and power. The soul, declared Sir Ofori, is a boy chosen before the age of puberty by the chief himself, who has all the chief's dignities and privileges and accompanies the chief wherever he goes. On the highest occasions, it is the soul and not the chief who wears the crown. Further than this, Sir Ofori was unwilling to go. 'The soul,' he said inscrutably, 'is as secret as the chief himself!'

In past weeks, Londoners fond of ceremony have had numerous opportunities to gape at Sir Ofori Atta. He went in splendid array to lay a wreath on the Cenotaph, London's monument to British war dead. Beside him down busy Whitehall walked five tall, dark attendants in native costume — long, bright-colored silk robes slung over one shoulder, sandals on their feet, woolly black circlets about their heads. Sir Ofori himself, looking as if carved from a great block of ebony, a broad smile on his face, stalked along in the gayest robes of all. Over his head was carried an expansive umbrella of blue, red, and green. And before him, bearing a strangely carved golden staff that attracted much attention, walked the picaninny who is the official personification of the black chief's soul.

Later, accompanied by his suite, Sir Ofori entered the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, in the presence of a large gathering come to hear the debate on the Finance Bill. This time the African chief was attired in a brilliant brocade cloak, scarlet shoes, and a tall golden crown. He removed the latter politely, as if it were a hat, upon entering the crowded gallery and noticing the women present. But the greatest occasion for lovers of pomp was the Royal Investiture, at which Sir Ofori, together with other notables, received the official accolade of knighthood from the King.

By the gates of Buckingham Palace, a great crowd gathered, anticipating, as all London crowds do, the impressive arrival of distinguished visitors. They did not know that the Gold Coast chieftain's extraordinary soul had almost upset the course of royal ritual. British tradition requires that a person to be knighted must appear alone before the sovereign. Sir Ofori, however, protested that he could not entertain the idea of having his body knighted while his soul was absent. British officialdom saw the point. So, although the crowd had not heard the story, after many motor cars had rolled up to deposit British dignitaries before the palace gates, they saw Sir Ofori arrive in a big automobile, followed by a taxi bringing his umbrella-bearers and his umbrella, and accompanied, in accordance with his wishes, by his small black soul. The two, the African Chieftain and his soul, entered the King's presence together to be knighted, in defiance of all precedent for such occasions.

The crowd, when it had recovered from its bewilderment, settled back for yet more splendor. A company of Grenadier Guards, led by their band, colors flying, marched with brilliance and precision through the gates. When they had passed, a police sergeant suddenly held up his hand to stop all traffic. Onlookers craned their necks to see what new display was approaching. Then, around the corner of the palace and into the view of the curious crowd, waddled an anxiously quacking mother duck, with eight fluffy ducklings trailing calmly behind her.

Inside Buckingham Palace, an old British tradition was being flouted to permit an African chieftain about to be knighted to take a little black boy into the presence of the King. Outside, a crowd of British tradition-lovers, come to applaud the pomp and majesty of Empire, was convulsed with laughter at the side-show of the pageant, the spectacle of a big London bobby personally conducting a duck and six wobbly ducklings across the street to the safety of St. James's Park.

ROME

ROME is unique among the world's capitals for many reasons. Few are the cities that have seen so much ancient and modern history a-making. Fewer still the cities in which the receding tide of history has left so rich a deposit of art and architecture. And now the Italian capital has a new claim; for it is practically the only city in the motor-mad modern world which gives pedestrians special summer rights — rights which may soon be extended into the early fall and perhaps even into October.

In the winter, the Roman equivalents of the Yankee 'traffic cops' rule with a rod of iron, for the streets that Virgil trod and that once echoed to the tread of Cæsar's legions were naturally not built for motor cars, and to-day their congestion is terrific. The Fascist municipal administration has ruled that, since motor cars keep to the right, pedestrians shall walk only on the left-hand sidewalks, so as to see the motors coming. The rule is strictest on the Corso Umberto, Rome's Fifth Avenue, where the policeman's firm 'Sinistre!' corrects any

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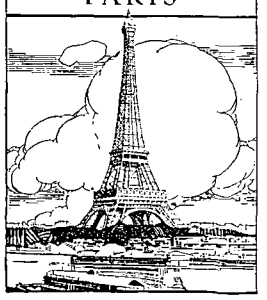
erring soul who chooses the wrong side of the street.

But the Roman summer is so hot that not even the rigors of Fascist rule can keep people off the shady side of the street. Their right in summer to walk wherever it is coolest has long been recognized, though the reason officially given is that there is less motor traffic in the summer months. And now the Roman newspapers have taken up the proposed extension of the time limit. Mr. Constant Reader is writing fiery letters to support them. Every one expects the Fascist Government to yield the point, which after all is a very minor one.

PARIS



PARIS is still talking of the now famous *Procès Mestorino*, perhaps the most dramatic murder trial in a city of celebrated murder trials, and certainly one whose outcome has stirred the public more than that of any in the past. For five days this summer, it filled the *Palais de Justice* with a noisy crowd of eager men and elegantly gowned women, looking and acting somewhat as though they had come to a first night at the Opera. For five days, it filled the boulevard newspapers with scarehead accounts of the proceedings. And it ended by disturbing the Paris public with grave doubts concerning the efficiency of French justice.

Last February someone murdered a Paris jeweler named Truphême and robbed his body of nearly 300,000 francs in money and diamonds. The corpse, wrapped tightly in two woolen coverings, was found in a ditch in the outskirts of the city. An effort had been made to set fire to the bundle. But the wrappings were not very inflammable, and there was water in the bottom of the ditch. The body did not burn. It was discovered.

Suspicion fixed on Charles Mestorino, another Paris jeweler, whom Truphême was known to have visited at noon, the day of the murder. There seemed to be little evidence against Mestorino, however — certainly not enough to send a man to the guillotine. In the preliminary investigation, Mestorino himself denied everything, as did his wife. His three assistants, who were in his little shop at the supposed time of the murder, denied any knowledge of the crime. Mestorino's attractive sister-in-law, Suzanne Charnaux, who worked for the murdered man, also denied all information. Two jewelers who had bought the stolen diamonds could throw no light upon the tragedy. A garage man swore he had kept Mestorino's automobile in his garage to repair its brakes during the day the body was found outside the city. This evidence, if true, negatived the theory that the automobile had been used to transport the corpse.

Then came the trial itself. Parisians, though not suspecting the drama in store for them, were characteristically interested in a case which involved an extremely good-looking young jeweler and his sister-in-law, a pretty girl of twenty-three. Crowds jammed the *Palais de Justice;* perfumed women of fashion, playwrights, authors, *boulevardiers*, all the curious. Close-packed masses of people, unable to get in, waited outside, staring over one another's shoulders at the broad back of the helmeted *Garde Républicaine* who blocked the doorway. Small boys on their way home from school gathered on the fringes of the crowd, betting on the outcome of the trial. One fascinating blonde impersonated the wife of the presiding judge in order to gain admittance; but when the usher who had managed to find her a front seat proudly informed the judge of his exploit, the latter protested that he was not a bigamist, and that his real wife was already in his private room. She, incidentally, forcing her way through the crowd outside, had lost a valuable string of pearls, and her son had had his pocket picked!

For five days a dozen or more witnesses were grilled. Each, during the preliminary investigation, had denied all connection with the crime. Each, it developed, had been lying. Now, as one by one they admitted their previous perjury and told their true story, the crowd gasped; for each admission implicated the speaker more or less closely in the crime, and each piled crushing evidence higher and higher upon Mestorino's head.

Often the court room was in pandemonium. Twice the sessions were interrupted for twenty minutes while quiet was restored. In the end, the case was clear. Truphême had come to Mestorino's shop at noon on the day of the murder. Mestorino had wounded him with a jeweler's hammer. Pretty Suzanne Charnaux had stood by while her brother-in-law finished his victim by smothering and proceeded to strip the body of diamonds, wallet, and even finger rings. Suzanne had taken the diamonds, gone out to buy the coverings with which the body was wrapped, and had later helped to remove the body. Mestorino's three jeweler assistants had watched all this without making a move to prevent it, and had then promised silence. The garage man had been mistaken, perhaps honestly, in his testimony concerning the presence of Mestorino's automobile in his garage.

Parisians were unanimous in demanding death for Mestorino, if not for Suzanne Charnaux, and punishment for those who had witnessed the crime. But French justice decided otherwise. The jury, though admitting theft and premeditated murder, nevertheless found extenuating circumstances, and Mestorino was condemned only to life imprisonment with hard labor. This surprised Mestorino's lawyer, scandalized the public, and disgusted the custodian of the death chamber, who had been assured that a death sentence was certain and had consequently cleaned out the cell.

Suzanne Charnaux was arrested, not as an accomplice in the murder, but accused of concealing a corpse and receiving stolen goods. Conviction on this charge will mean only from six months to two years in prison, which most Parisians feel is much too good for her. In the case of the three assistants who had watched the crime without interference or giving the alarm, the public prosecutor has explained that they cannot be convicted even of perjury, since French law exonerates a witness who, having falsified, retracts before the close of the trial — a situation which has set the Paris press demanding reform in the Penal Code. As for the conduct of the vociferous crowds who flocked pell-mell to the *Palais de Justice*, though the newspapers are calling it 'scandalous' there is not much to be done. The Mestorino Trial is a *cause célèbre;* and as to such, since time immemorial, Parisians have reserved the right to get as excited as they please.

PEKING

UNUSUAL weather in Peking means good weather, but no one thinks of apologizing for the consistently bad weather of China's ancient capital. Instead, residents boast of the dust and the heat, and feel distinctly offended if any other city pretends to greater unpleasantness of climate than their own. As a matter of fact such pretensions are infrequent, for during the winter in Peking the mercury may drop below the zero mark, and, during the summer, it rises so high that

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most of those who can afford to travel leave the city.

Yet Peking is not so uncomfortable as many of her residents would have us believe. The plum and cherry blossoms are luxuriant during the Spring. Purple and white lilacs follow, themselves replaced a few weeks later by wistaria. During the summer, rose bushes bloom in the gardens and parks of the old imperial city.

And though the city remains in many respects as puzzling and as passive as ever, it is by no means so backward as many Occidentals imagine. There have been changes since the Boxer rising in 1900. After the anti-Manchu revolution the city cast off her scholastic habit and assumed a more human aspect. The completion of the trans-Siberian railway had brought more travelers from the west. No longer was Peking a mediæval backwater, but rather a complex metropolis presenting a mixture of forces ancient and modern, Oriental and Occidental. Guarded gateways were thrown open, and the Chinese enjoyed hitherto forbidden grounds and gardens, abandoning ancient pomp and ceremony for their new love of sociability and democracy.

Life in Peking is mellow and gay, anxious and unpredictable. Serene and peaceful is its dreamy beauty when one looks toward the bluish gray Western Hills over the yellow roofs of the Forbidden City. If one strolls at night outside the Chien Men, one encounters a brilliant scene of Chinese life, bustling, noisy, merry, and reckless. Color is absent here, however, except for an occasional bright red door. Otherwise the streets and alleys are sombre and dusty, flanked by bare gray walls. Then there are the temples, reminiscent of the ancient glories of China. The Lama Temple, the Yellow Temple outside the An Ting Men, and the Temple of Heaven with its great blue dome and white marble altar, are all a part of a Peking of contrasts, a Peking modern and ancient, at once beautiful and ugly.

Naturally, the Legation Quarter strikes the most Occidental note in the entire city. Here the foreigners, though they have to some extent absorbed the Chinese attitude of passivity, nevertheless pursue a work-hard, play-hard life. Before the heat becomes too oppressive with the advancing summer, polo and tennis are the reigning sports. But the only tennis courts are of concrete or of clay, and the polo ground is a dusty field just outside the Legation quarter; for there is little grass in Peking.

The Spring and Fall racing seasons bring the upper classes out to the willow-fringed race course. Nearby stand summer houses, some of them new, English ones, some of them old temples, and some of them hybrids of mingled Chinese and foreign architectural influences. Twice a year this district, where Orient and Occident are seen in such marked contrast, becomes the rendezvous of Society.

During the summer months, Peking is hot, and, for the most part, dusty and drab. It is from September until December that the city is at its best, and the social season, at its height. At any season, Peking is a city of many and varied contrasts, which recent years have tended to multiply rather than diminish.

MOSCOW

MOSCOW has gone mad over the theatre. At least some twenty or thirty civil war and revolutionary dramas, which opened at the time of the Tenth Anniversary of the revolution, are still playing to full houses. These have given an added political stimulus to the theatre-going public, which is normally larger in Russia than in any other country except Japan. Two notable attractions have been causing particularly great interest — the historical play produced by the First Moscow Art Theatre and the presence in Moscow of a Chinese theatrical company. The First Moscow Art Theatre's *The Armored Train* depicts incidents in Siberia connected with the campaigns against the anti-revolutionary White Armies. Scenes take place on the roof of a half-ruined church, in front of an armored train as it passes over a railway enbankment, and in the interior of one of the compartments of this train. It is reported that effects of the highest realism and artistry are obtained. As usual, the Russians have attempted the scenically impossible and have been successful.

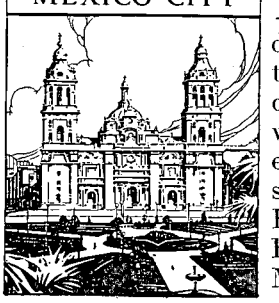
Whether the popularity of the Chinese players is an indication of their merit, or is due to orders from 'higher up' does not appear. The Soviets are supposed to be interested in flattering the Chinese. This Peking company, Chen-De-Tai's, has been presenting an historical drama of the Nineteenth Century and a satiric comedy directed at governmental graft and Pooh-Bahism. It is indicative of the New China that feminine rôles, traditionally limited to male actors, are being taken by women.

Housing conditions in Moscow have reached such a point that, in comparison, our own congested areas seem like open country. The city's population has increased by leaps and bounds. It is now over two millions — a gain of half a million since 1920. With the existing structures, this allows an average floor space of forty-five square feet per person — an area only twice as great as that occupied by an ordinary bed. It is said that in many cases six or seven persons are crowded into a room which has no window. The new dwellings which have been erected are barrack-like dormitories, all alike, stretching in deadly monotony for miles. If one in imagination substitutes frame for brick construction, modern Moscow very much resembles the outlying poorer sections of our own Philadelphia or Baltimore.

With all this congestion, naturally, the filth in the streets is incredible. Outside the central, older portions of the city, food is bad and scarce; as a beverage, only execrable vodka is plentiful. In the business and governmental quarter, however, things are different. The streets are filled with colored banners advertising theatres, picture palaces, and music halls; broad-shouldered women peddle apples, fresh or pickled, oranges, buttercups, and wood anemones.

In the midst of all this bustling humanity, the Central Committee of the Young Communist Organization has, after serious consideration, issued Order Number 722. This absolutely condemns all forms of kissing, as an aristocratic survival, unfit for a 'society of class-conscious workers and peasants!' The prohibition applies to any relation in life, and is not limited to young men and women of companionate dispositions. Such is the tyranny of the new ideology. But that there is bootleg osculation on moonlit nights in Russia may perhaps be suspected.

MEXICO CITY



IT WAS during the worried days preceding the recent presidential elections which were to end in unforeseen tragedy. Federal Police Headquarters in Mexico City was a busy place. Disturbances threatened throughout the Republic. People were seeing rebels everywhere. Members of the police staff, tense, overworked, were ready to start at the smallest sound.

Into the Mexico City headquarters

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came a queer looking individual with a battered rifle in his hand and a cartridge belt containing five cartridges slung across his chest. He asked for General Roberto Cruz, Chief of the Committee of Public Safety. The doorkeepers, knowing that General Cruz was overburdened with work, referred the strange visitor to Señor Luis Lara Robelo, second in command.

The man with the battered rifle was conducted to Señor Robelo's offices. 'I am Flaviano Aldama Romo,' he said quietly, 'a rebel come to give himself up.' Naturally they took him in at once.

'You are a rebel?' asked Robelo sternly.

'Yes. I revolted, and have come to give myself up to be punished as I deserve, by court martial.'

There was no time to question further. Though they did not ordinarily walk into jail voluntarily, rebels were plentiful; and other business pressed. Flaviano Aldama Romo was placed in a cell and temporarily forgotten.

Nearly a week later, at a moment when the pressure of official business had temporarily diminished, Robelo called Romo before him again. The rebel's collar was dirty, his suit spotted, his hat crushed. He was the picture of squalor and misery.

'Where did you fight as a rebel?' asked the Assistant Chief of the Committee of Public Safety.

'The truth, Señor,' came the crestfallen reply, 'is that I am not a rebel at all, and never have been.'

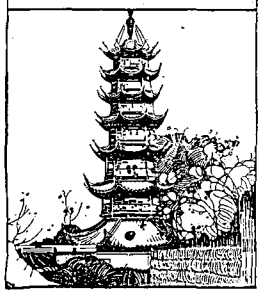
'What! Then why give yourself up as one?'

'Because I would rather be shot as a rebel than go back to my wife.'

Slowly the dejected 'rebel' stammered his story. Four years earlier he had married a woman who turned out to be a veritable tigress, '*un cáracter de irascibilidad feroz, señor, se lo garantizo.*' The arrival of two children had not tempered the storm. Romo was at his wits' end. He was a hack driver, and often he stopped his cab on the railroad tracks just outside Mexico City, hoping that a train would kill him; but he always weakened and drove off in time to escape death, saying to himself that, since his brother-in-law owned half the cab, it would not be fair to have it smashed. The tigress at home grew still more ferocious. Romo bought an old rifle at a bargain price, planning to shoot himself. Fortunately or unfortunately he had made a bad bargain. The rifle would not go off. At least, he decided, he might use the firearm as stage property and give himself up as a rebel, since rebels seemed to be shot to death with great regularity during those days. He had even planned to say that he was the right hand man of Maximiliano Vigueras, the famous highwayman, so that the execution might be as prompt as possible. However, his questioners had cut him short and thrown him into jail before he could do so. Now, after six days in a cell, he had again changed his mind.

He was finally reprimanded and set free. 'Now it's worse than if you had shot me!' Romo wailed. 'Now I have to go home again and explain!' But he left Police Headquarters, and the police, overstrained and nervous, had their first real laugh in many weeks of tension. Then they settled down again to the stress and strain of real business, a long strain that was to come very near to a snapping point, though not to an end, with General Obregon's assassination.

TOKIO



A JAPANESE farmer recently visited his national capital, and the *Japan Advertiser*, which is dedicated to the difficult task of convincing Americans in Tokio that they are in a thoroughly Occidental city, has translated a part of his diary. The conversation and events leading up to his departure from his native village are thus faithfully recorded:

I said to my wife: 'I have never been to Tokio.'

She replied: 'Well, you have never been to Kyoto.'

'That's too far.'

'Tokio is still farther away.'

'I don't care.'

'The cow has to be milked.'

'While I'm away, the calf can have it all.'

'Then you are going?'

'Of course.'

'I've heard of Tokio, and it seems a wicked place.'

'Don't be ridiculous.'

Never in my life have I paid so much money to the ticket office at the railway station. Had I known it, I would have invited all the people in the village to see me do it. And the station agent didn't even thank me for my money. Effect of modern civilization!

I believe trains for Tokio are also run at night. I can't imagine anybody paying so much money for traveling at night when you can't see a thing. People are fools!

* * * *

So this is Tokio! It is inconvenient here. If you want to go anywhere, you have to take either street cars or buses. Back in my village I can get anywhere by walking, and I can reach Gon-Beisan's, the farthest house from mine, in five minutes. I really can't understand the stupidity of Tokio people in building such an abnormally large city. They must be fools. Our village could teach them a great deal. There are so many shops here that when you want to buy anything you can't tell where to go. If you want to go to the post office, you have to ask somebody where it is. Such an inconvenient place! Back in my village, if I want to buy anything, I know where to go because there is only one shop, which sells everything. And when I'm at home, I know where the post office is. It is in the next village.

In the middle of Tokio, they have two places that are called parks. A park is an open space where there are trees and ponds like in our village. I can't see any use for them. I understand that people go there to look at trees, birds, flowers, and ponds! The inconvenience of living in such a place as Tokio must have driven the inhabitants to lunacy. To go and look at trees! We'd never think of doing such a foolish thing in our village.

Facing one of these parks is a hotel, foreign style. You don't have to take off your shoes or slippers to enter. You simply walk in as if you were walking into a barn back in our village. It must be dirty. No wonder they look so sickly in the city! They lack a sense of sanitation!

When I was at the hotel, I saw the last word in shamelessness, indecency, and immodesty — foreign dancing. It is nothing like our village dancing, which is real dancing. A man and a girl were holding each other and walking about on a slippery floor. I was shocked and am thinking of asking the policeman in our village why they do such things and why the Government allows it. I am not going to write any more about the hotel because I do not want to remember several shocks I received while I was there. God be merciful to those sinners!

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The American Man

A Very British View of a Very American Situation

By Mary Borden

From the *Spectator* (London Moderate Conservative Weekly)

HE is fighting for his life. His position is precarious, dramatic, extremely significant. He should be watched by everyone interested in the future of mankind, for the scaffolding of the world of the future is reared against the sky of America, and a rough map of it is spread over that continent while its voice is pounding and screaming out the news of what is to come to pass on the earth.

Observe the American man through your telescope. He clings like a leech to the gigantic machine of American industry.

He is shot out of a slum as if a volcano had erupted under the tenement he was born in, and there he is, dancing in the air on a tight rope, over the swarming cañon of Wall Street. Perhaps he lifted his tiny head once, like a prairie dog, from a little hole somewhere in the West, and presto! the invisible hand whisked him across prairies and deserts and dropped him into Los Angeles, Chicago, Pittsburgh, or Detroit, into a wheat pit, an oil well, or the stockyards, into the cinema business or the motor business or the steel business; and lo and behold! he is now a captain of industry, a nervous dyspeptic, and an old man at fifty, though a millionaire.

The American world is visible enough. It stands gorgeous and terrible on the horizon of the twentieth century, a grinding, glittering, roaring edifice. The skyscraper is its emblem. Its sharp, strident tower pierces the sky, but can you distinguish the American man in the panorama of the American world? Truly, he is barely distinguishable. He is so tiny that he has no face, no shape, no voice. You can only pick him out with your spy glass because he moves spasmodically and not as the machinery round him moves, smoothly, relentlessly, faultlessly, with beautiful and cruel precision. The American man is an insect swarming over the machine.

He is scrambling and struggling, balancing dizzily, falling, perhaps to pick himself up and struggle on again, perhaps to be crushed underfoot or in the teeth of the machine. One of a swarm fighting and tussling, in a desperate, jubilant frenzy of enthusiasm.

What is he fighting for and what is he fighting against? He thinks that he is fighting for success, for money, to win out in the greatest game on earth. At first he takes it all as a great game. He finds himself playing with oil, steel, wheat, motor cars, and railways as a boy would play with miniature trains in a schoolroom.

But as the excitement increases his nerves get jumpy. His digestion goes back on him. He feels very tired. He thinks he would like to get out of the game. He finds that he can't. Suddenly he becomes aware that he has been caught up in the grip of something terrific, monstrous and inimical to himself, to his health, to his family life, to his morals, to his very identity. He is really fighting the machine that he has created for the right to live, and at forty or so he finds it out.

The future of the human race is being tried out in America. There you have the clash of forces that have been let loose on the earth by modern inventions and that are slowly bringing about the same transformation of life and the same problem in every country in Europe.

From The Passing Show, London

A Britisher Looks at the American Man

Guide: . . . and it is the oldest castle.
American Tourist: Yeh! What picture was it built for?
Guide: But, my dear sir, this castle was erected in 1392!
Tourist: Wa'al, I never did like them early fillums.

The American man's position is peculiar because everything has happened to him so quickly. He didn't have time to get ready to be the richest man on earth. He was taken unawares by prosperity. The American nation is like a farm hand who has suddenly come into a business worth a million pounds.

But to go back a little. One may mean two things by the term 'American man.' One may mean any man who is a citizen of the United States, or one may mean a man by birth and breeding and tradition the product of America. If you mean the former, the American man is probably a Swede, a German, a Slav, an Italian, or a Jew; and he may or may not speak English, or, more exactly, the American version of the English language. When I was a child, there were two hundred and fifty thousand American citizens in the city of Chicago who spoke nothing but Polish.

There are more to-day. Hence the election of Bill Thompson as Mayor. The connection is obvious, but I am not analyzing the elements of American politics, I am trying to define the nature of the American man.

WHAT is he like really, the real American whose father and grandfather were American born? There are, first of all, very few of them. One to a thousand of those others, black, yellow, or brown, who speak strange languages, would be a generous estimate, so few that it is extraordinary that they have not been completely submerged. This is in itself almost a miracle. There is actually an American type, and it dominates the polyglot mob of one hundred and twenty millions that is not yet a race and is scarcely conscious of being a nation. You recognize the American when you see him.

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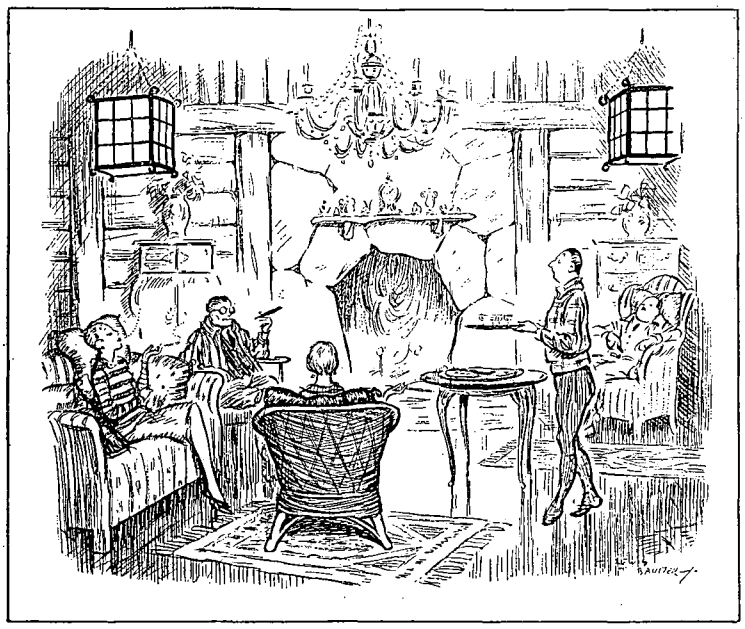
His head is already shaping itself on the model of the Red Indian, and in youth he has the same lithe movements, the way of moving of the pathfinder and the woodsman. Look at a film showing American troops on the march and you will see what I mean. Nature intended him to be a fine, elastic animal, fitted for prowess in such games as polo, tennis, golf. But big business gets him and he turns to fat quickly and goes bald. At forty his women find him a bore, for he is ignorant of everything except business, and they are not interested in business.

He lives in a world separate from theirs. All the excitement and romance of life for him is concentrated in his office. He goes home in the evening exhausted to find his wife, fresh as a daisy, starting out for the night. If she insists on his going with her (and she does insist) he can do so only after a couple of cocktails, or three or four. So that what he sees of the world of women he sees in a daze of weariness and alcohol. The tragedy of such American men is that they are never allowed to go to bed. They are the slaves of wives who are utterly bored with their company yet will not dispense with it.

The American man's upbringing and education have been quite different from that of his sisters. He has been taught to despise the arts, to have a contempt for all such graces as foreign languages, music, literature, painting. He talks with his teeth shut and is barely intelligible to Englishmen, who find it quite easy to understand his wife. His wife has made a study of being agreeable, decorative, social, and adaptable. He has paid no attention to any of these things. He has had no time for them and secretly despises them. He slaves for his wife; but almost everything that his wife does strikes him as rather silly; and the foreigners whose company she prefers to his appear to him as wasters, adventurers, scarcely more human than giraffes.

Nothing round him seems very human, nothing human continues to engage his attention. He lives in a world of roaring machines and jigging figures, of soaring buildings, spouting oil wells, leaping stocks and shares, and bursting crops of grain or cotton. All these things are alive with a life energy greater than his own. His wife and children fade to shadows. He himself becomes a shadow. The wonder is that, in the turbulent onrush of his country's incredible material progress, he has survived as an individual with any character at all.

The fact is that he is the miraculous proof of the power of an idea. It is an idea, or if you like, a set of ideas, embodied in a faith that men acted on long ago, that once produced him, and that now keeps him alive. Everything in modern America is bent upon the destruction of the idea and upon his own destruction. Everything that happens is the direct negation of the idea. Everything he is expected to do gives it the lie.



From Punch, London

WHEN A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY RUSTICATES

PUNCH, LONDON HUMOROUS WEEKLY, satirizes the American business man who, seeking relief from the cloying comforts of his city mansion, arrives at his 'little hut in the woods' and settles down to simple living

All the same it persists. The idea that I allude to is the idea that took the Quakers from England and the Huguenots from France. It is one of the most powerful ideas in the world, and it lies hidden within the astounding and spectacular edifice of American life, and it is still a living thing and it is keeping the American man alive.

One can define it in various ways and call it by various names, but it is not my purpose to define it. We all know what it is. If you don't like it, you call it one thing. If you do, you call it another. It is Spartan, austere, rigid. It postulates the worthlessness of worldly possessions and worldly glory and the equality in the sight of God of all human beings.

It involves the principle of democracy and a belief in the dignity of labor and in the wickedness of idleness. 'But,' you will say, 'America is the very opposite of this.' Exactly, that is my point. It is a defiant challenge to the whole gorgeous opulent fabric of American civilization and a flat contradiction of the value of America's astounding success.

In a word, it gives the lie to America's gigantic achievement, is at war with the American world, and is the only power on that continent that is saving the American man from the complete disintegration that would surely result from the combined influences of skyscrapers, gold, bootleggers, and machinery. The American man believes in it. He still, in spite of everything that has happened to him, knows it to be true. The faith of the Pilgrim Fathers and their moral code remain his faith and his code. This is the strange thing about him. Even when his steel mills and oil wells and railways involve him in the frenzied, immoral game of doubtful finance and corrupt politics; even though they leave him no time to cultivate his mind, love his children, or enjoy his friends; even when he forgets that he has a wife, or has had two or three and wonders what on earth women are for and prefers oblivion in the whisky bottle to any other form of enjoyment, he still secretly believes in the God of the pioneer Pilgrims, Who sent men out to work with their hands in the wilderness. He remains at heart a child and an idealist whose ideal of life is one of Spartan simplicity, so that I see him standing in his palatial office in a skyscraper, or in his more palatial house, looking wearily round him with bewilderment, boredom, and contempt, and I hear him asking himself what it all means.

'What is the good of this?' he says to himself. 'This isn't what I've been working for. I hate it. It makes me sick.'

But he can't get out of it and he can't get back to the place where he came from, a log cabin, a farm, a clearing in a forest. His expression is a little ashamed and a little wistful. He has worked all his life for this. How could it have been for this? This house of his is a strange place and he is a stranger in it. It is empty. There remains his office.

Weary to exhaustion, he goes back to it. He has nowhere else to go. The world is a lonely place except for the machines in it, whose wheels are whirling, whirling, ceaselessly whirling.

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The Sex Ratio

A Refutation of the Popular Notion That There Are Too Many Women in the Modern World

By Meyrick Booth

From the *Nineteenth Century* (London Conservative Monthly)

THE modern world is full of false ideas, crystallized into axioms. It is these conglomerations of error which, more than anything else, frustrate every attempt to reach a satisfactory solution of the problem of the modern girl and her relation to society.

The moment one opens a discussion of this burning question, one is met with the argument that England now contains an immense excess of women over men (largely a result of the war), and that, in consequence, it has become necessary to train the girls in the mass for independent careers. It is surprising how few people possess even the remotest knowledge of the actual statistical position.

The excess of women over men in the European lands is now much smaller than it was at almost any period during the last 500 or 600 years. In the fourteenth century the excess of women over men in Central Europe was about 15 per cent. For Frankfurt-am-Main we have the following figures for the end of the century: population, about 10,000; composed of 4600 men and 5500 women — a much larger proportion of women than is to be found in Frankfurt to-day.

In modern England (with Wales) we have 18,500,000 males and 20,000,000 females (a ratio of 100 to 108). In present-day Germany there are 30,000,000 males and 32,500,000 females.

These figures speak for themselves. They reduce to a sheer absurdity the oft-repeated contention that there is now such an abnormal ratio between the sexes that our previous ideas as to woman's social functions must be revolutionized. If anything further were needed to knock this fallacy on the head, it is to be found in the fact that nowhere do women pursue masculine careers more ardently than in America, where there is an excess of men over women.

Let us, then, dismiss from our minds the idea that there is any connection at all between the cult of independence and the pseudo-masculinism which, in practice, goes with it, and the numerical relationship between the sexes. As a matter of fact, the chief excess of women over men is to be found upon the higher age levels of the population. Consider the following figures for England and Wales, 1926.

Here we see that under the age of twenty-five there is virtually no excess of females; there is, in fact, 'a lad for every lass!'

PROPORTION OF MEN AND WOMEN

(*England and Wales, 1926*)

Age group	Males	Females
15–20	1,800,000	1,790,000
20–25	1,680,000	1,740,000
25–30	1,405,000	1,655,000
30–35	1,300,000	1,570,000
50–60	1,990,000	2,160,000
60–70	1,183,000	1,356,000
70–80	505,000	680,000
80 and over	105,000	185,000

In view of the gross inaccuracy of popular opinion on this matter, it is well to give the sharpest emphasis to the real state of things. It is quite common to hear well-educated people express the view that there are two women for every man in England. I recently met a cultured Englishwoman who firmly believed that not more than one woman in three could possibly marry, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade her to accept the accuracy of the government statistics.

In spite of the absurdity of these notions, there is no doubt whatever that they play a real part in determining the mental attitude of the nation towards the problem of the education of girls. The average person is fixed in the belief that, whereas 100 years ago it was possible for the great majority of women to marry, this is now out of the question, as there are 'not enough men to go round.' It is apparently held that all men are married, and the large body of unmarried women in our midst represent those who are 'left on the shelf.' Very few people know that there are some 2,500,000 unmarried men in the best marriageable ages.

The German statistics throw a vivid light on the situation, proving conclusively that feminine celibacy is not due mainly to the excess of women over men, but to the non-marriage of so many men. Population: 62,500,000; males 30,200,000 and females 32,300,000. Men from twenty to forty-five — 10,900,000, of whom *nearly* 5,000,000 *were unmarried*. Women from twenty to forty-five — 12,600,000. Of every 100 women, about 58 are married (or widows). If all men married, this proportion would be 92.

THE really decisive matter is not the ratio of men and women in the whole population, but the ratio during the marriageable ages. Consider the following figures for England and Wales (1926): Women of marriageable age (twenty to forty-five), about 7,900,000; men of marriageable age (twenty to fifty), about 8,000,000.

It is, of course, necessary to remember that men may, and often do, marry at a somewhat later age than women. In looking for a wife, a man is practically confined to the age groups between twenty and forty (although, since a certain proportion of women over forty do marry, I have taken the groups up to forty-five into account); but a woman may very easily find a husband anywhere between twenty and fifty.

Now, in the light of these figures, let us consider the remarkable fact that there are in this country some 3,000,000 unmarried women of marriageable age — most of them thinking, no doubt, that they belong to the army of the 'superfluous.'

We must, of course, allow for the women who simply do not wish to marry, or who have not found any suitable partner; but even then we cannot possibly account for the prodigious discrepancy between the number of

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women who *might* marry and those who *do*, save by assuming that there are some very powerful and unusual factors at work.

What are these factors?

There cannot be the slightest doubt that the general tendency of the present-day education of girls is largely responsible for the immense army of unmarried women in our midst. We cannot possibly divorce education from the rest of our national life. A machine which grinds out, year by year, hundreds of thousands of young women equipped solely with a view to competing with men in industry and business must of necessity create social conditions highly unfavorable to marriage and home life. The struggle to earn a family wage or salary is thus made far more difficult for the average man. It would be impossible to form an estimate of the exact number of men who have been prevented from establishing homes of their own as a result of the competition of women, but it must be very large indeed. It is significant that the proportion of men amongst the unemployed should be so large. (A short time ago there were some five unemployed men for every woman or girl.)

In the daily press of the last month it was reported that hundreds of book-keepers, many of them married men, have quite recently been thrown into unemployment through their places being given to young girls who were content with a much lower salary.

Is there not a certain confusion of cause and effect in the argument that, given the existing economic conditions, we must train girls for the market-place and not for the home?

Suppose we were to assume that, from now on, the stream of feminine labor were to be cut down, and that girls were, at any rate in part, to return to domestic life, is it not clear that we should in the future see a great rise in the number of marriages? It is, to say the least of it, improbable that more than a fraction of the existing 3,000,000 spinsters are resolutely bent on remaining single. It would be something more than a wild guess to say that at least half are restrained from marriage because there are some 1,500,000 men who cannot afford to marry. The point is: How many of these men have been prevented from 'getting on,' or even thrown into unemployment, through the competition of the immense army of young women workers? If my assumption — now, of course, purely fanciful — were ever to come true, we should soon find that the army of our 3,000,000 spinsters had diminished to less than half its size. Strange as the idea may seem to an age dominated by masculine ideals, would it not be far more in the national interest to aim at reducing the mass of single women and building up the sinking domestic life of England, rather than go on with the present system, by which we deliberately train battalions of young women to intensify the struggle of life, not only for the men of the nation, but equally for their own sisters?

From Punch, London

THE real trouble is that we are hopelessly entangled in a vicious circle. Parents and educators feel compelled — even in the face of their own better judgment — to give up the idea of training girls for their most natural career, marriage, and to fit them first and foremost for economic independence. The chance of marriage is uncertain, the expense of keeping girls at home too great; and, above all, the modern girl has set her heart upon 'freedom.' It is usually argued that if a girl can stand on her own feet she need not feel compelled to marry merely for the sake of having a home, but can afford to wait until she meets the right man; and, further, that she will be all the better for a thorough training in some profession. I will not deny that there is a germ of truth in this point of view. We do not wish to return to the time when young ladies stayed at home doing fine embroidery until they could catch a man. But none of these arguments, however true, can alter the logic of the situation.

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The fact remains that it is the flooding of the labor market with young women that has, more than anything else, lowered the chance of marriage for the modern girl; so that whereas sixty years ago a middle-class daughter could reckon on an over 80 per cent chance of marriage, the figure has now sunk to under 50 per cent. (In the case of university-trained women the marriage ratio is not more than some 30 per cent.) We keep on moving round and round. Girls must earn their living because they cannot marry. Why cannot they marry? Because there are so many girls earning their living.

My principal object in writing this article is to make it perfectly clear that the present state of things is not an 'act of God,' the result of an unavoidable disparity between the sexes, but a problem capable of solution. It lies in our own hands to find some way of escape from the squirrel's cage. The whole matter is essentially a question of ideals — in fact, like most other things, it depends upon our ultimate beliefs. To those who have been converted to the egocentric, utilitarian philosophy which reveals itself in much of the literature of feminism, everything I have just said will seem absurd. It will not move them in the least to know that some millions of girls have lost their chance of possessing a home of their own. Indeed, a well-known representative of left-wing feminism recently expressed her joy at the decline of marriage, since she held that it would open the door for irregular sex relationships and thus assist in the 'liberation of women.'

On the other hand, to those who believe that marriage is the proper work of women, and that the sexes were intended to complement and aid each other, and not to cut each other's throats, it will seem of the very first importance to remedy a state of things which imposes celibacy upon millions of women (over and above the numerically 'superfluous' women).

It is true that some feminists — especially those of the left-wing — have begun to realize that the economic emancipation of women is not all that was promised, that in practice it condemns masses of women to a drudgery no better than that from which they had thought to liberate themselves. Accordingly they have brought forward a remedy of their own — the union of marriage and professional life. It is proposed that wives and husbands should both pursue careers. In that way many of our bachelors, male and female, especially in the educated classes, will be able to marry.

There are a great many excellent arguments which might be advanced against this sort of home life. But there is one which renders all the others superfluous. If this practice ever became at all general, it would be quite impossible to employ all the women who would be seeking careers. All the learned professions, and most of the other callings by which this army of would-be independent wives might hope to earn their bread, are already heavily overcrowded. What then would be the position (to consider only the higher social levels) if some million or more married women entered into the labor market? If all the married women in the country were to become infected with feminism, it would mean that we should have to find work for another 5,000,000 women. The plan is obviously absurd and impossible.

But if we once accept the idea that, for the great mass of wives (leaving out those who have some very special gift which would at once entitle them to make a footing) there can be no question whatever of economic independence, it follows plainly that all social developments likely to result in injury to the prospects of young men will rebound and hit the opposite sex with equal force. For this reason, if for no other, it is bad policy on the part of our feminine educators to ignore the results which must follow from training the large majority of girls to compete with (and often to undercut) men in every department of life.

THESE remarks must not be misunderstood. I in no way argue against the valuable woman worker, who, as doctor, lawyer, artist, or archi-

From Le Rire, Paris

FEMINISM IN REVOLT: *I'll show them that women are better pacifists than men!*

A FRENCH VIEW of Feminine Self-Assertion

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tect, may be doing good service to the community. We certainly need every ounce of ability we can get, male or female. But we must seek to reorganize our life so that wasteful competition shall be eliminated. It is antisocial to pour into already overcrowded fields of employment a stream of girls who have no special 'call' there, but are merely sent into professional work because it is the fashion, or because they do not want to seem inferior to their brothers or boy friends. To the young man his success in life is a matter of life and death, whereas a very considerable fraction of his girl competitors are merely seeing life and amusing themselves for a year or two while they look round for a husband.

We live in an age that has no time for thought, and at the root of all our troubles lies the persistent failure to face fundamentals. Girls are not boys. They never have been, and they never will be. The attempt to banish sex and set up an abstraction called sex equality is so futile, so false to life and all its realities, that, pursuing this path, we stumble from one impossible position into another. This is ludicrously seen in the strife now going on in the Woman's Movement between those who, not having quite lost touch with reality, are concerned to create better conditions of work for women workers, and those who, being pure doctrinaires, insist upon an abstract sex equality which leaves women workers without any special consideration whatever.

All social order must rest upon some kind of definition. If we entirely refuse to accept sex as the basic thing it obviously is, and thus fail to define the functions of men and women, there is nothing left for us but a chaotic state of society in which the sexes fight one another like dogs over a bone.

We must get back to the eternal truth that men and women are *complementary opposites*. Polarity is a law running through the universe; and it is the polarity of sex alone which enables civilization to attain to its most harmonious development. Seek to do away with this fundamental distinction and duality of nature and function, and we sink into confusion.

The complexities of modern life have not essentially altered the fact that man's primary function is to create food and wealth for the community, while woman's primary function is to bear and rear the children of the community. Our modern doctrinaires have done their best to confuse the distinction. What is the result? Millions of men without work and millions of women without children!

IF WE consider the girls in any given school, it will be found, looking ahead, that at least half of them will eventually marry; yet, although this is well known, none of these girls are actually educated with that object in view. Modern parents and educators, even when they realize, as many of them do, that marriage is the most important sphere of work for a woman, almost always take the view that it is useless to prepare any given girl for this life-work, since there is no guarantee that she will actually marry. It is therefore safer to train her for some paying career. The unfortunate young woman of to-day is accordingly torn in two between conflicting possibilities. No one feels certain that she is going to have a home; therefore she is not trained for home-life. On the other hand, the possibility that she will marry is just strong enough to prevent her concentrating whole-heartedly on her career. Her brother is, of course, spared this distressing conflict. Our modern educators seem incapable of finding any way out of the muddle.

In practice it amounts to this: the schools regard marriage as something of altogether secondary importance, and concentrate mainly (but not quite thoroughly) on professional training, the girl being all the time handicapped more or less by home duties from which the boy is free. The whole position is profoundly unsatisfactory. Marriage is not a matter of secondary importance for the nation, however much the schools may push it into the background. It is as important for the nation to possess well-trained wives and mothers as it is for it to possess efficient sailors or engineers. It is more difficult to run a home really competently than to sail a ship or manage a machine. On every hand we find mothers complaining that the modern school totally unfits their daughters for home-life.

Arguing thus, I do not, however, deny that there is a great weight in the arguments of those who say that in the world of to-day it is impracticable to train girls for marriage. From the standpoint of immediate expediency the parents of daughters can hardly adopt any other view. But this does not lift us out of the rut. Our educational system is under the influence of an individualistic and absolutely non-racial philosophy of life. Its aim is to fit its pupils for successful individual careers. We are here faced with one of those problems in which the interests of the individual conflict with those of the community. But the modern life outlook is so entirely egocentric that we scarcely realize there is a conflict at all, since the interests of the community have no representatives to voice them. It is difficult to see any way out save through a change of values.

If once the sociocentric standpoint were to prevail, we should attempt — although the difficulties would be immense — to order our life in some definite way with the view of eliminating antisocial sex conflict and establishing harmony and coöperation between men and women.

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Paul Claudel

Poet-Diplomat of France Who Finds the United States More Fascinating than the Orient

By Drew Pearson

A STOUT little man, who might have been a wine merchant or a button manufacturer or any other prosaic person, came down to the State Department in Washington last February to affix the signature of France to an arbitration treaty between his country and the United States.

It was an historic occasion. One hundred and fifty years to the very day had passed since the signing of the first treaties between France and the United States — as a matter of fact, since the first treaties the Thirteen Colonies were able to negotiate with any country. But times had changed since 1778, and, instead of powdered wigs and knee breeches, the quill pen which Benjamin Franklin used, the hand-inscribed parchments, and the concluding toast in champagne, the stout little man faced a battery of thirteen cameras.

Undismayed, he took the fountain pen handed him by the negro attendant and blinked into the Kleig lights.

'Turn the pages of the treaty, Mr. Ambassador,' directed the camera men, who thereupon took entire charge of the historic ceremony.

'Make some remark to Mr. Olds.'

'Now, Mr. Ambassador, hold up the seal so we can get it in the picture.'

The stout little man obeyed faithfully. Then as Undersecretary of State Olds finished signing the treaty, the Ambassador of France made a most adroit diplomatic move.

France and the United States for months had been deadlocked in the negotiation of a treaty to outlaw war. By cabling lengthy diplomatic notes almost daily, they had finally concluded this arbitration treaty. It contained in its preamble an expression of sentiment 'condemning' but not outlawing war between the two countries. At that time it seemed as if this was as far as the proposal would ever get. France therefore wanted it to appear that the arbitration treaty really accomplished the same end as the proposed treaty to outlaw war. The French Foreign Office had deliberately inspired this idea in the press of Paris and had cabled its Ambassador to encourage the same impression in the United States.

So, with the ceremony of treaty-signing finished and the camera men silenced, the stout little man rose and addressed Undersecretary Olds regarding the significance of the work they had just concluded.

'The first treaty [between France and the United States],' he said, 'gave the start to a new nation; the second treaty gives the start to a new idea.

'Outlawry of war is a specifically American idea, not only because it is born in America, but because it shows two marks of your country: it is great and it is practical.'

So spoke Paul Claudel, the diplomat — unemotional, collected, punctilious — carrying out to the last detail the instructions of his government.

And as he spoke, I contrasted Paul Claudel, the diplomat, with Paul Claudel, the poet — the man who had carried me through the land of pagodas and beggars and bronze-bellied images, through stagnant opium dens, a market of prostitutes, and across the 'pale pearl of the tropic sea where a palm tree bent over the sand and offered its heart to the moon.'

And I recalled Paul Claudel, the Catholic mystic, the man who made for himself this prayer: 'Make me as one who sows solitude, and may he who hears my speech return home troubled and heavy.'

And watching him I could not help wondering if this poet, this mystic, did not chafe at prosaic treaty-signing and solemn diplomatic subtleties, after the contagious ecstasy of a field of grain in the sunshine or the inspiration of a Chinese temple at dusk.

Eventually I asked him.

But — I begin at the end. First know Claudel.

Photo Harris and Ewing

PAUL CLAUDEL, AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE AT WASHINGTON

POET AND DIPLOMAT he finds New York more romantic than China. Here he appears in full diplomatic regalia, wearing over his right shoulder the cordon of a Commander of the Legion of Honor. Also prominent are the Maltese cross of the Belgian Order of Leopold, which bears the inscription, '*L'Union fait la force*' and the many-rayed decoration of the Japanese Order of the Rising Sun

ABOUT 1885 a youngster bearing the imposing name of Paul Louis Charles Claudel entered the *École Libre des Sciences Politiques* in Paris.

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He came from a clannish family that had lived in their native Champagne for generations without leaving it. It was not until she was sixty that Claudel's mother made her first visit to the sea, and as Claudel himself expresses it, 'all this economy of wanderlust was concentrated in me until it burst. I wanted to see the world. And the only way to travel without money was in the consular service.'

The graduates of the École Libre des Sciences Politiques in those days became either consuls or diplomats. Claudel chose the former because it required no personal fortune.

His first post was New York City.

'New York at that time was crushing,' he told me, 'especially for a young man. I do not find it so now. But then, thirty years ago, it was — how can I describe it — half and half. The sky-scrapers were just beginning to be built and the city was a mixture of giant buildings towering over squat roofs. It was better in those days for the visitor to see some other part of America before he came to New York.'

Claudel, then at the age of twenty-five, had already begun to write and his works show the imprint of almost every city he has visited. New York he described as a 'railway terminal, built of houses between tracks . . . a pier for landing, a great jetty flanked by wharves and warehouses,' while Boston, his next post, he described as a city 'composed of two parts: the new city pedantic and miserly, like a man who, displaying his riches and his virtue, yet guards them for himself; and the hill where the old city, like a snail shell, contains all the windings of traffic, debauchery, and hypocrisy.'

After a year in Boston, during which he was in charge of the consulate, this rather sensitive and impressionable youngster was transferred to China and was given permission to visit his home en route. The journey to New York had been his first trip away from France and he had been absent nearly two years.

'When a young man goes away for the first time,' Claudel confessed thirty years later, 'he feels that the world should stop. And when I found that my own family had scarcely missed me, I was disappointed.'

This disappointment, described with all the sensitive dignity of his twenty-six years, was one of the first sketches Claudel wrote.

'The voyager reënters his home as a guest. He is a stranger to all and all is strange to him. (Servant, hang up the traveling cloak and do not carry it away. Soon it will be necessary to depart once more.) Seated at the family table he is a suspected guest, ill at ease. No, parents, it is never the same! This is a passerby whom you have received, his ears filled with the rattle of trains and the clamor of the sea, like a man who imagines that he still feels beneath his feet the profound movement that lures him away. He is not the same man whom you conducted to the fateful wharf. The separation has taken place and he has entered upon the exile that follows it!'

Thus young Claudel sailed away to the East and settled down in the southern seaport of Foochow, famous in the days of the old Yankee clipper as the centre of the tea trade, but at that time stagnant — warehouses empty and harbor filling up with silt. Consular duties were not heavy and Claudel spent much of his five years at Foochow in his houseboat, drowsing through the canals of China or reading through languid summers in his bungalow in the interior. At Foochow, he learned to know the East — its mystery, its philosophy, its religion.

Nearly twenty years in the Orient gave Claudel something which he himself cannot describe. Nor can I. But here he learned the Oriental penetration of character and understanding of human nature which the Chinese express in word pictures. It is this philosophy, also expressed in word pictures, running through Claudel's works that has made him one of the most discussed and criticized poets of France. A furor arose when it was suggested that the Academy accord him due recognition. 'His plays can neither be read nor played,' his critics contended. His Oriental mannerisms they branded as 'lyrical frenzy' and bold improvisation, which in France, where the classic dominates art, is nothing short of heresy.

THE other great influence in Claudel's writing had begun before he came to Foochow. As a student in Paris, young Claudel had become a confirmed disciple of his professor of philosophy, an agnostic. But while in search of atmosphere for some poetry one Christmas Eve, he walked into Notre Dame. That was the beginning of what has since been called his 'long pilgrimage towards God.' Describing that moment years later, Claudel cries:

> I remember the darkness where we two were face to face, those gloomy winter afternoons in Notre Dame.
>
> I, all alone below there, lit up the face of the great bronze Christ with a two-penny-halfpenny taper.
>
> All men were then against us, science and reason; and I replied nothing.
>
> Only the faith was in me, and I looked at You in silence like a man who prefers his friend.
>
> I went down in Your sepulchre with You.

Everything that Claudel has ever written has been dominated by the faith that came to him on that Christmas Eve in 1886. Though in his poetic technique he is a determined opportunist, underneath he remains always the Catholic mystic.

EVEN in his diplomatic life, Claudel has been dominated by his faith. His greatest ambition, after serving twenty-five years as a member of the consular service and as minister to Brazil and to Denmark, was to become Ambassador in Berlin, from which post he wanted to observe modern European Catholicism. However, *Trois Poèmes de Guerre*, which he had written during the heat of the European conflict, made him *persona non grata* to the German government and instead he was sent to Japan.

This was just after the Washington Naval Conference, at which the Anglo-Japanese alliance had been dissolved, and the French Foreign Office saw the spectre of a much more important alliance — the Anglo-American — looming on the horizon. France decided to woo Japan, and Claudel was sent as chief courtier.

Probably Claudel was the most popular envoy any country has ever sent to Japan. He achieved this popularity by writing a play adapted to the Japanese 'No' acting. 'This helped me in diplomacy,' he confessed later, 'for the Japanese are a little stiff until they know you. But after my play was produced in the Imperial Theatre, I was known in every geisha house as the "playwriting ambassador."'

Meanwhile, the French Embassy in Washington had been tossed from hand to hand — from Jusserand to Daeschner to Berenger. Because of the delayed debt settlement, French prestige in the United States was at a low ebb. One year elapsed during which the French Embassy was without an ambassador.

Therefore, having finished his work in Japan, Claudel was selected for this even more difficult mission — the strengthening of French prestige in the United States. He made a material advance in this a few days after his arrival, when, in presenting his credentials to President Coolidge, he referred indirectly to the $30,000,000 interest payment just made by France and said that he was happy to begin his duties at a time when France had given 'fresh evidence of her firm intention to discharge her indebtedness and meet her just obligations.'

(*Continued on page 80*)

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The 'King Business' in Sweden

By Rütger Essen

From *Bonniers Veckotidning*, Jubilee Number (Stockholm Weekly Review)

SWEDEN became a modern country about the beginning of this century, though the exact date of the transition is not easily determined. The year 1890 would be too early, 1914 too late; but between these years came a tremendous revolution which changed the country from a quiet, agricultural, bureaucratic land to a mixed, industrial-agrarian land with a democratic constitution.

If here in Sweden we practised the English custom of using the name of a sovereign to characterize an epoch, then King Oscar II's reign would, roughly, be a Swedish counterpart of Queen Victoria's. For many, King Oscar's days would stand out as 'the good old days,' the quiet, peaceful time when authority commanded docile respect, when clothes had propriety, and social classes presumably lived in harmony. King Gustav's accession to the throne a little more than twenty years ago — to be accurate, on December 8, 1907 — can be said to coincide symbolically with the beginning of modern Sweden.

Gustav V is, therefore, the first modern Swedish monarch. Precisely what obligations and duties does this involve? That part of a monarch's task to-day which consists of being his country's official representative grows constantly more onerous. Not only international relations, but domestic affairs make increasing demands on him, for state occasions, as such, make a wider appeal in our day than in the nineteenth century, which, especially in its closing decades, was characterized by a false modesty so far as public occasions were concerned. The present generation begins to take satisfaction in splendor and display once again; as a result, the person symbolizing the State, even in public life, has a greater significance than before. In a monarchy this person is the monarch.

This function makes such heavy demands on tact, personal understanding, general culture, and intelligence that monarchs, who have been carefully trained and educated for the task and who are accustomed to its routine, are often more successful symbols than elected republican chiefs of state. In performing this duty, King Gustav has struck an unassuming and spontaneous note which appeals to contemporary taste. Foreigners agree with his subjects in admiring the skill, assurance, and dignity that he has shown in constantly and untiringly filling his mission of standing publicly as the foremost representative of the kingdom.

From Bonniers Veckotidning, Stockholm

KING GUSTAV V

AN IMPRESSION of Sweden's tennis-playing king by the Swedish cartoonist, Arvid Fougstedt

OPINION, however, is more divided concerning the political rôle of the modern monarch. The actual situation in contemporary European monarchies, Sweden included, is that the monarch is a counselor to his 'counselors.' In Sweden the unusual situation is that all decisions regarding matters of state are made by the 'King in council'; that is, the members of the cabinet assembled under the chairmanship of the King. These matters, have, to be sure, already been taken up and acted upon beforehand, in preliminary sessions of the cabinet, but these sessions are not recognized by constitutional law. The King presides at both regular and preliminary sessions and, being thus in constant contact with the current work of the ministry, gains rich experience in affairs of state. This experience, combined with wisdom, sense of responsibility, and good judgment, often makes Sweden's present monarch an especially valuable collaborator in the work of the ministry. He can give wise and valuable advice to the ministers.

An especially difficult task confronts him during ministerial crises. Correct parliamentary procedure requires that the departing Premier himself recommend his successor, who is the leader of the new majority combination. The King then confers with the speakers of the chambers, who, presumably, endorse the choice of the departing Premier. Then the victorious party leader is summoned to form a government, and, within a few days, he submits his recommendations to the King. In actual practice, the situation is rarely so simple as this. Party relations in Sweden are generally so confused and hazy, often resulting from the need of taking into consideration two chambers fairly similar in form and in reality, that the rôle of the King is by no means only that of an automatic intermediary. Often it is a case of choosing between several possibilities, and matters are far from settled with the appointment of a new Premier. Even in the choice of his assistants, above all the Foreign Minister, the direct coöperation of the monarch can rarely be spared.

But, one asks, does the political function of the Swedish king cease with this rôle of intermediary? Does he not have the potential power, and, in extraordinary instances, the moral obligation to make independent contributions to the government of the state? One's answer to these questions will vary according to one's political doctrine and party point of view. But such a reserve possibility for critical situations is generally granted to the Swedish royal power. The higher purpose of the state actually requires such a prerogative, for even a parliamentary system may

MONARCHIC Sweden throughout the World War successfully maintained a position of difficult neutrality. Economic and industrial disturbances were great, but no dictator appeared to challenge the restraints of constitutional forms. At the helm was Gustav V, who, with his ministers, steered a straight and sensible course.

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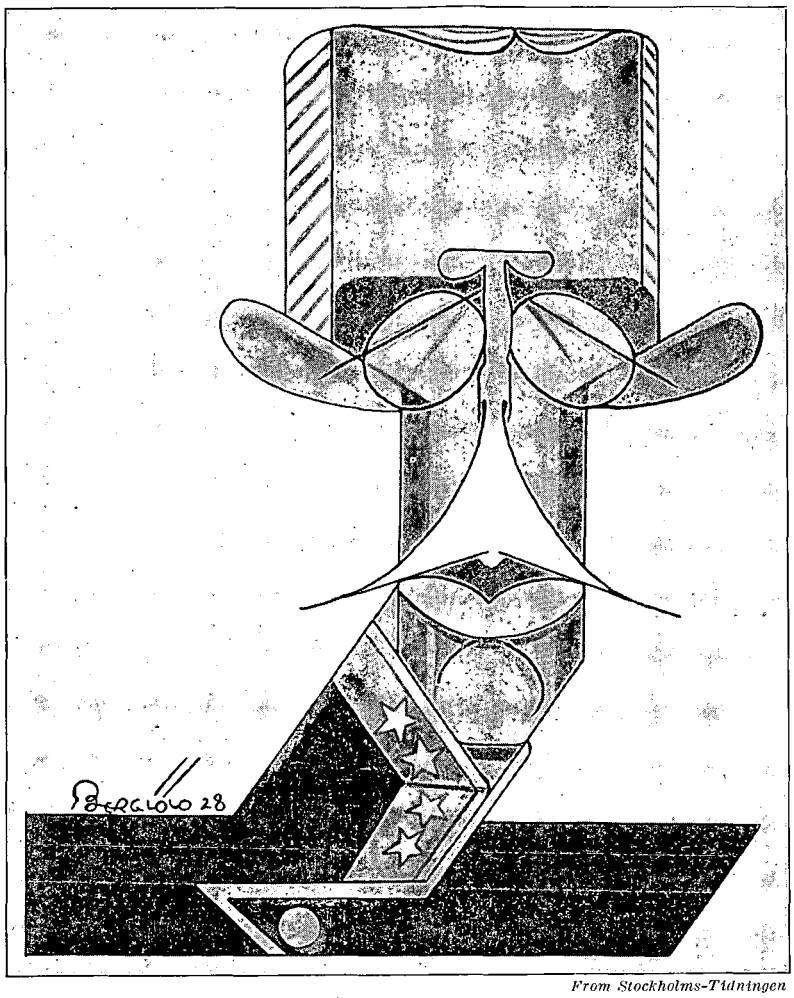
sometimes run hopelessly counter to the interests of the people and to actual public opinion. In such cases, the constitution must provide for the exercise of initiative, within the bounds of law, and this guaranty must rest in the highest representative of the government, the King. At least once, in 1914, King Gustav V did take a step in this direction.

ON Gustav V's accession to the throne in 1907, neither a parliamentary system nor political democracy were existent in Sweden. The government over which Prime Minister Lindmann presided was a compromise between a ministry of the Right and an imperial ministry of the older type. The elections of 1908 did not change conditions except to make the Right's strength more pronounced. In 1911, however, the general privilege of manhood suffrage was exercised for the first time, and political democracy became established in Sweden. Staaff, leader of the largest group in the second chamber, was called to form a Liberal ministry, Sweden's first parliamentary ministry in the true sense of the word. This soon led to a political crisis, with the ever-apparent approach of the World War and the demand for improvement of national defense in the face of this danger as a background.

The King, who was well informed about the general condition of Europe and confronted by increasing internal pressure, considered it his duty, when the 'Peasant Army' reached Stockholm in February, 1914, pleading for better national defense, to make his so-called 'castle courtyard speech,' in which he forcefully emphasized the need for immediate improvement. In doing so, he ran counter to the views of the Liberal ministry, and a crisis was inevitable. Thereupon the Hammarskiöld-Wallenberg Ministry was formed, which, as the old Riksdag dissolved, seized upon the aid of the newly elected Riksdag and, immediately before the beginning and after the outbreak of the War, introduced new national defense measures.

The 'castle courtyard speech' and the resulting change of Ministry lay quite within the legal rights of the Swedish King, but represented a departure from pure parliamentary practice. The step taken by the King was motivated by the extraordinary situation. The swift improvement in national defense that resulted became, during the years which followed, a fundamental contributory factor in our not being forced into the World War against our will. The intense opposition to 'castle courtyard politics' is now only a chapter of history.



From Stockholms-Tidningen

BERGLOLO, A WELL-KNOWN Swedish caricaturist, portrays the royal hero of the 'Castle Courtyard' incident

The regular parliamentary system can be considered as having been definitely established in the fall of 1917, when the Eden-Branting coalition ministry was established. The system has many features unique in Sweden, even after 'complete democracy' (political franchise for women and equal suffrage in communal elections) was effected in the fall of 1918. The most unusual features have been that the First Chamber has been the basis for forming ministries and that a series of minority ministries have appeared. The confused party conditions have also sometimes led to the formation of more or less non-political 'bureaucratic' or 'expedition' ministries.

So far as the King's personal contribution to this development is concerned, there is probably unanimity of opinion among the eight Prime Ministers still living who have served during the twenty-year reign. All are agreed on the great value of the steady loyalty and clear-eyed wisdom that have marked his collaboration with them.

ABROAD, King Gustav V is recognized as a highly valuable moral and political asset for the country. The world over, kings are the subject of the keenest public scrutiny. Especially for a state of second rank is it important that its king shall enjoy European prestige, and King Gustav's position among contemporary monarchs is unusually strong.

Relations between monarchs are a highly specialized but by no means insignificant matter. All the machinery of modern publicity is focused with great intensity upon them, and the impression created by a monarch spreads even outside the country he represents. In all such duties the Swedish people owe a debt of gratitude to their seventy-year-old King for the simple-hearted dignity with which he fulfills all his functions.

A specially important part of this work of King Gustav's consists in promoting coöperation between the three kingdoms of the North. The meeting of the three kings at Malmö in December, 1914, a meeting called on his initiative, both demonstrated the security of Scandinavia's neutral position and sealed the final reconciliation of Norway and Sweden after their separation of 1905. Similar motives characterized the meeting of the three kings at Christiania in November, 1917.

It is impossible to give even an approximately comprehensive biographical account of the public work of Gustav V within the range of this short sketch. It may be said, however, that the surest foundation for the general affection and respect which the King enjoys lies in the fact that his life has been consistently devoted to the faithful performance of his duty, that of representing Sweden and the Swedish people.

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Catholic America

Its Strength and Weakness in the Coming National Election

By Bernard Faÿ

French Exchange Professor, Columbia University

From *Le Correspondant* (Paris Clerical Fortnightly)

AMONG the various forms of Christianity it is Catholicism which at present enjoys most prestige and popularity in the United States. Catholicism is given credit there for what it is not.

Unbelievers laud it in comparison with Protestantism. Pious Protestants do homage to it and modernists are impressed by its lasting qualities, its success, and its solidity. A curious proof of the attraction which Catholicism has for the Protestant sects was shown in the sudden campaign begun by various denominations, including even the Baptists, for the adoption of the confessional, formerly so despised. Harry Emerson Fosdick himself recommended its adoption. People appreciate the fact that Catholicism has not involved itself in all kinds of undertakings unworthy of a religious body, as too many sects have done. Catholicism has not, for example, lent its support to prohibition, most of the bishops having, on the contrary, shown positive disapproval, while the mass of the faithful have been glad enough to follow their lead. Catholicism has not allowed itself to be dragged into politics like the Protestant churches, which, in order to retain prohibition, have been compelled to mingle in political struggles to their own great detriment, and which had previously made the mistake of allowing themselves to preach of America as the chosen land, and democracy as an invention come straight from God Himself. At the present time, when a good many American intellectuals hold such ideas puerile, the Protestant denominations are paying the penalty for their earlier zeal. They are, moreover, paying the penalty for their naïve haste to popularize — I might almost say to vulgarize — themselves, and are reproached for their tendency to permit anything and to do anything in order to attract popular attention. People refer with irony to such sermons as these, whose titles — they are authentic examples — flame on the walls of the great cities: 'How to Wash Without Soap,' 'Two in a Bed.' With such antics they compare the dignity of Catholicism, which has always made itself respected and has known how to maintain a sense of mystery.

In modern America, where the taste for success is universal, Catholicism is venerated on the same ground that Mr. Rockefeller is venerated. It is the biggest success in history. It has weathered the worst storms, stood firm against all revolutions, the worst internal crises, and it has always returned to the charge. The majesty of the Church makes a profound impression on the Protestants and the unbelievers in America, while the government respects it as a powerful and effective element in the maintenance of order.

Individuals admire the power of its hierarchy, the precision of its doctrines and its moral definitions, while all the Protestants are ceaselessly in conflict and give the most distressing example of anarchy.

To the United States, which is so inclined to approve anything that is well ordered and well organized, Catholicism seems like a splendid vision. Ceremonies such as those of the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago in 1926, where there were 1,200,000 communions, where immense throngs of Catholics marched in honor of the Holy Eucharist, and where 100,000 men testified their devotion to Christ by passing the evening in listening to sermons in foreign languages, profoundly touch the emotions both of the hesitant and of the serious-minded.

Moreover, in a land which is now in the midst of a sensuous and sentimental crisis, where people are shouting about art everywhere, the Catholic liturgy awakens very great sympathy.

I shall never forget the offices of the Catholic church in Cambridge, close to Harvard, during Holy Week last year. Recently reconstructed in the Tuscan style, with a luxurious display of polychrome marbles in the interior, this church makes an effort to give the special offices, and in particular Tenebrae, without hurrying through them in a quarter of an hour, as happens in Europe. I observed that an hour before the offices began the church was full, and I could see the faces of all the intellectual, daring, or 'artistic' students that I knew. Few of them were Catholic, and not all were Christians, but in a few moments the liturgy had taken hold of them, in spite of the fact that it was not perfectly carried out. Their expressions, eager, amazed, docile, told what the state of their minds was and told also their longing for spiritual beauty, a touching and convincing spectacle. That evening the students talked of nothing else.

The artistic prestige of Catholicism is also very great. Solesmes attracts more cultivated American pilgrims than Lourdes, and makes more conversions, or at least it turns a greater number of sincere souls toward Catholicism. Here is a special aspect of the moral crisis in the United States.

Many of the social and the intellectual élite are not at all concerned with religious discussion, and attach no importance whatever to arguments pro or con. Theology, and even philosophy, seem to have lost their influence. But on the other hand, the architecture of the

PROFESSOR FAŸ'S article on Protestantism in America appeared in the August LIVING AGE. This second article possesses peculiar interest because of the coming presidential election. The author deals with the candidacy of Governor Smith, the attitude of non-Catholics, and the feeling of the Catholics themselves.

The article is full of provocative statements concerning which no thinking person can fail to have an opinion. The opening sentence is sure to invite dissent from many sources. However much one may disagree with him, one must grant that Professor Faÿ writes plausibly and pertinently. His thorough knowledge of the United States, gained from frequent visits, insures the reader against superficiality.

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Church and its liturgy make an impression on them and are sometimes sufficient in themselves to effect conversion. After the ratiocination of the eighteenth century and the discussion of the nineteenth, a profound distaste for argument is making itself felt in social classes which otherwise have nothing either skeptic or agnostic about them. People from the colleges, artists, and men of affairs find common ground in this.

On the other hand, the intellectuals and the professors remain sensitive to objection or to logic. I remember a strange evening that I passed in Hollywood, the moving picture city. It was a cool and foggy night, of the sort rather frequent in that climate, which is more humid than people suppose. My host, a moving picture magnate, as handsome as he was generous, received me in a palace which looked like the residence of a Spanish viceroy of the seventeenth century, and poured me some champagne which cost one hundred dollars a bottle and tasted like the frothy cider of our fairs when you mix a little vinegar with it. People said that he was a 'cultivated' moving picture man, and they were right. He talked to me about France and I talked to him of his talent. Then we began to talk magic, which was very fashionable in the United States just then, and from that topic we went on to religion. He told me that he did not reckon himself among the faithful, though he loved God deeply and often went to service in the temples. He added that Protestantism seemed to him in its death agony, whereas Catholicism alone had in it a supernatural life. I ventured to ask him why, then, if he felt thus about it, he did not choose it for his own religion. 'Because of evolution,' he replied. 'If the Pope should proclaim a dogma of evolution I should turn Catholic to-morrow, and thirty million Americans with me.' I knew from the tone of his voice that he was sincere.

If there were any need of confirmation, a recent book would prove the same thing. It is an odd little volume, remarkable at once for ignorance, clumsiness, lucidity, and honesty, which a young author named Cuthbert Wright has just written about the Catholic Church. He shows, however, a remarkable understanding of the Church's transcendent character and its unique position amid the contradictions of this world.

One has a feeling that he does it homage as the only spiritual force which has 'held its own' in modern times, an attitude which one frequently encounters.

The curiosity of Protestants toward Catholicism is frequently shown. During the course of the year 1927, a group of Protestants conducted a series of odd experiments in the little town of Fairfield, Connecticut. With the coöperation of the Catholics, one of those psychological investigations, so fashionable at the moment in the United States, was carried out to determine the extent of Protestant ignorance with regard to Catholics and the extent of Protestant repugnance toward them. It was thus discovered that among seven Protestants, five would refuse to marry a Catholic, three would refuse to vote for a Catholic for the presidency of the United States, two would refuse to employ a Catholic maid for their children; but that none would hesitate to select a Catholic as an intimate friend or to choose one as chief orator at a Fourth of July celebration! Out of a group of fourteen, every one indicated disapproval of the Ku Klux Klan, though ten had no liking for Catholic schools, monks and nuns, the confessional, the Knights of Columbus, or the use of the crucifix. The chief accusations that Protestants brought against Catholics had to do with their alleged superstition and their supposed custom of selling the consolations of religion for cash.

They have a special admiration for the organization of Catholicism, but it rather frightens them. Supported by nineteen million of the faithful, the Catholic Church in the United States is indeed a formidable force, remarkably well disciplined and highly prosperous. It even seems as if the great bishops that it now has are fundamentally organizers, like Cardinal Mundelein, the distinguished Archbishop of Chicago, who arranged for and directed the Eucharistic Congress with such rare skill and who has ever since enjoyed so much popularity in the United States. His reputation can hardly be compared to that of Cardinal Gibbons, in whose character the intellectual and mystical were more evident and who was respected by the crowd for quite different qualities. Cardinal Mundelein is a fighter and an admirable leader who, in that gigantic city now in the full course of its development, establishes convents, parishes, and schools everywhere in his assault on doubt and unbelief.

The works of Catholicism are in a very flourishing condition in the United States. They centre in the National Catholic Welfare Conference at Washington, which serves the purpose of a permanent staff and liaison agent. It concerns itself with such matters as education, journalism, legislation, and social work. There are also great national Catholic associations like the Knights of Columbus with seven hundred thousand members, a kind of Catholic Free Masonry designed to combat Protestant Free Masonry and to maintain effective social contact among Catholic men. With the guidance and coöperation of the Episcopate, this society performs great services, especially of a material kind, and is plainly suited to the country. The bishops, indeed, need all this aid, for in a new country like the United States there is much to do and expenses are enormous. There are certain dioceses where the mass of Protestants is overwhelming, and these are veritable combat posts and missionary lands. Others, like Boston, New York, and Chicago have as much Catholic piety as our French dioceses.

Education is so well organized that an eminent Protestant is justified in asserting that 'of all the Christian churches in the United States, the Catholic church seems to be making the most serious and best directed effort for the religious teaching of its children.' The Catholic universities are prosperous, although none of them have the prestige and old traditions of Harvard, Columbia, Yale, and Princeton. The Catholic journals are numerous and strong.

It would be impossible in a few pages to give a complete idea of American Catholicism, so fertile, so various, so active, and so popular. A devout clergy with spotless morals and a docile laity, enthusiastic for the church and the papacy, very generous and, in rather free surroundings, maintaining remarkable moral discipline are enough to deserve the admiration and esteem of the rest of Christendom. When one recalls that, except for a few of French origin who early disappeared, almost all American Catholics are Irish or German, poor people, humble and without resources, long despised as immigrants and even the objects of jokes among the Anglo-Saxons, one is more struck than ever with the greatness of what they have accomplished. What would happen if the next president of the United States should be Mr. Alfred Smith, the present governor of New York, now supported for the presidency by an enthusiastic group of followers? This would be one of the most curious episodes in American history, for Alfred Smith, three times governor of New York State and said to be the best governor that great state ever had, is of very humble origin. The beginning of his career was due to Tammany, a kind of Irish electoral club, which is very active and which has its network throughout New York City. But he has been able to dominate the institution, has succeeded in reforming it, although hitherto all had failed with its Augean stables. So thor-

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oughly has he established himself that in these years of Republican triumph he, though a Democrat, has always, except once, been reëlected by enormous majorities.

In March of 1927 a Protestant lawyer named Marshall published in the *Atlantic Monthly* an open letter to Smith asking whether he felt satisfied that the demands of Catholicism were compatible with the duties of the president of the United States. The same magazine published Smith's reply which was marked by precision, discretion, and vigor and which pleased everyone except a few inveterate enemies of Smith and of Catholicism. Its tenor was that he would render to Cæsar what was due to Cæsar.

The letter was an immense success, and the discretion of Rome in rendering approval by its silence made the best possible impression in the United States. In vain did Marshall try to continue the discussion by sending a new letter to Smith, asserting that the Governor's views might be all very well but were not those of his church. Smith did not reply, and it was easy for his partisans to say that since Rome knew what he had written and had not censured him, it was evident that Marshall was either deceiving himself or wanted to deceive others. Thus Smith emerged victorious from the battle. To tell the truth, the eagerness of the American papers on all sides to applaud him and to close the discussion did not so much indicate unhesitating approval as a desire not to prolong a discussion which was dangerous to American unity. It is impossible at the present moment to say whether his Catholicism will harm Smith or not. In such matters the Americans can do nothing but proclaim their liberalism while admitting certain practical restrictions.

Is not this, after all, the meaning of the lively campaign against Smith on behalf of prohibition? He is conducting the campaign with prudence and energy and he may win. It would be to the glory of American Catholicism thus to give the United States, which has been hitherto so proud of its Protestantism and so fanatically attached to the Anglo-Saxon race, a great man who is both Catholic and Irish.

One must not, however, exaggerate Smith's prospects. The campaign against him is violent. The Ku Klux Klan, so it is said, has changed its methods, but not its objects. Moreover, when the Republicans are clever enough to nominate a liberal man like Hoover, Smith's candidacy loses a good deal of ground. His election, in fact, would be a great demonstration of 'liberalism,' but aside from

From Le Rire, Paris

SAVARI INTERPRETS AL SMITH

A NOTED French caricaturist is carried away by the famous smile of the Democratic candidate for the presidency

these strictly political considerations, Smith confronts religious difficulties. As early as July, 1927, the story was going round in certain circles that the American bishops and the Vatican would bring influence to bear on Smith to persuade him to withdraw his candidacy; for, they said, what is the use of electing a Catholic when the Protestant presidents give us all the liberty we need? Would this not mean a useless braving of popular sentiment which is satisfied to see the country faithful to Anglo-Saxon and Protestant traditions and under these conditions leaves the individual entirely free to choose his own religion? Finally, if Smith, a Catholic, is president, would he not have more trouble than a Protestant to get Catholic rights respected? Would not Catholic opinion have more difficulty in getting the American government to intervene in Mexico in favor of the Catholics, or rather in favor of freedom of conscience? All these arguments had weight and certain Catholics supported them. There was a persistent rumor last summer that such representations would be made by the Catholic prelates. Nevertheless, when the question was put to the Vatican, the news was given out that it would not intervene, that it had nothing to say, and that the Smith candidacy would continue. The story had almost been forgotten when on January 27, 1928, the *New World*, official organ of the archdiocese of Chicago, published an article (would it be better to say a communication?) which aroused the greatest stir. This article, after reviewing all the objections enumerated above, ended with a note of alarm. The candidacy of a Catholic for the presidency of the United States would disturb the hitherto cordial and easygoing relations with the Protestants. Mr. Smith was a danger. This article and Cardinal Mundelein's journey to Rome, which was both hasty and sudden, raised impassioned discussion in America. Many Catholics showed themselves uneasy and disturbed. The *Commonweal* of March 14, 1928, published a considered but fervent article in Smith's favor and in defense of the following theory: We hope for a franker and more active Catholic participation in American national life; and the election of a first class man who, like Smith, is at the same time a Catholic, would be a distinct contribution to this end.

The situation is complex. Catholicism in the United States owes its liberty not only to the liberalism of the Protestants, but to the political skill of the Irish who, with resources which in the beginning were slender enough, have been able to achieve an electoral position of the first rank, thanks to their organization and discipline, plus their skill and sometimes their strategy. But at the present time this subordinate rôle no longer satisfies them. They want a greater position and a better one. Al Smith's election involves not merely a religious question, but a racial question. It raises the question of political and ethnical orientation in the United States. If the ecclesiastical authority in its effort to avoid stirring up the ill humor of the Protestants should throw its weight against the Smith candidacy, it would risk a lively discontent among its most faithful disciples and defenders. Thus in an effort to maintain good relations with courteous enemies, they would disturb their own devoted partisans, to whom they owe much. Many an American Catholic would find it queer to see the Smith candidacy combatted and denounced by the Episcopate solely because Smith is a Catholic, whereas any Protestant or unbeliever would be accepted with good grace.

Considered as a whole, the problem is very delicate. The friendly disposition of the ruling masses and the Protestant

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Anglo-Saxon masses has a great value for American Catholicism. Thanks to them it has been possible to retain the Catholic schools which have been threatened by the secularization laws in various states, especially in Oregon, where legislators wanted to compel Catholics to send their children to the public schools. The Supreme Court of the United States found the law unconstitutional, thus establishing a precedent which guarantees Catholics an enviable and precious liberty. That fact started certain Protestant objections. Various other symptoms about the same time revealed a kind of rivalry between Catholics and Protestants. Harvard University, the oldest and greatest in the United States, selected a very much respected Catholic lawyer, Mr. James Byrne, as one of the seven members of its Corporation, an important position open only to men of the first rank since this body, together with the president, governs the University. A few fanatical Protestants were annoyed and ventured to campaign against him. Nothing happened. But, nevertheless, at the end of a short time Mr. Byrne resigned.

In all fields, the Catholics can count on the loyal collaboration of the more enlightened among the Protestants and of the majority, but they must watch out. The Protestants are sensitive. A deep-lying opposition does exist, or at least there are causes for opposition.

One felt this sensitiveness during the months which followed the Eucharistic Congress. The gaudy and ostentatious pomp, the purple painted train, the vast public ceremonials, the display of luxury, the ornamentation surprised both Protestants and unbelievers who had previously been rather favorable to Catholicism. Though the social and political prestige of Catholicism in America may have been increased by the Congress, it must be said that in certain circles its intellectual prestige suffered. Confronted by certain manifestations which were more grandiose than discreet, the European bishops were amazed. But they were told: 'That is the way we do it in America.' They acceded, and many of them asserted that in tact, in taste, and in moderation the differences between America and Europe are not so great as that.

Anyone who has recently been in intimate contact with the American universities would have found it easy to discern this feeling of annoyance with Catholicism during the months that followed the Congress. It came, of course, from Protestants and unbelievers, but agnostics in the United States have no systematic hostility toward Catholicism such as they have in Europe. Often they are even favorable. They prefer it to Protestantism and try to use it against Protestantism. Eventually they will allow Catholicism to make use of them. As a matter of fact, Protestantism as an official religion (and that is what it almost is), a religion organized to watch over individual morals and to make its way into politics, annoys and wearies them.

Catholicism in the United States seems to attract a good many original and vigorous spirits, eager for absolute truth. While Protestantism is frittering away its strength, Catholicism seems to grow more solid and strong. Thanks to this respect, and to the sympathy and the curiosity which so many unbelievers, Jews, and Protestants feel toward Catholicism, it is winning the attention of youth, in whom one finds a kind of fervor mounting. Will this tendency achieve its goal, or shall we see it stopped short?

This is a stirring and critical moment for American Catholicism. If these select individuals come into the fold, that will be an enormous enlargement of its activity and its domain. If they remain aloof or drop away, all it can hope for is to retain its present position. As a matter of fact, looking at the situation from the human standpoint, one would hardly expect the conversion of the mass of the people if the educated, the intellectuals, the scholars, and the artists, do not lead the way.

At present, when the United States is undergoing the most serious moral crisis in its history and when Protestantism is showing itself powerless to inspire or to dominate, will Catholicism win the leaders to itself? Will the moral reorganization of the country centre around Catholicism?

One may hope so, but there is no use in minimizing the obstacles. In spite of the high regard it enjoys, American Catholicism is not without its enemies and critics. It is especially reproached for having too many material interests, for knowing too well how to get hold of money wherever it is. In his recent sensational address on the relations between religion and the state, apropos of the Smith candidacy, Father Duffy with humorous frankness uttered this sentence, which made a good many of his hearers jump: 'All Catholics know that the Catholic pulpit is given over to the two great themes of religion and finance.' Father Duffy explained that he was simply referring to the financial support necessary for good works and missions. But the place held by 'drives,' which are a kind of organized collection by intense propaganda, and by offerings, picnics, dances, all for the purpose of maintenance and for meeting expenses of services and charity is so great in the religious life of American Catholicism that Catholics coming from Europe find it hard to accommodate themselves, while American agnostics are amused and often indignant.

Side by side with this criticism one finds another. Agnostics or Protestants say of American Catholicism: 'It is nothing but an Irish church. Most of the priests are born in Ireland and have kept the Irish spirit. Any Catholic who is not an Irishman feels himself out of place among them. It is all the more difficult, therefore, for us Protestants to get along with them.' These accusations, no matter whether they are unjust or much exaggerated, keep coming up in conversation and there are certain facts which give them an appearance of truth. American Catholicism has not yet succeeded in suppressing all the conflicts and difficulties among the faithful of different nationalities. In the cities where there are German, French-Canadian, Irish, or Polish Catholics, it is not unusual to see four churches, one German, one Canadian, one Polish, one Irish.

These racial and political problems are closely related. The words Catholic and Irish are synonymous in American domestic politics, and the reputation of Irish politicians is in general none too good, at least among Protestants and Republicans. Even if this is not justified, the profound disgust which politics inspires in the better elements of the American population and the frank disgust of the intellectuals toward democratic principles make it desirable that the churches should hold themselves above politics of every kind.

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Department Stores Abroad

How One 'Does a Little Shopping' in Europe

By Dr. Julius Hirsch

From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal Daily)

WHAT ARE the differences between American and European department stores?

America was the pioneer in this field of merchandising, but Europe has long since followed our cue.

In England a main shop with smaller branches is the rule; in America, the exception. The British count on large profits and a slow turnover; the Americans, on small profits and a quick turnover.

In France the mail-order business of the department store is especially stressed; American psychology prefers that the customer shall come in person to the store.

This informative sketch by a prominent German economist indicates other differences between American and foreign department stores of interest to those who plan to 'do a little shopping' in Europe.

DEPARTMENT stores owe their existence to the growth of great cities, the development of urban traction, and the unprecedented modern rise in real estate values. The pioneer establishments of this kind in England were started some forty years ago by the Army and Navy and the Civil Servants Coöperatives. Soon private firms entered the field, however, and they speedily outstripped the Coöperative Stores with their more limited clientele.

In the United States, which gave the cue to England in this method of merchandising, conditions have favored concentrating all the business of a firm in a single vast establishment; but in Great Britain branch stores are the rule. The largest English firms at present are Selfridge and Company, founded by an American, with twenty-one great shops, including the two Whitely Stores which were absorbed early last year, and having an annual turnover of seventy-five million dollars; Harrod's Stores, capitalized at over thirty million dollars, with two affiliated establishments and doing an annual business of forty million dollars; the Barker Company, with annual sales of between thirty-two and thirty-three million dollars; the three Lewisson Stores in Liverpool with an annual business of twenty-five million dollars; Debernon's, slightly under this figure; and Gamage's with yearly sales of seven or eight millions. Altogether this group of shops take in from their customers annually the equivalent in sterling of a quarter of a billion dollars.

GERMANY about equals England in department store development, but France excels both countries. About one-fourth of the sales of the great Paris shops, however, represent what would be called in America mail order business. On the other hand, the British stores carry a better quality of merchandise than those of either France or Germany. Their selling costs are also higher, or about thirty-three per cent. of their receipts, as compared with from twenty-five to twenty-seven per cent. in Berlin. While the great department stores of the United States figure on about four per cent. net profit upon their turnover and some of the largest German shops upon still less, the big English houses expect to make six per cent. The proprietors make no secret of their huge earnings, which are employed largely in extending their business. Selfridge and Company mentioned in their report for 1926 twelve branches then in operation, and others soon to be established. At present they have nineteen branches actually doing business. Their head establishment in Oxford Street, which was founded only eighteen years ago, employs forty-three hundred people, and its daily sales number between two and three hundred thousand. Including its branches, this firm makes between forty and fifty million sales a year, or about one for every inhabitant of the United Kingdom.

British department stores, like those of Germany, do not manufacture, finding it cheaper to buy their merchandise from others than to make it themselves. This is particularly true in periods of uncertainty and depression such as have recently prevailed. On the other hand, they are constantly extending their activities into new lines of trade, such as the sale of groceries and provisions, which Selfridge's took up as a special branch last year under the name of John Quality, Ltd.

WITHIN the past fifteen years English department stores have gone heavily into instalment selling, a technique long well-known in the United States. Remarkably low interest is charged on unpaid balances. You can, for instance, get three years' credit in the big London shops for three and one-third per cent. per annum. Some articles, like pianos, are sold on deferred payments for only two and one-half per cent. interest. Naturally this encourages instalment buying, which is steadily increasing. In the case of some shops it already constitutes from three to four per cent. of the total business; in one of them it is eight and one-half per cent.

Small shopkeepers in Great Britain are putting up a sturdy fight against their gigantic rivals. Chain stores are extending rapidly, especially in the men's furnishings and ladies' garment business. Last of all, the coöperatives command a great share of the working class trade; in fact they constitute in the aggregate by far the largest merchandising organization in the country, with some ten thousand shops scattered all over the Kingdom and an annual turnover of nearly a billion dollars. They likewise have gone extensively into instalment selling. Moreover, their larger city shops have grown into what are virtually department stores. The one in Liverpool is imposing.

The Coöperative Wholesalers in Manchester have perhaps the biggest wholesale establishment in the world, occupying seven city blocks, several of which are covered by elaborate buildings. One six story building is devoted entirely to the display of samples and to the offices of the purchasing agents of the thirteen hundred retail societies which compose its membership.

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A British View of the Kellogg Treaties

By Lieutenant-Commander the Honorable J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.

From the *Fortnightly Review* (London Critical Monthly)

ON April 13th, 1928, Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador in London, addressed a letter to Sir Austen Chamberlain with a number of enclosures, including a draft treaty for the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, which it was proposed should be signed by the Governments of the United States, France, Great Britain, Germany, Japan, and Italy. The covering letter explained the circumstances.

With the exception of the Washington Conference of 1921, which dealt with the comparatively narrow issues of armaments, and particularly naval armaments, and of certain outstanding questions in the Pacific, this is the first definite step taken by Washington to reënter the comity of nations since the American Senate rejected the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations with it.

Speaking from his place in the House of Lords on May 15th, the Archbishop of Canterbury described this latest proposal for ensuring the peace of the world in the following words [1]: —

> I believe [this proposal] will stand out in history as one of the most remarkable that has been made in the story of civilization and the world.

On the same occasion the Marquis of Reading, who, it must be remembered, has served at Washington as His Majesty's Ambassador, had moved a resolution cordially welcoming the proposals and calling for prompt and favorable consideration and acceptance of them by His Majesty's Government. After a debate in which, but for the cautious shuffling of Lord Cushenden, every speaker had spoken in similar terms, the resolution was adopted unanimously by the House of Lords. In the House of Commons on May 10th Sir Austen Chamberlain used language which was interpreted everywhere as implying whole-hearted support and acceptance, provided the engagements already entered into were not affected adversely and that the British Dominions agreed. Referring to the initiative taken by the Government of the United States, Sir Austen Chamberlain said : —

> I will go further to-day, and I will say that not only have we warmly welcomed it, but we are hopeful that it will be successfully concluded, and that it will make a real contribution to the peace of the world.

Both Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George had welcomed the Kellogg proposal and called for whole-hearted acceptance; while Lord Grey of Fallodon, that hundred-per-cent Leaguer, at a private meeting of Members of Parliament of all parties on April 25th, described his own attitude as 'one of cordial and unqualified welcome to the United States initiative.' It may fairly be claimed that the country accepted the Kellogg proposals whole-heartedly in the beginning.

In a debate last year, the Foreign Secretary had been pressed to propose a Treaty with the United States outlawing war as between the two peoples at a time when there was no inkling of Mr. Secretary Kellogg's action. Sir Austen Chamberlain replied that no such Treaty was necessary as 'war between England and America is outlawed in our hearts.'

IT would be as well, before considering the British reply and certain implications and reactions that may be expected, if we glance back at the history of this historic American proposal. In reality the ball was set rolling by Monsieur Briand in an interview with the Associated Press on April 6th, 1927, when, with true Gallic eloquence, the Foreign Minister of France declared the willingness of his Government to sign a Treaty with the American Government outlawing war as between the two peoples. Apparently Monsieur Briand was only paying compliments. But the effect of his words was far-reaching. It was as if a child had strayed into a great sleeping power station and innocently turned a small switch starting the ponderous dynamos. The use of the very words 'war outlawry' generated electricity in every town in America. For there is in that country a virile, active movement of some fourteen years' standing for the outlawry of war. Like certain Eastern religions, it probably started simultaneously in widely separated centres and amongst independent groups of thinking Americans. But its two recognized parents were Mr. Levinson, a well-known Chicago lawyer and active peace-worker, and Charles Clayton Morrison, Editor of the *Christian Century*.

Though the vast majority of thinking Americans supported the action of the Senate in rejecting the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant, they have had an uneasy feeling that the people of the United States have a mission to fulfill in the cause of peace, and that mere isolation plus insistence on the Monroe Doctrine is not sufficient. One of the causes of the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles was general disgust with the European reaction following the Armistice. But revulsion against war itself was stronger than ever. The greatest War in which mankind ever engaged had ended apparently with nothing settled, and leaving Europe worse off and with more seeds of future war sprouting than before. The Outlawists therefore found fertile ground to till. Their public was receptive. The religious leaders, the women, the innumerable 'uplift' societies, the active peace movements, all seized with alacrity on the idea of disestablishing war as an institution. Its simplicity as well as the revolutionary character of the proposal made a wide appeal.

The Outlawists made little progress in American official and political circles until they won over the redoubtable Senator Borah, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. This hundred-per-cent. American, isolationist, and alleged former Anglophobe, has an immense public following. He has a reputation of honesty and singleness of purpose and is recognized as speaking for the ordinary man-in-the-street. Once converted, the Senator lost little time before acting, and, in February, 1923, he tabled his famous motion in the Senate resolving that war between nations should be outlawed as an institution by making it a public crime under the law of nations.

Since then the movement has grown in the United States, the propaganda in its favor has been continuous, and war outlawry has become a slogan which no politician of any party and no public man in America can ignore.

It is necessary to appreciate the way popular movements start in the United States, gather momentum, and finally sweep all before them. The public seizes on some simple sentence and makes it a political war cry. 'No Slavery,' 'No Saloons,' 'No More War,' or 'War Outlawry' are examples. Public opinion having forced the idea on the politicians,

[1] *Hansard*, Vol. 71, No. 33, May 15th, 1928, cols. 28–29.

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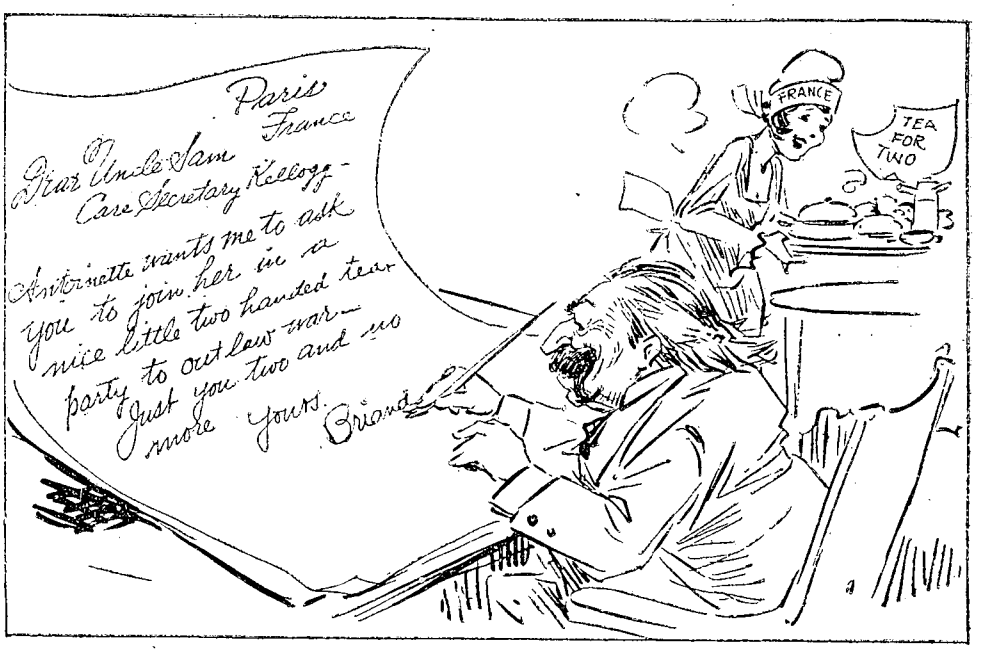
the politicians in their turn have to work out a policy to fit it. The reasons for this American procedure are to be found in the vast area of the country, the mixed races inhabiting the sub-continent, and the underlying idealism of a people descended from pioneers and emigrants, and liable to great emotional waves despite an apparent materialistic outlook.

IN this mental atmosphere Monsieur Briand's message was received. The ordinary busy American citizen thought the Outlawists had made a further capture in the French Foreign Minister. Senator Capper, indeed, brought forward a special resolution in the Senate to give effect to the Briand offer. But Mr. Capper not only persisted in his resolution that a Treaty should be drawn up and signed between America and France, but that 'other like-minded nations' should be invited to sign also. And from the Capper resolution we can trace directly the response of Mr. Secretary Kellogg to the Briand statement of April 6th.

At first the French Cabinet was delighted. There had been some coolness between the two Republics over the matter of the French War debt. In any case, the French Government could not draw back, and in June of last year Monsieur Briand sent his Note to Washington proposing a Pact of perpetual friendship between France and the United States. This proposed Pact condemned recourse to war, renounced it as an instrument of national policy as between France and America, and bound the high contracting parties only to seek the settlement of disputes between them by pacific means. The next events have been vividly described in caricature in the New York *Herald Tribune*. In the first picture, Monsieur Briand is shown penning a note on behalf of his wife, Madame France, and himself to Mr. Secretary Kellogg inviting him and Madame Columbia to a little private tea-party — tea for four, *en famille*. The second picture shows Mr. Kellogg arriving at the household of Briand and Madame France accompanied by the German, Italian, Japanese, and British *paterfamilias* and their wives, while in the distance follow the other nations of the world in continuous procession, and the horror of Briand and his partner at the invasion.

Mr. Kellogg's reply, proposing to extend the Treaty to include the six principal Powers, and thereafter to extend it to other like-minded nations, caused consternation in Paris. The French Government has wriggled ever since. Matters were made no easier by the prompt acceptance of the invitation by the German Government and the wholehearted but only slightly belated acceptance of Japan. Violent efforts were made to win over the British Foreign Secretary to the French viewpoint, and a no less violent effort was made to show that the proposed Treaties were aimed at undermining the Covenant of the League of Nations. The former effort, especially in its first result of a proposal by the British Government for a Conference of Jurists to discuss the details of the proposed Pact, was countered by private remonstrances from Washington. The second effort was countered by Secretary Kellogg himself before the American Society of International Law on April 28th last, when he declared that the proposals were not made with any intention of interfering with the machinery and the obligations of the Covenant and the Treaty of Locarno. The stage was thus set for the British reply.

To make the picture complete, I will anticipate events by a few days. On May 30th, President Coolidge delivered his May Day address at Gettysburg. A Presidential address on this battlefield has a peculiar sanctity, comparable to a British Coronation Oath. In his speech America's First Citizen endorsed the Kellogg proposals for the outlawry of war in terms which graft them on to



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MR. KELLOGG REPLIES TO M. BRIAND'S KIND INVITATION

THE CARTOON which Lieutenant-Commander Kenworthy considers an unusually accurate interpretation of the French reaction to Mr. Kellogg's enthusiastic acceptance of the original Briand overtures

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the American political fabric. Attempts have been made to suggest that the whole Kellogg proposal was tactics before the Presidential Election in November in order that the Republicans might have a counter programme to the pacifism of the Democrats. Little is gained by looking too closely into any motives of any politicians of any country in the world. But when a proposal such as this is endorsed by the President under such circumstances, it passes, like the Monroe Doctrine itself, outside the purview of party bickerings.

ANGLO-AMERICAN friendship received a set-back in Geneva last autumn. The failure of the tripartite Naval Conference — which failure rested on disagreement between the English and American delegates, for no one blamed the Japanese — brought the two peoples face to face for the first time for a hundred years in naked rivalry for maritime supremacy. Despite all the talk of the unthinkability of war between England and America, the rival delegations were exposed counting ships and guns and strategical factors against each other just as Britain and Germany did between the years 1904–1914. And a peculiar combination of circumstances had guided the hand of Secretary Kellogg into snatching an opportunity to make good the damage once and for all.

The best friends of England in America had hoped that, like the German and Japanese replies, the British reply would have been a simple and wholehearted acceptance. The speeches and declarations of party leaders, including the Foreign Secretary himself referred to above, had led the world to expect some such reply. But there was Paris to be considered. In the event, the Chamberlain Note of May 19th was too long and discursive, even allowing for the difficulties of reconciling our obligations to France with our desire for the friendship of America. But the tenth and eleventh clauses included reservations of the most far-reaching character. In the tenth clause it was declared that 'there are certain regions of the world the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety,' and complete freedom of action was claimed with regard to these unspecified territories *outside the British Empire*. The note was accepted with caution in the American newspapers and with polite cordiality by Mr. Kellogg. For the next move was with France, and, if possible, the French Government must be induced to swim with the tide. But the *Washington Post*, in an outburst of candor, described this reservation as taking the heart out of the Treaty; while the inspired French newspapers declared that the British had gone further even than the French had proposed to do. The reserved territories are generally taken to be Afghanistan, Egypt, and possibly Persia. But, be it noted, once certain territories outside the British Empire are declared reserved areas about which we refuse to settle disputes by arbitration, France will be at liberty to claim similar rights where Poland, Yugo-Slavia, and her other satellite States are concerned; Italy can claim Albania, possibly the whole of the Balkan Peninsula, and a good deal of North Africa and Anatolia. And except for its psychological effects — and these are important and will be referred to later — there will be not much left of the Treaty for the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy. As for the eleventh clause, which has received far less attention than the tenth, it obviously aims at the non-conclusion of any Treaty for the renunciation of war where Russia is concerned. For it declares, 'There are some States whose Governments have not been universally recognized, and some which are scarcely in a position to ensure the maintenance of good order and security within their territories.' This latter does not refer to Russia, who rules her own territories with an iron hand, but probably means China. It is difficult to exaggerate the seriousness of this reservation. It means either: (*a*) that we anticipate a war with Russia in the future, or (*b*) that we fear she will break her engagements and attack her neighbours or even ourselves. If the former, we disclose ourselves guilty of tortuous and dishonest policy. If the latter, and it is true we fear Russian aggression, surely from even the narrow military point of view, having once signed a treaty for the renunciation of war we should then be in the position of a nation whose quarrel is just. We could pose as the injured party with the enemy the aggressor. We should thus have all the advantages from the propaganda point of view with our own people, the neutrals, and the enemy. As for the plea that Clause Ten is complementary to the American Monroe Doctrine, it has become the fashion to overlook the origin of this Doctrine. Far from establishing a United States imperialism over both the Americas, it was first adumbrated as a defensive measure against an active Holy Alliance which was contemplating a Franco-Spanish military and naval expedition to South America to reconquer the recently liberated Spanish colonies. It was furthermore a declaration of defense of the institution of republicanism as against the, at that time, militant and resurgent European institution of monarchy. To pretend that Clause Ten of the Chamberlain reply constitutes a British Monroe Doctrine is diplomatic sleight of hand and thoroughly dishonest.

YET the American peace proposals can and should have great value, despite these reservations. They might have been a long step forward toward the abolition of the institution of war. As it is, though they will be a shorter step, that step will be considerable and important.

I referred above to the psychological effects. Take ourselves and America. In the draft of the suggested treaty, and it should be noted that no departure from this treaty is being suggested in America but only an alteration in the preamble, Article II declares that the High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes and conflicts, of whatever nature, or of whatever origin they may be; which may arise between them shall never be sought except by pacific means. Despite reservations, expansions, British, French, and Italian Monroe Doctrines, talk about self-defense and third parties, here we have war outlawed as between England and America by solemn treaty. There should be no excuse now for the breakdown of the next conference on naval armaments, which must be held before 1931, when the Washington Treaty of 1921 can expire. The next step should be the calling of the proposed conference of the Great Powers, which might be preceded by conversations between England and America, as proposed by Senator Borah, for the discussion of outstanding questions of international law at sea. It is common knowledge that the American demand for naval parity with Britain is due to fear of the institution of a private blockade in a private war instituted by the British Navy. But with a multilateral treaty outlawing war, there will be no private blockade. We are forced back, indeed, to the second of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, namely, that the seas shall not be closed in whole or in part except for the enforcement of international action. If this step can be taken successfully, we shall remove a possible danger of a world war.

England and Japan signing such a Treaty should remove the necessity of proceeding further with the proposed great naval arsenal and dockyard at Singapore.

With regard to third party reservations insisted on by France, these need

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not be so dangerous to peace as they sound. A, B, C, and D are four Powers who have signed the Treaty. C attacks D. That relieves A and B of their obligations under the Treaty not to go to war with C; but it does not relieve them of their obligations not to go to war with each other.

As for the right of nations to fight in their own self-defense, no paper treaties could ever prevent a people from 'fighting back' when attacked. Duelling and the vendetta have been disestablished and outlawed. Yet a man attacked by a miscreant in the street can defend himself to the death, and can shoot a burglar breaking into his house. This is the common law of all nations. But the difference between fighting in self-defense and waging a war for the furtherance of national policy is that, after the fighting is over and the attacker beaten off, the peace terms will be dictated by an international tribunal and not by the victor. Just so, having wounded the burglar breaking into my premises, I must hand him over to the police to be tried before the courts, and it would not be legal for me to proceed to his house to recompense myself from his goods, or to seek vengeance from his family. Yet this latter proceeding has been the practice in previous wars. The victorious have dictated peace terms, taking what compensations they could, and slaking their thirst for vengeance to the extent their public opinion and, to a lesser degree, the opinion of neutrals, would permit. With war outlawed there will be no victors and no vanquished, only law-keepers and law-breakers; and the penalty for the latter will be judicially awarded. When these things are realized by the 'common people,' as President Wilson called them, the cause of peace will certainly be advantaged. War is an anachronism to-day, and the perverted and exaggerated nationalism which leads to it is a psychological disease. The cure must be psychological, and the psychological effects of the Kellogg proposals remain of great value. As to the fears of the signatories not keeping faith, why is it to-day that we accept a national pledge to go to war, but not a national pledge *not* to go to war? The much vaunted Treaty of Locarno depends on faith. If France attacks Germany, and Germany calls on England and Italy under the Pact to go to her aid with their armies and navies, how does she know that they will respond, and who is going to force them to fight on Germany's side? She relies only on their good faith to go to war in her defense, and France relies on the same good faith if she is attacked by Germany. Then why can we not rely on the good faith of nations to keep their pledged word not to go to war? If the majority of civilized nations can so rely on the sanctity of treaties to keep the peace, war is fairly on the way to be outlawed and disestablished as an institution or as an instrument of national policy. The six nations originally invited to sign the Kellogg Draft Treaty are the wealthiest, the most powerful, and the most heavily armed, actually or potentially, in the world. If they can keep the peace amongst themselves, they should certainly be able to keep it in the rest of the world.

From Le Rire, Paris

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR: *Poor Briand has let himself be lassoed by the wily Kellogg*

'MR. KELLOGG'S REPLY, proposing to extend the treaty to include the six principal powers . . . caused consternation in Paris.' A French artist excitedly portrays the same situation as the *Herald Tribune* cartoon reproduced on a previous page

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How We Found Rasputin's Body

A Picturesque Narrative by a Celebrated Russian Detective in which Grim Humor and Tragedy Blend

By A. Koshko

Assistant Chief of the Imperial Russian Detective Forces

From *Candide* (Paris Literary Weekly)

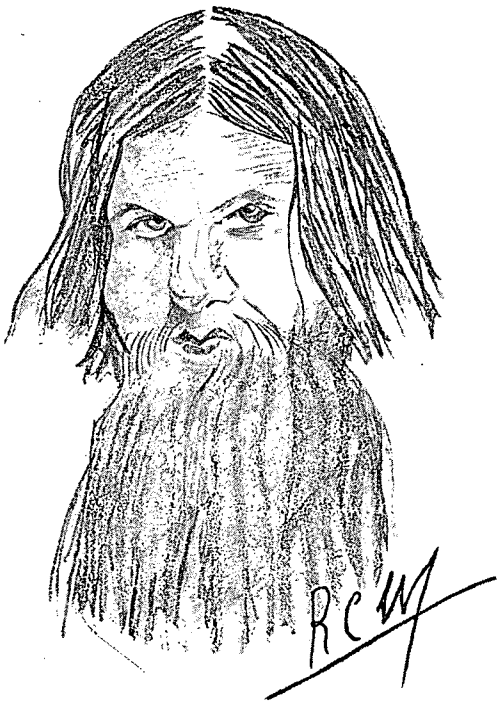
I BEGIN my story with a certain hesitancy. In writing my memoirs, I was unwilling to discuss the sombre figure of Russia's evil genius whose appearance was at once the pretext and the signal for a campaign of vilification against my country throughout the entire world. Another reason why I wished to be silent with regard to this episode was that the sinister shadow of the adventurer falls on the memory of the Emperor and of the régime which I have served faithfully all my life.

But I have changed my mind. The passing years have demonstrated so clearly the superiority of the old order to all the forms of government that have followed it in Russia, that, in discussing Rasputin and the faults of a recent past, I can no longer cast reflections upon its prestige. Moreover, Prince Yusupov has recently published his own story of his crime and Czarist Russia has no reason to fear the truth!

One morning in December, 1916, the city of Petrograd awakened to learn with amazement that Gregory Rasputin, whose name was then on everybody's lips, had disappeared. The news seemed incredible because everyone knew how closely he was guarded, but the fact was, nevertheless, confirmed. Rasputin had really disappeared.

It would be difficult to describe the joy with which the city received these tidings. Not only those who had some share in political life, but private individuals as well were elated by it. As a citizen, I shared the general emotion; and I did not feel called upon to order an inquiry into this disappearance, for I had been instructed by the head office of the judicial police that the Rasputin affair was of a distinctly political character. Moreover, the duty of guarding Rasputin had been entrusted to a special detachment of the Okhrana, or Political Police, under the orders of Colonel Kommissarov of the Gendarmes, the same Kommissarov who later became a brigadier-general, prefect of Rostov-on-Don, and finally a Bolshevist *agent provocateur* in the Balkans.

I presently received, however, an



GREGORY RASPUTIN
FROM A PENCIL SKETCH by Princesse Lucien Murat

urgent order from Protopopov, Minister of the Interior, directing me to use all means at the disposal of the Judicial Police to find Rasputin, and, in compliance with these instructions, I sent for Kirpichnikov, who was in charge of the service of inquiry in Petrograd, and directed him to begin investigation.

Rasputin was so detested by everybody in the Judicial Police that, in spite of their usual excellent discipline, murmurs of dissatisfaction arose over the order, the first example of bad discipline that had come to my attention during more than twenty years' service.

It was Kirpichnikov himself who telephoned me that the fifty men whom he had assigned to this mission were protesting, saying, 'What's the use of hunting for that rotter? He's gone and a good thing too!'

I went in person to quiet this extraordinary 'mutiny,' ordering the inspectors to go to work at once and reminding them of their professional duty and their oath to carry out the orders of their superiors without discussion. But from the group came such exclamations as 'The Political Police let him get away from them; now let them hunt for him!' 'Silence!' I shouted. Finally the 'mutineers' quieted down, and the investigation began.

THE police agent stationed near Prince Yusupov's home thought that the night before he had heard shots inside. Immediately afterward he had been called to the Prince's house where a man who was slightly drunk, and who said he was deputy Purishkevich, received him with the words, 'Do you love Russia?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you want her to be happy and prosperous?'

'Yes.'

'Then you may as well know that Gregory Rasputin was killed to-night.'

The agent made his report to the Commissioner, who sent it on to the proper authorities and next morning there was an inquiry in the presence of Nandelstedt, the Imperial Procurator. When the courtyard of the building was examined, traces of blood were discovered at intervals between the threshold of a little side door and the barred gate. The servants explained them by saying that the young prince had killed a dog in the courtyard and, as a matter of fact, a dog's body was brought to the police next day.

That very same day Nandelstedt and S. Zavadski, the Procurator at the Petrograd Court of Appeals, were summoned by Makarov, the Minister of Justice, to go over the results of the inquiry. In the Minister's waiting room they observed a military overcoat bearing the epaulets of the Corps of Pages which, as they at once suspected, indicated the presence of Prince Yusupov, whose name was already being mentioned everywhere in connection with the disappearance of Rasputin. They were not mistaken. Yusupov was already in the room into which the two Procurators were ushered. He seemed nervous and preoccupied.

He was soon called in to the Minister, which somewhat surprised the magistrates. It is true that Yusupov had come

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before them, but the official character of their visit and the youth of the Prince (he then seemed about twenty-two or twenty-three) should, they thought, have entitled them to precede him.

The interview between the Minister and the Prince was brief, lasting no more than ten or twelve minutes. When Yusupov emerged, he had completely recovered his serenity and showed no traces of his recent disturbance. Going right up to Messrs. Zavadski and Nandelstedt he said: 'Let me introduce myself. I am Prince Yusupov and I've just come to see Makarov on the same business as yours. I have just been talking with him and he will tell you all you need to know.'

Yusupov went away and the Procurators were received by the Minister. Nandelstedt no longer remembers the leader's exact words, but the general tenor of what he said was that, until the police had succeeded in finding Rasputin, the Ministry of Justice had no reason for mixing in the affair.

Interrupting himself for a moment, Makarov telephoned to Vassilyev, Director of the Police Department, to ask whether he had any news. The reply being negative, the Minister ended the matter by saying that he believed Prince Yusupov, who denied any concern in the affair.

Two days later, in one of the frozen tributaries of the Neva, the police found a fur trimmed boot belonging to Rasputin and then, about fifteen yards away, the body itself. The officials were immediately informed, and Nandelstedt, accompanied by Sereda, examining magistrate, went to the spot.

The affair gave us a strangely confused impression, as if it were partly a scandalous incident, partly a pleasure trip, rather than an ordinary inquiry. We found a multitude of officials: the Prefect, his aides, divisional commissioners, officers of the Gendarmerie, and even representatives of other administrations, who had nothing to do with the affair at all. Some were even in full uniform, though I never discovered whether or not they had donned it in honor of the occasion.

Rasputin's body was stretched out on its back, frozen in a block of ice, the right arm lifted as if in menace or in benediction. He was dressed in a blue silk shirt, embroidered at the neck with yellow silk — the gift, it was said, of one of his admirers. It showed traces of three gunshot wounds, one of them mortal. The body was taken temporarily to the morgue of the Viborg quarter, where the photographer of the Judicial Police took a number of photographs. I had a whole album of them, but later destroyed it during the mass trials which followed the March Revolution.

The cold was so intense that, in order to draw up a record of the proceedings, we had to fall back on the hospitality of a man named Damm, who, during the war, had taken the name of Atamanoff and whose house was close by on Petrovski Isle. Atamanoff, obviously flattered by the arrival of so many highly placed personages, endeavored to give them a suitable reception, and, as we entered his house, after examining Rasputin's body, we found a table abundantly spread.

The course of the examination was interrupted by frequent telephone calls. Makarov, the Minister of Justice, and Protopopov, the Minister of the Interior, were greatly disturbed by the discovery of the body and could not agree where Rasputin should be taken. Ordinarily this transfer would have been ordered by the examining magistrate in charge of the investigation. But this investigation dealt with an extraordinary personage, and everything about it was extraordinary. Makarov, in a very calm tone, demanded that the body should be taken to the anatomical amphitheater of the Academy of Medicine. But Protopopov, almost hysterical, cursed the principal magistrate, General Gallé, in a high pitched voice, demanding that he should find some place better.

The truth was that Protopopov thought it would be dangerous to leave Rasputin's body in the city because that might stir up trouble and that it would be better to get it outside the city in the direction of Tsarskoye Selo, the Czar's official residence. Gallé racked his brain for a long time and ended by deciding on the chapel of the Chesma Asylum, eight kilometers outside the city on the road to Tsarskoye Selo. The body was taken there that evening, and veiled women motored out to pay their respects to it.

The body having been discovered, the legal procedure began. By an imperial order Prince Yusupov had been exiled to his estate at Kursk, and the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovich, who was also believed to be involved, was sent to the Caucasian front. As for Purishkevich, he too was sent to the front, where he took charge of supply stations with much enthusiasm. Meantime Senator Dobrovolski had been named Minister of Justice in place of Makarov, and he had sent for Nandelstedt in order to get the latest information about the Rasputin inquiry.

The situation was complicated by the fact that the Grand Duke was involved, for under the law he could not be judged except by the Emperor himself, to the exclusion of all ordinary tribunals. Now it was a matter of ordinary jurisprudence that where there was a conflict of this kind in the competence of the courts, all the accused in the same case should be brought before the higher jurisdiction. These facts the Minister set forth when asking the Procurator for his opinion as to the methods that should be followed. He added that the Emperor had himself repeated the Grand Duke's assertion that his hands were not stained with Rasputin's blood.

Nandelstedt, arguing from the facts brought out in the inquiry, replied that he felt the Grand Duke's assertion was ambiguous. Rasputin had been killed by a revolver shot and not by a stab, and nobody's hands were, in the literal sense, stained with his blood. But the fact of the murder remained, and, even though it should be established that the Grand Duke had not held the weapon with which the crime was committed, he unquestionably seemed to have been in communication with the assassins and to have known all about their plan. His responsibility, therefore, remained. These being the circumstances, it was decided to submit all the papers to the Emperor, but matters went so slowly that nothing had been done when the March Revolution broke out.

From the moment when Rasputin's body was discovered, Nandelstedt did not appear particularly active. He had been instructed to go to Prince Yusupov's estate at Kursk to question the Prince, but the state of his health prevented and he was replaced by a substitute. He was, nevertheless, present when the examining magistrate interrogated certain witnesses, especially Deputy Starovski, who denied everything, even the fact, which had already been established, of his presence at Yusupov's house on the evening of the crime. He was apparently hampered by some promise. When the written record of his deposition was read to him, and they reached the paragraph in which he declared that he had 'learned of Rasputin's murder in the newspapers,' Purishkevich interrupted the reading and insisted that they should insert the words 'learned with pleasure.' After this interruption the examining magistrate consulted the Procurator, and the latter found it necessary to intervene: 'It doesn't matter whether you learned it with pleasure or not. This inquiry is concerned only with the facts.'

'I *did* learn it with pleasure—and that's a fact,' said Purishkevich

(*Continued on page 77*)

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Letters and the Arts

On the Banning of Books

THE banning of books is not limited to Boston, nor for that matter to the United States. Luis Araquistain's *The Agony of the Antilles: Yankee Imperialism in the Caribbean*, which is reviewed in this issue, is banned in Cuba, presumably to avoid embarrassing political discussions. Now Ramón Vasconcelos, noted Cuban publicist, makes in *El País* (Havana) some remarks on this action of the Cuban government which apply equally well to other portions of the globe.

'The circulation and sale of *La Agonia Antillana*,' he says, 'has been prohibited. And yet the book passes from hand to hand like a *conte drolatique* in a nunnery. What wonderful advertising persecution gives an author! Martyrdom made saints, and burnings at the stake made celebrities.

Burnings and excommunications, incidentally, were real punishments holding the force of law, wherefore no one dared disobey them; Rome was the Power of Powers, before which kings bowed down; books and men condemned to the flames left no trace but a handful of ashes. To-day, when the doors of lawful circulation are shut, those of clandestine circulation open; and for each book condemned, out of the presses come whole cataracts of printed paper. When a book or an article disappears, the author remains. When the author goes, the idea stays on. And ideas are the only autocrats in the world.'

Tolstoi — A Hundred Years, A Hundred Volumes

SOVIET Russia is preparing to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Tolstoi's birth — which falls on September 9 — with fitting ceremonial, in spite of the fact that the great writer's views on such matters as war and religion are far from the orthodox Bolshevist views. At least he was one of the world's great novelists, a leader in Russian emancipation, a friend of peasants, serfs, and workers; and that, in Bolshevist eyes, is cause enough for honoring him.

The Marxian fundamentalists, who are inclined to look askance at honors paid to a devout Christian and an uncompromising pacifist, find some comfort in reflecting that the honors which came to Tolstoi during his lifetime were frequently an occasion of almost as much annoyance to the old Tsarist government as his posthumous honors cause the Soviets. The present government has disarmed criticism by the unwonted tact which it has displayed in naming Anatol Lunacharskii, a good, orthodox Marxian dramatist who is also Commissar for Education, chairman of the committee which has the celebration in hand.

The official celebration will take place at Tolstoi's ancestral estate, Yasnaya Polyana ('Bright Meadow in the Woods'), near Tula, but the anniversary will also be observed throughout the Soviet Union, even in such remote parts of it as the Caucasus, where Tolstoi once served as an army officer, and where courses of study in the influence of the Caucasus on his novels are to be organized.

Since the Revolution, Tolstoi's estate has been turned into a national museum, to which pilgrims come from all over Russia, because of the close association of the locality with his life and work. As part of the celebration it is proposed to erect a new building to house the collection of Tolstoi relics and the library of twenty-three thousand books and fifty-six thousand newspaper and magazine articles describing his life, thought, and influence. The Soviet government has appropriated a million roubles to finance the publication of a new edition of Tolstoi in one hundred volumes, which will be the first to include every scrap of his voluminous writings that can still be traced.

Much of the material, especially his diaries and personal correspondence, has never before been published. In accord with Tolstoi's own wish, the editorial work on this definitive edition will be in charge of Vladimir Chertkov, an intimate friend who was for a long time his secretary. In addition to his work as general editor, Mr. Chertkov will devote special attention to Tolstoi's religious and philosophical writings, while his assistant, the novelist's daughter Alexandra, will take charge of the earlier novels.

Art Freaks

IN ALMOST every field of human endeavor, Germany has settled down to a life very like that under the Hohenzollerns. The Kaiser, of course, is gone, and things have had their names changed, but otherwise typical Teuton regularity and purposeful activity is the rule. One would expect little else of so methodical a people. There seems, however, to be a safety valve for all this estimable if dull regularity, in modern German painting. The Revolution of 1918 is politically about as dead as any historical event can be. Herr Jäckh, in his recent book, *The New Germany*, even goes so far as to insist that 1918 was only a hold-over from 1848, and that men's minds had been so long prepared for the change that, when it came, remarkably little that was new came with it. The poor painters have no 1848 to go back to. For a century and a half they have been restricted to barren, flattering portraits, equally flattering battle scenes, and such religious subjects as would be sure of a wide sale in lithographic reproduction. If they chose to wander outside these fields, they not only starved, which was tolerable, but they were greeted with universal laughter, and moved to New York or Paris.

It is quite natural, therefore, that for the painters the revolution is not yet over.

Since they have the tenacity of their nation, it will probably not be over for some time. The current Berlin Exhibition offers a fair sample of how they are expressing their revolt. There is not, in the whole gallery, a single picture of the old type, good, bad, or indifferent. Even the staidest academicians have gone in for a violent cult of the ugly in subject, line, and color, and they are in the minority. The majority have no perceptible subjects, have abandoned all ideas of line and color composition, and are completely 'on a bust.'

The 'geometrical' schools go in for the usual triangular, square, circular, and polygonal designs, which are becoming duller and duller as time goes by. But, in addition, they exhibit a number of peculiarly freakish solid bodies. There is, for instance, a 'Circle of Ascension.' This is a plain circle scooped to the depth of an eighth of an inch out of a square foot of crimson board and colored with tawdry bronze paint. On this is placed a black object which might well be an old, half-burned bit of firewood which has fallen into an inkpot. One is bound to feel that, if this artist prefers doing such work to painting battlefields, he is easily satisfied.

There is also in the geometrical class an anatomical model of a giant potato being held with a skewer by a hand which floats in mid-air. This is, perhaps facetiously, labeled 'Diana standing in water and shooting.' The artist here seems to be possessed of a sense of humor; but he has another object (one can scarcely add 'of art') at the exhibition which turns out to be of serious intent.

It is a portrait in gray monochrome

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In order to obtain a new effect in framing, the artist has mounted it about two inches in front of a simple sheet of canvas some four times the size of the portrait itself. There seems to be some method in this much madness. But in addition, across the face depicted in the portrait, at an angle of thirty degrees, is set a heavy sheet of plate glass, trimmed to resemble the contour of the face just a little inaccurately, so that it is impossible to line up the edge of the glass and the drawn contour. The glass is transparent; its purpose can hardly be said to be so.

The waste-paper-basket school has gone through its palmiest days. Its technic is to use pasted slips of old printed matter as well as the usual pencil, pen, and color. This lends itself to satire, as in the *opus* labeled 'The Spirit of the Times,' which consists of a Semitic gentleman in violent hues, a stock exchange quotation clipped from a newspaper, and a border of fifty-million-mark notes from the days of inflation. It would seem, surely, that no very great genius was required for such satire.

It is perhaps as well that the spirit of the German revolution should live on in some form; certainly this is as harmless as any other, and so long as the Berlin Exhibition continues to go in for such masterpieces as these, the revolution will not be forgotten entirely.

The Clouds at Oxford

THE production of drama in a foreign tongue has for centuries been common on university campuses. In America we have had Plautus and Terence, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon*, *Minna von Barnhelm* and *Egmont* ad nauseam. We have even had *Iphigenia* and the *Frogs*. This year the Oxford undergraduates produced the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. This is perhaps a somewhat dangerous play to give on a university campus, for if there was ever a more rousing satire on the college professor than Aristophanes's picture of Socrates, it has yet to be made known to the world. Aristophanes hated Socrates for his new-fangled ideas; he hated all the sophists, just as the hard-headed business man instinctively scorns the professor. To Aristophanes's mind, Socrates and the other reformers were traducing the state, corrupting his own son, and leading everyone to eternal damnation.

This is the theme of the *Clouds*, and the play ends, if not with the destruction of Socrates, at least with the destruction of all his works. That a university should tolerate the performance on its own campus of so pernicious a piece of propaganda either speaks well for the even temper of the Oxford authorities or ill for their opinion of modern knowledge of the Greek language!

We are sorry to have to report that even the decent obscurity of Greek was not sufficient to veil the frankness of Aristophanes from a British audience; if the play is ever produced in America, we are sure that there will be no trouble on that score.

Magdalene Looks Back

THIS year Magdalene College, Cambridge, celebrates its five hundredth anniversary. Apart from the general interest which such an event holds, it particularly concerns Americans. Magdalene, together with Emanuel, are the Cambridge colleges most closely connected with our own Harvard, the oldest American institution of higher learning. Henry Dunster, first President, and John Harvard, founder, were respectively Magdalene and Emanuel men. It is in memory of this that two hundred and fifty Harvard alumni have raised sufficient money for the memorial gateway and lecture hall for the new court which it is Magdalene's hope to build shortly, and that President Lowell of Harvard was made an honorary fellow of Magdalene this summer.

It is a part of the rule of the Benedictine Order that a certain proportion of the monks in each monastery have to be sent to a university to study. This was the cause of the foundation of Magdalene.

The Benedictines already had a house of studies at Oxford (now Worcester College), and in 1428 Henry VI, then six years old, granted Abbot Lytlyngton a site for a hostel in Cambridge for monks from Crowland. As time went on, other Monasteries built themselves sets of rooms in the hostel until the community apparently became large enough to require the presence of a prior for whom were built rooms 'convenient for study and quiet meditation.'

All went well until the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII, when the hostel had to be saved by the generosity of Thomas, Lord Audley, who re-christened it Magdalene, perhaps from his own family name (Maudeleyn). More trouble came under James II, when the then Master of Magdalene, ironically enough, refused to grant the degree of Master of Arts to a Benedictine, Alban Francis, who would not take the Oath of Supremacy. The Master thereby drew down upon himself the wrath of his sovereign, and was punished accordingly.

Magdalene has always been and continues to be a small college; it has at present 180 students. To American eyes this seems too small to be worth much consideration, yet Magdalene has produced Samuel Pepys, Charles Kingsley, Parnell, and many others but little less noted in the history of English life. This is no trifling contribution for one College, and that a small one, in a large University.

Peru Criticizes 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey'

THE chorus of hearty cheers vocalized by Yankee critics for Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey* have not found a very responsive echo in Peru, where the scene of the novel is laid. For Peruvians are, not unnaturally, inclined to be more critical of Mr. Wilder's local color than are his enthusiastic, English-speaking readers.

'The flow of fantasy is so rich that historical facts are drawn along willy-nilly in the current, and this is true even of proper names,' complains Angelica Palma, Lima correspondent of *El Sol* (Madrid).

'Why should a bridge be called San Luis Rey in a country that never, either as Spanish colony or as independent republic, had either a civil or an ecclesiastical ruler of that name? Why does he invent a Santa Maria de Cluxambuqua when the name Cluxambuqua has no relation to either of our native Indian languages? Why the flowery exuberance that christens a convent in the native city of Santa Rosa de Lima with such a name as Santa Maria Rosa de las Rosas?'

The Peruvian critic also finds fault with Mr. Wilder because he gives his plebeian actress-heroine the aristocratic title of 'Doña,' and because he does not do justice to the historical original of his viceroy.

This last, she says, 'is not an error that one can pardon in a graduate of Yale University, who is accustomed to research and who had in New York, where the book was published, the libraries of the Hispanic Society or the Instituto de las Españas, in which he might have found the correct facts.'

'Señora Palma is, however, inclined to be lenient to Mr. Wilder, since 'the biographical notes on the jacket of his book speak of his traveling in Asia and Europe, but never in South America.' She is also sufficiently unprejudiced to admit that the minor errors which she enumerates do not constitute a condemnation of the novel as a whole, in addition to which she does full justice to the vivid qualities of Mr. Wilder's vocabulary and imagination.'

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As Others See Us

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

Silly American Films — Insipid American Novels

ONE would suppose that Scandinavian culture would be immune to the universal infection of Americanism, with its apotheosis of standardization and quantity,' says the *Tägliche Rundschau*, Foreign Minister Stresemann's Berlin organ. 'The mechanization of the mind and soul that has brought material wealth and mental poverty to the people across the Atlantic might be expected to halt at this stern northern coast.

'Alas, this reckoning is false. Scandinavia is not immune to Americanism. Indeed, she shows herself unexpectedly susceptible to its infection. Americanism has come and seen and conquered. It has not yet obliterated the native Nordic culture, but is already beginning to submerge it. And the disturbing symptom is not so much the presence of this new spirit, as the absence of resistance to its inroads. Intellectual Germany has seen the danger and struggled against it. Intellectual Scandinavia watches its approach without alarm.

'No protest is raised against an invasion of silly American films that have completely supplanted good Swedish pictures. These most dangerous of all the agencies that denationalize and stultify a people have practically a monopoly in Oslo. Insipid American novels, incomparably inferior to those of native writers, are translated and eagerly read. And any fake scientists or new thought propagandists from the United States can get a popular hearing. Newspapers are filled, as they are in Germany, with exaggerated stories of the "quickest," "longest," "biggest," "thickest," "thinnest," "highest," "broadest," "deepest," "richest," "prettiest," "ugliest" things, in which the Yankees take puerile delight. It is difficult to say with certainty whether statistics of the number of automobiles made in America and the number of people they kill weekly are printed more frequently in the German or in the Norwegian press.

'Naturally the Scandinavians, like the people of other countries, are doing their utmost to increase their manufacturing facilities and to beat the Americans at their own game. I think they are even more captivated than the Germans with Yankee methods. In business matters they are rapidly losing their native Nordic qualities and becoming mere copies of the foreigner.

'If we are to save the few remnants of our old European culture still left us, and to recover what we have lost, we must have the help of our northern neighbors. If Scandinavia succumbs to Americanism, Germany's case is hopeless.'

From Nebelspalter, Zurich

Two-Faced America

Broad smiles for the outlawry of war, but a warrior's frown for Nicaragua. A Swiss view of the American Janus

A Circus for 'Grown-ups'

AMERICA is a circus for grown-up children,' avers Eilert Pastor in the Berlin *Tägliche Rundschau*, 'and nothing pleases grown-up children quite so much as a good big clown. This is the secret of America's successful advertising and it is also the reason why American advertising fails in Europe. When Henry Ford opened his Berlin exhibition, everything was elaborately announced in advance. There were to be bright lights and flaming letters. I think the spirit of electricity was also to appear. And at the stroke of midnight, the gates were to open to the strains of a brass band.

'What did people say about it?' They said: "America! Why, they must be a lot of children over there."'

In spite of this criticism of our publicity methods Herr Pastor does not adopt the supercilious European manner which is all too familiar. 'What America needs,' he concludes, 'is an adequate dose of Europe; and what Europe needs is an adequate dose of America. If the best minds on both sides of the ocean once understood that fact — but I shall indulge in no utopian dreams. One thing is certain. Only then can each achieve its own best development — Europe by means of America; America by means of Europe.' With this latter sentiment *The Living Age* is in earnest and enthusiastic accord. Herr Pastor here states clearly and simply the considerations which supply the real mission of this periodical.

'Nice People'

ANGLO-AMERICAN relations would be all right if they could be kept in the hands of 'the nice people' of both countries, declares an English writer who veils his identity behind the pseudonym of 'Patron.' Writing in the *English Review*, he explains that "'nice people" in America possess all the admirable qualities of "nice people" in England or any other country, with the additional recommendation for us that our medium of intercourse with them is still sufficiently similar to be described as a common language.'

The optimism of this introductory paragraph vanishes later in the article. 'It is sad that this touching picture of Anglo-Saxon amity is marred by the reflection that the "nice people" in America, as in other countries, are in an infinitesimal minority; and that the dominant class, the brute majority, the machine, as it can be most conveniently described, which governs the country, exhibits most often, as indeed with us, qualities which are the very reverse of "nice," but which the nice people are powerless to counteract. All the worst characteristics arising from their numbers and their wealth obtrude from this brute majority, and the pride of purse and arrogance of some of them are at least as irritating to cultured Americans as they are to us.'

'The Spectacle of America'

FAMILIAR with every part of the United States from lecture tours which have taken him from end to end of the country, Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, former American correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, in an article on 'The Spectacle of America' in the *Contemporary Review* (London), denies the familiar charge of American materialism, superficiality, crushing uniformity, and lack of spiritual life.

Attacks of this kind, he thinks, 'are mainly to be accounted for on two grounds: first, that the ordinary traveler in America still sees only a small part of the country; and secondly, that the

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European, and especially the English, visitor finds it almost impossible to avoid judging the greatest country of the western hemisphere from a rooted conviction that the ways of life in Europe are of necessity superior and must always provide the fixed standard.'

Mr. Ratcliffe brings back from his journeyings up and down our country a conviction of his own that it is hardly possible 'for a fair-minded person to travel nowadays through the United States, without realizing that an astonishing creative spirit is at work through the country.'

So far as the charge of materialism is concerned, 'the nation which for a century has been condemned as the people of the dollar clings more lightly to money than any in Europe. Americans hold that money is to be spent, not hoarded. It is not a bad but a good thing that wealth should be laid out for the establishment of a high minimum of the communal life. It cannot be a bad thing, it must be a good thing, that a whole people should aim at being well-dressed, well-fed, and able to keep clean without a struggle. It is not "materialism" to bring light and power into the house, and so release civilized womankind from a deadly servitude to stores and dustholes. And if the ideal of cities without slums is materialist, the best of England would not have been devoted to that very ideal, as we know it to have been since the arousal of the modern conscience.'

American 'Wets' and Soviet Alcoholism

IT SEEMS that in the United States there is a strong movement against the prohibition law,' says the *Petit Journal* (Paris daily), which does not mean to be ironic. 'The Democratic Party demands in its programme (sic) that the laws be so modified that an American citizen can, for instance, have a quiet beer without risking fine or imprisonment.'

Americans who regret the good old saloon days, should go to Russia to be convinced that all is not well when alcohol flows freely, suggests the French newspaper. 'There the government, instead of seeking to restrict the sale of alcohol, actually seeks to increase it, since it provides revenue. The Russian people in 1925 drank about twelve million gallons of alcohol; in 1927, more than eighty million gallons; and the Soviet newspaper, *Izvestia*, states that in 1928 they will drink close to one hundred and thirty million gallons! This overwhelming increase does not, however, prevent the Soviets from calling themselves as "temperate" as the Republicans in the United States; but in Russia "fraternity" means massacres, "pacifism" means heavy armaments, and "temperance" means vodka till your eyes pop out.'

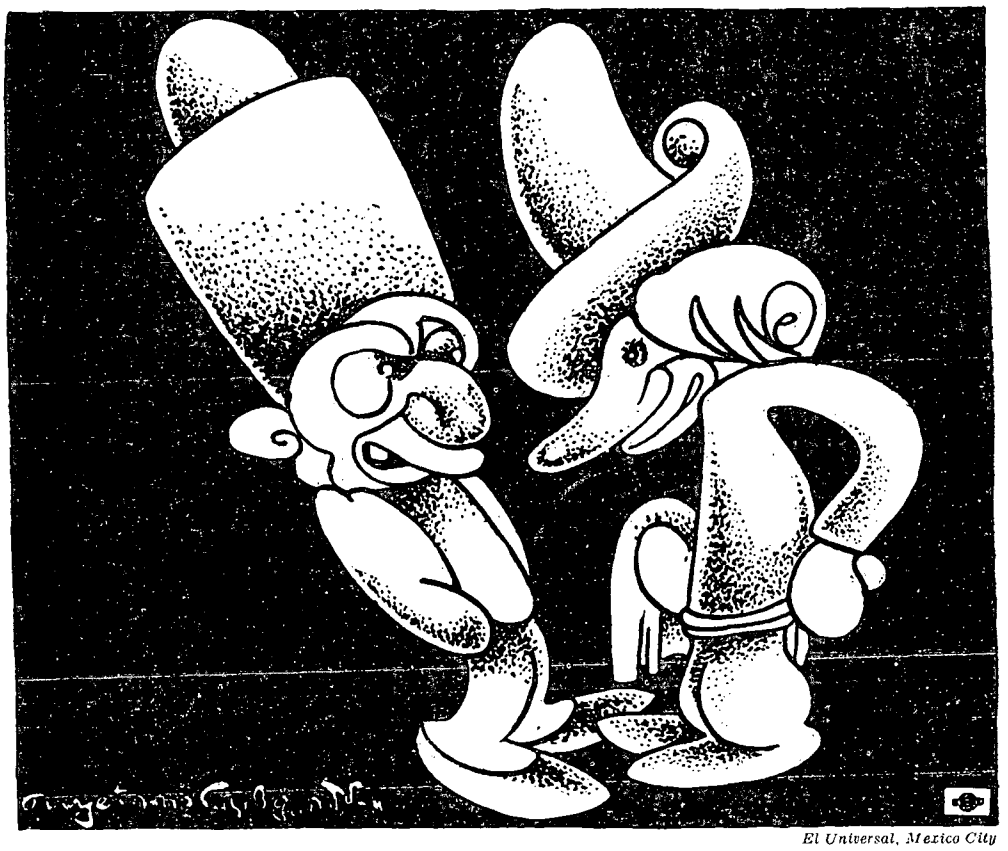
The Doubtful Sincerity of American 'Drys'

NO MATTER what political orators may say, 'the real sentiments of the American people are quite obviously more "wet" than "dry,"' affirms *El Universal* (Mexico City Independent daily). 'One evidence is to be found in our border towns, Tia Juana, Juarez, Laredo. Another example is that of the ships which become great floating saloons when they are hardly free of United States harbors. Cuba,, where crowds of tourists from the North come for vacations and refreshment, under a generous rain of wines and liqueurs of every brand.' And if anyone still doubts that most Americans will take a drink when the occasion offers, 'the coming battle between Republicans and Democrats will be an effective cure for false illusions. The struggle will be dramatic and illuminating, for it will be fought between voters who align themselves as "wets" or "drys," but who are all in reality as "wet" as anyone could wish.'

Let Mexicans take warning from the failure of the dry laws in the United States, adds the Mexico City paper. 'There have been times when prohibition interested us Mexicans, just as any other novelty did. We have had legislators who wished to redeem us by a sweeping decree that would transform us overnight into the most abstemious of nations, without ever thinking that prohibition might be unadaptable to us, or incapable of enforcement as it has proved in the country where it started. Those who are forever imitating the ways of foreign countries should ponder the hard and stony path the so-called American "dry law" has taken,' — and then should go not nor do likewise.

Sentimentality by the Clock

'AMERICA,' writes Stephane Lauzanne, in the Paris *Temps*, 'may perhaps be rather sentimental from eight o'clock at night until eight o'clock in the morning, but she is terribly realistic from eight o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night. What is called "efficiency," a word which unfortunately has no exact equivalent in French, is greatly valued. It means getting things done, accomplishing results, production, being effective — something tangible, practical, palpable.'



El Universal, Mexico City

The American Elections in Mexican Eyes

'I'm backing Hoover for President of the United States.' 'What for? He's the dry candidate and you're a wet!' 'That's just the point. If his opponent wins, we'll export so much liquor to the United States that prices down here will be out of sight!'

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Paths and Places

RANDOM TRAVEL NOTES

WITH their eyes fixed on Paris, city of innumerable delights, travelers whose ships deposit them at Cherbourg or at Havre rush through these ports without a glance to left or right. Those who pursue their single-minded course through Liverpool to London are gripped by the same demon of blindness and haste; but Britishers have begun to protest that Liverpool, at least, merits closer examination than can be given from the window of a taxi careening madly from the docks to the railroad terminal. For in the city at the mouth of the Mersey, art comes down to the sea, and nineteenth century architecture stands above the trading ships that sail for Africa.

The art gallery alone is worth a stopover in the city, if but for Landseer's portrait of Sir Walter Scott after the paralytic stroke which the novelist suffered had 'unstrung his face and left only the unutterable pathos of his eyes.' A stroll along the docks also repays the visitor; for although Liverpool has not turned her finest countenance to the water, as have the French cities of Bordeaux and Marseilles, nevertheless the British port has a row of impressive buildings on her river front, and her big pier at night scintillates with long lines of brilliantly lit trolley cars.

No visitor to Liverpool should miss the ferry trip across the Mersey to the suburb of Port Sunlight, centre of the great soap industry built up by Lord Leverhulme. Here ships bringing palm oil from West Africa to the soap factories are so numerous, and the industry itself so important, that, as the popular saying runs, 'Liverpool and Africa are knit as close as man and wife.' Here also has grown up a model city of workmen's houses, constructed by the Leverhulme interests on reclaimed ground that was once an unsightly swamp; and close by is the art gallery founded by the Soap King in memory of his wife, where some of the best canvasses of Rossetti and Millais may now be seen.

Back again in the central part of the city, look once more at the Greco-Roman façade of St. George's Hall which you had perhaps noticed in passing; though coated with the soot of a busy city of to-day, it is one of the finest examples of British nineteenth-century architecture. Behold also the slowly rising pile of red sandstone that will some day (they have already been working at it for twenty-four years) be Liverpool's impressive new cathedral. Devote a few moments to the city's very latest means of sightseeing — a ride on the 'Overhead Railway,' from which the best views of the river are obtained. And then, if you will, but not until then, go on to London.

* * *

ON THE long, dingy Quai de la Tournelle in Paris stands a restaurant whose cuisine has tickled the palates of kings, princes, and discerning gourmets since 1582. It is the Tour d'Argent. Trucks and taxicabs lurch across the uneven cobbles of the roadway before its door, and the pedestrian must wind his way between the wooden crates being unloaded from the barges in the Seine. Slightly to the west rise the gray towers of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame.

It is said to have been at a banquet given by Henry III in this restaurant — one of the oldest in Paris — that forks first made their appearance in France. Henry IV, who was particularly fond of the *poulet au pot* served here, expressed the wish that it might become the Sunday dish of all his subjects, and even awarded the proprietor a coat of arms which hung over the door until the reign of Louis XIV. In earlier times the *pâté de héron* maintained the reputation of the restaurant just as the famous *canard à la presse* does to-day. The Duc de Richelieu, famous for his many love affairs, once gave a dinner here for forty friends at which beef was served up in thirty different ways. Mme. de Sévigné suggested that her daughter go to the Tour d'Argent for chocolate. Here George Sand first met Alfred de Musset, and Henri Rochefort dined with Alexandre Dumas while Dumas was writing *The Three Musketeers*, several scenes of which are laid in the Tour d'Argent.

Old Frédéric, the greatest chef the restaurant ever knew, who died in 1912, has become a legendary figure. When he crushed the duck in the silver press, his patriarchal white beard made him look like an officiating high priest. Then, as he mixed the savory juices with the sauce, those at table 'lifted their knives in admiration and surprise, while the waiters stood aloof in an attitude of prayer.'

Edward VII, Anatole France, and Edmond Rostand have been among the later day worshippers in this cathedral of French cooking. Old tapestries still hang in the dining room, while an eighteenth century *chaise à porteurs* has been remodeled into a telephone booth. The wine cellars hold more than two hundred thousand bottles valued at two million francs. Here are choice Burgundies dating from 1865, a *Grande Fine* of 1788, and several quarts of the earliest brands of Chartreuse, so rare that even the monks who invented it do not possess a bottle.

The fastidious diner, of course, will order pressed duck — and every duck has been counted and numbered since the Tour d'Argent began serving this really marvelous dish.

* * *

STANDING on the ferry that is taking him across the St. Lawrence River to Quebec from the Levis plain, the most hardened traveler cannot repress a feeling of surprise that what he sees is really in the western hemisphere. If it be daytime, the pinnacles of the Château Frontenac, high on the cliff across the water, top a skyline of tumbled roofs like nothing in modern America. If it be night, a hundred thousand gleams of light star the cliffside, scattered in an amiable confusion that well-ordered American cities would disown. Inside the city walls, narrow winding streets confirm the visitor's impression that he is in some *chef-lieu de département* of central France.

What is to be done when skyscrapers, chain stores, automobiles, and other standardized products of modernity, demanding new conditions, threaten such a city?

This is the question now confronting the city fathers of Quebec, and they are struggling to answer it with good French bluntness.

No structures that tend to destroy the ancient atmosphere of the city, says the new Town Planning Commission uncompromisingly, will be permitted. Skyscrapers modern in aspect, for instance, are banned, though buildings may rise as high as their owners wish provided that, like the tall Château Frontenac, they fit the landscape. Chain stores, if they wish to come into the city, will be requested to leave behind the standard store front and decorations characteristic of the invasion of other, newer cities.

Doubtless the people of Quebec sometimes look enviously up the river and think of Montreal, unashamed of her modernity and growing wealthy in it; but the Québecois seem determined to allow no change that will destroy the Old World charm of the city. For a long while to come, therefore, visitors will be able to walk up the frightfully steep ramp to the Château Frontenac, ride

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about in high-wheeled, horse-drawn *calèches*, and wander along narrow streets until they reach a sign that reads *Taverne*, which is the euphemistic name for an establishment no longer to be found in the United States.

* * *

THE South Africans pride themselves on their courtesy to strangers. If by chance you plan a trip next winter to that sub-equatorial land, which has its fullest summer while December blizzards are chilling the United States, you may expect such friendly interest as the following incident displays.

A party of travelers, through a miscarriage of their plans, had to take a 'mixed goods' or combined freight and passenger train one Sunday morning. There was no diner. At the various stations along the way only coffee was forthcoming. One poor passenger — an Englishman of course — could not drink the coffee and demanded tea. None was to be had until a friendly woman resident, who happened to be in the station, overheard the wailings of the tea-lacker.

Rushing home in her automobile, she brewed a large pot of tea, put cups and saucers in a basket, and returned to slake the travelers' thirst.

Even though you will not take a 'mixed goods' train, and will find a diner into which you can step from your own coach, South Africa's characteristic hospitality will find other ways to show itself. Organized tours from New York will help you go there to enjoy it.

Ships and Sailings

THE Augustus, new motor liner of the Navigazione Generale Italiana and sister ship of the Roma of the same line, is scheduled to arrive in New York for the first time on September 7.

The new vessel, Diesel-engine propelled, is 710 feet long, with a gross tonnage of 32,650 — not a competitor of the steam-driven Leviathan, Majestic, or Aquitania so far as size alone is concerned, but the largest motor ship in the world and also the largest vessel in the Italian service. News comes from Barcelona, where the Augustus called on her maiden voyage from Genoa to South America, that her appointments are unusually fine. Spaniards were particularly impressed by her tiled swimming pool and miniature Lido, with sand beach, tables, chairs, and beach umbrellas.

She has speed also, for she made the run from Barcelona to Rio de Janeiro in nine days, nine hours, breaking all previous records between these ports.

ONCE more a liner planned to be the largest ship afloat is under construction. This time it is the Oceanic, of the White Star Line. Her keel was laid a few days ago in the Belfast shipyards of Harland and Wolff, builders of all the White Star vessels now in service. The new ship will be more than 1000 feet in length, with a tonnage of over 60,000. This is longer than the Majestic of the same line, whose 915 feet 5 inches make her the longest ship now in operation; and larger than the Leviathan of the United States Lines, 59,957 tons, which to-day leads the ships of all the oceans in displacement. When completed the new Oceanic will join the Majestic, Olympic, and Homeric in the White Star's Southampton-New York express service. But ten thousand workmen must hammer at her huge steel sides for three and a half years before she will be ready to leave the ways.

Selection of the type of engine to be used, which has not yet been made, presents unusual interest; for those in close contact with shipbuilding circles hint that startling new developments in marine engineering are making it desirable to postpone the decision until the latest possible moment. It may be safely assumed, however, that no attempt to propel the new ship with internal combustion engines will be made, since no so-called 'motor-ship' yet launched, not even the Augustus mentioned above, has reached much more than half the Oceanic's size. It is, of course, certain that if she is to be steam driven, oil fuel will be used, for coal-burning vessels are now definitely outmoded. The ultimate choice will probably lie between steam turbines and electric drive associated with steam turbines (the latter method has proved highly efficient on many American battleships), or will involve some new and as yet unannounced development of either scheme mentioned. Whatever the eventual decision, those who should know say that the Oceanic, besides being the largest ship afloat, will also be the most remarkable for her method or mechanics of propulsion.

Facilities Ashore and in the Air

TRAVELING in Europe by automobile, taking your own car over for the purpose, is becoming increasingly popular. Steamship lines are responding to an unprecedented demand by offering to make all arrangements for shipping, insurance, customs, registration. Transoceanic automobile traffic has become so steady that every time the big Île de France leaves New York Harbor she carries with her thirty-five or forty motor cars belonging to her passengers.

What better than to be driving your own familiar car along a European road, stopping at will, changing direction as your whim directs, taking side roads when main roads are crowded, never held up because there is no train ready to leave, never worrying whether you are on the right one? For that matter, in France at all events, train and automobile supplement each other admirably. The threat of automobile competition has induced the French railroads to offer a special low rate for shipping automobiles. If you wish to pass quickly over an uninteresting area, you can put your car aboard the train some evening, pay the price of one extra ticket to cover its transportation, get into the sleeper, and wake up refreshed and prepared for a motor excursion in an entirely new region.

Good road maps for the continent have hitherto been scarce, and the new one prepared by the International Association of Recognized Automobile Clubs is a godsend to the motorist abroad. Any office of the American Automobile Association will have one. In France, incidentally, it will be worth while to equip yourself also with a *Carte Taride* or a *Carte Michelin*, both of which give full road details for every part of France.

* * *

PROVERBIAL British calm, which is apparently expected of even the visitor to the 'two little islands in the North Sea,' now includes the ability to take a quiet afternoon tea above the clouds. The British Imperial Airways announce aërial tea parties to give travelers an opportunity to see London from the sky.

Every Friday afternoon throughout the summer a big Armstrong-Siddeley air liner leaves Croydon airdrome, just outside London, and circles high above the city with a full load of passengers, crew, and 'tea things.' Those with a mind for elementary physics may like to reflect that it should be easy to make tea in an airplane since, as mountain climbers know, at an altitude of three or four thousand feet water boils at much lower temperatures than on the ground. In this case, however, the actual process of tea-making will occur out of sight. Uniformed aërial attendants will serve the passengers from an aërial pantry.

If further evidence of public confidence in aëroplanes in Europe were required, Sir Samuel Hoare, Britain's Secretary of State for Air, might be quoted. During the past year, he announced in a recent speech, passengers averaging over a thousand in number each week arrived at or left Croydon by plane.

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The Nomad's Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Exhibitions, Concerts, and Sporting Events Summarizing Happenings of Interest to the Traveler During the Months of September, October and November

AUSTRIA

VIENNA. *September* 22nd and 23rd, Danube Sailing Competition. *October* 2nd, Fair; 21st, Astoria Prize horse races. *November* 17th through 20th, Schubert Centenary Memorial Services, masses, concerts, addresses.

BELGIUM

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 7th (first Sunday in October), processions at Namur, Nivelles, Brussels, and other large cities.

ANTWERP. *September* 8th through 30th, International Colonial Fair.

BRUSSELS. *September* 23rd, Ceremony of the Martyr's Monument; 23rd through 26th, Fêtes de Septembre.

GHENT. *October* 1st, St. Bavon's Day.

LIEGE. *November* 3rd, St. Hubert's Day, in memory of the patron saint of huntsmen.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *September* 28th, Independence Day and festival of St. Wenceslaus.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *November* 1st, All Saints' Day; 2nd, All Souls' Day; 3rd, opening of the hunting season, blessing of the dogs; 24th, St. Catherine's Eve (celebrated by unmarried girls); 25th, St. Catherine's Day.

AVIGNON. *November* 30th, Fête of the Separation of the Waters.

BEAUVAIS. *October* 14th, processions in commemoration of the Siege of Beauvais (1472).

LOURDES. *September* 1st through 30th, pilgrimages and processions (Shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes).

PARIS. *October* 1st through *November*, International Nautical Show. *October* 4th through 14th, International Automobile Exhibition. *November* 3rd through 6th, Pan-European Congress; 25th, St. Catherine's Day (procession of the Catherinettes, unmarried girls over twenty-five).

GERMANY

BERLIN. *September* 1st through 10th, Sailing Week (regattas on the Müggelsee); 16th, German St. Leger (horse races) at Grunewald; 20th through *October* 15th, German Fashion Show; 22nd and 23rd, Autumn Motor-Yacht Regatta on the Templinersee. *October* 3rd through 8th, Tenth Scientific Post and Telegraph Week; 7th through 28th, International Aeronautics Exhibition; 21st, Prix Gladiateur horse races at Grunewald. *November* 8th through 18th, International Automobile and Motorcycle Exhibition.

BREMEN. *November* 6th, state festival and holiday.

CANNSTÄTT. *September* 28th, Volksfest.

CASSEL. *September* 20th through 23rd, Sixteenth Bach Festival of the New Bach Society. *October* 7th, Tenth Celebration of the German Wandervögel.

COLOGNE. *September* 1st through 30th, International Press Exhibition; entire month, special Twenty-five Year Jubilee performances at the Opera.

DARMSTADT. *October* 1st through 6th, Twenty-five Year Jubilee of the National Union of German Musicians and Music Teachers.

DINKELSBÜHL. *October* 11th through 16th, Historic Festival-Spectacle Week.

DÜSSELDORF. *September* 1st through *October* 31st, International Art Exhibition.

FRANKFURT. *October* 1st through 3rd, Autumn Trade Fair; 13th through 15th, Meeting of the Schopenhauer Society.

HAMBURG. *September* 15th through 22nd, German Natural Scientists' and Physicians' Congress; 23rd, Mares' Stakes horse races; 28th, Pergolese horse races; 30th, 'Hanseaten' Prize horse races.

MUNICH. *September* 1st through 30th, Home Exhibition (equipment of the modern home); 1st through 30th, International Exhibition of Plastic Art (Crystal Palace); 17th, Agricultural Show opens; 18th through *October* 2nd, October Festival. *October* 7th through 9th, Volksfest.

MÜNSTER. *September* 17th, Festival of St. Lambert.

WITTEN. *September* 1st through *October* 31st (Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays only), performance of the Westphalian 'Heimatspiele' and Goethe's 'Götz von Berlichinge' in the open-air theatre.

GREAT BRITAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *November* 5th, Guy Fawkes Day (parades and bonfires); 11th, Armistice Day.

BROOKLANDS TRACK. *September* 22nd, Grand Prix of Europe (automobile races).

LONDON. *September* 24th through *October* 6th, World Power Conference (fuel question). *October* 11th through 20th, Olympic Show for Excursion Cars (charabancs and *de luxe* motor buses). *November*, entire month; International Motor and Motorcycle Exhibition; 9th, Lord Mayor's show and procession.

OXFORD. *September* 5th and 6th, St. Giles' Fair.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. *September* 1st to 8th, Shakespeare Festival Plays.

WITNEY (Oxfordshire). *September* 11th, Witney Feast.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *October* 6th, Memorial Day. *November* 3rd, St. Emeric's Day.

BUDAPEST. *September* 8th and 9th, Eighth Annual Derby, and Dog Show; 30th, Schraben Mountain Races (racing and sport automobiles).

ITALY

ASSISI. *October* 4th, Fête of St. Francis.

COMO. *September* 15th through 30th, International Motor-Yacht Regatta.

FLORENCE. *September* 8th, Festival of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

LUCCA. *September* 13th, Festival of 'Volto Santo,' with processions, bonfires, games, concerts, theatrical performances.

MILAN. *November* 4th, Fête of San Carlo Borromeo.

NAPLES. *September* 7th, Fête of the Madonna Piedigrotto; 8th, Tarentella Dances; 19th, Miracle Festival of St. Januarius (liquefaction of the blood of the Saint), yearly since 306 A.D.

ROME. *September* 2nd, Grand Prix of Italy automobile race. *October* 7th, Rosary Sunday, great procession from the Minerva. *November* 22nd, Fête of St. Cecilia, celebration in St. Cecilia Church, illumination of Catacombs of St. Calixtus; 23rd, Festival of St. Clement, celebration in San Clemente Church, illumination of subterranean chapels.

TURIN. *September* 8th, Festival of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, on the Superga. *October* 29th through *November* 4th, Fair at Moncalieri.

VENICE. *September* 1st through 30th, Sixteenth International Art Exhibition. *November* 21st, Fête of the Madonna della Salute, commemorating the end of the plague in 1630.

JAPAN

HIBIYA (and elsewhere). *October* 1st, chrysanthemum displays begin.

KYOTO. *October* 22nd, Jidai-Matsuri (Feudal Courtiers' Procession). *November* 10th, coronation of the present Emperor Hirohito, with festivals lasting two weeks.

TOKYO. *November* 10th, coronation festival and parades.

YOKOHAMA. *September* 23rd, Shunki-Korei-Sai (Feast of the Autumnal Equinox).

NETHERLANDS

AMSTERDAM. *September* 10th through 24th, Festivities of the Kermesse (parades, folk dances).

HAARLEM. *October* 1st, St. Bavon's Day celebration.

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 5th, Anniversary of Proclamation of the Republic.

ELVAS. *September* 20th, Fair of St. Matthew and bull fight.

LEIRIA. *October* 13th, great pilgrimage to Fatima.

LISBON. *September* 26th, pilgrimages to shrine of Our Savior of the Mountain.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *September* 24th, Festival of Our Lady of Las Mercedes. *October* 24th, Queen's birthday.

BARCELONA. *October* 12th, Festival of the Spanish People.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *November* 6th, Gustavus Adolphus Day.

SWITZERLAND

EINSIEDELN. *September* 14th, Festival of the Engel Weihe, open air mass and illuminations. *October* 7th, folk festival.

GENEVA. *September* 2nd through 25th, Plenary Assembly of the League of Nations.

ST. MORITZ. *September* 22nd, festival at the Abbey.

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Views & Reviews

THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, *by Count Egon Caesar Corti. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, 1928. $5.00*

IF PRINCE Frederick of Hanau had not had a fancy for old coins, the history of modern Europe would have been very different. In a score of emergencies, its princely houses would have had difficulty in raising funds they badly needed. The Duke of Wellington's armies would have gone unpaid in the Peninsular campaign. The British government would have had to admit itself insolvent. The great Napoleon might even have been able to maintain himself permanently in power.

But because the Prince of Hanau did possess that lucky taste for numismatics, old Meyer Amschel Rothschild, an obscure Frankfurt Jew who dealt in antiquities, won his attention. Because Rothschild won the prince's attention, he became financial agent for the principality of Hanau. Because he became financial agent for the principality of Hanau, he attracted the attention of other European monarchs. And because he attracted the attention of other European monarchs, he became rich.

The Rothschild business grew steadily and rapidly, thanks to the ceaseless toil of the founder and his five sons, one in Paris, one in London, one in Naples, one in Vienna, and one as chief of staff in the head office at Frankfurt-am-Main, until their financial system covered Europe like a net. Perhaps a spiderweb would be a better comparison, for each fibre in the interwoven strands of the financial fabric carried its vibrations to the centre.

Such is the story that Count Egon Caesar Corti has to tell in his new book, *The Rise of the House of Rothschild*, a book which, in spite of its obvious shortcomings, is in its way an important contribution to history. For although every one has always known that the Rothschilds profoundly influenced the course of European history, no one has ever known exactly the nature and extent of that influence.

Count Corti's book therefore finds a place waiting for it, but unfortunately it does not fill that place so adequately as might be desired. Denied access to the most authoritative source of information, the Rothschild archives — though it is hard to see what information of current financial importance can be concealed in papers more than a century old — he had to fall back upon such sources as he could discover for himself. Luckily these were numerous. 'I found,' says Count Corti, 'that references to the name of Rothschild in official documents and in books of memoirs were as common as they are rare in contemporary textbooks. I made a point of collecting all available data, until my drawers were literally crammed with letters, deeds, and documents containing the name of Rothschild and bearing dates of almost every year of the nineteenth century.' All this would have been admirable had Count Corti only realized that to assemble sources is not enough. One must also digest them. Instead, impressed by the value of the documents he has been at so much pains to amass, he has crammed them into his pages, hit or miss. They deal with affairs of state, or with the details of finance — weighty matters both, but likely to be dull — and the result is a book which, in spite of the thrilling story that it has to tell, is frequently as dull as its documents.

It is perhaps the best tribute to the Rothschilds that their story is itself so fascinating that no amount of documentation can make it wholly dull and that this first adequate account of their origins is, taken as a whole, a book that one can read with pleasure.

JOHN BAKELESS

ASIA REBORN, *by Marguerite Harrison. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1928. $4.00*

UNDER this optimistic title — for such we assume it is intended to be — Mrs. Harrison covers a continent so vast and so diversified in everything that goes to make up physical or human unity that its rebirth would certainly be momentous enough to call forth the hymns of angel choirs. But in the execution of her task, the author keeps within the matter of fact. Against a sufficient if somewhat sketchy historical background she tells the story of the Asiatic nations since the World War, duly stressing, on the one side, the sins and blunders of the Allies and, on the other, the growing determination of awakened Asiatics to manage their own affairs. She takes up in turn the 'Moslem Bloc' with the triple alliance of Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan in the foreground, India with its buttress nations, Soviet Russia as an Asiatic Power, and finally our Far Eastern neighbors, all fighting and intriguing toward their idea of the millennium.

Quite properly for a lady, Mrs. Harrison has no patience with the hard boiled ethos of the conventional colonial administrator. The Russian way of 'soothering' subject peoples — if we may borrow from Handy Andy — suits her better. In fact she is at her best when she describes, evidently with less dependence upon books and more upon direct observation than when dealing with some other portions of the continent, Sovietdom's really wonderful recovery and extension of Russia's sway in North and Central Asia. Every reader will share the author's indignation and condemnation of the massacres perpetrated by the British at Amritsar, and by the Japanese at Nikolaievsk, but he may leave the pages in which she describes these atrocities with a feeling that not quite all the story has been told.

The book is exceptionally well balanced. An Englishman or a Frenchman might take umbrage at many passages, but Americans will find little to cavil at, unless it be one or two references to the missionaries. But here again the author is moderate, if specific, in her criticisms, and generous in her recognition of what is good. Christianity has been one of the leavens of modern Asia. It is part of the inspiration that has come from without, but 'the regeneration of the East is being brought about by internal forces.'

Miracles will not be wrought in Asia, whose political forms may change perceptibly to the eye, but whose economic, educational, and racial handicaps will take generations to remove. Asia's true rebirth must start among the humble and not among those on high. For the very quality that has held her back has been the solitary quality of her native leadership. Her great men have been isolated among the inert myriads. Mass ability must come to the support of individual ability before the great continent can take its rank with Europe and America, or escape their moral, if not political, domination.

VICTOR S. CLARK

SPAIN FROM THE SOUTH, *by J. B. Trend. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1928. $5.00.*

CARMEN is not the typical Spanish woman, nor, for that matter, is she Spanish at all. The Alhambra was built to be seen at night only, and you must look at it in the same state of mind in which you attend an opera. Arabic was still spoken in the Spanish countryside as late as the seventeenth century. El Greco is the most convincing expression in paint of the Spanish spirit, an old master who is not merely modern, but

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who actually seems a long way ahead of us, turning back to show us the way.

These four statements are indicative of the four fields which Mr. Trend attemps to cover; and their variety explains why the resultant book is something of a jumble. It is difficult, if not impossible, satisfactorily to combine in a single volume a traveler's impressions with considerations of the history, the people, and the art of half a nation.

We must say half a nation because the author, who started out to write of all Spain, found it wise to end his book at Toledo — 'the most essentially Spanish of Spanish towns, which should be the culminating point of a visit to Spain.' To the north lies a land better known to travelers, as they move down from France: Madrid; Barcelona; the bare, brown hills of Saragossa; the incredibly sharp outlines of the Pyrenees; and, westward across green fields, the Bay of Biscay breaking on the coast by Santander. To the south lies Mr. Trend's chosen country, the country of the Moors.

To Algeciras, Ronda, Cádiz, Sevilla, Córdoba, Granada, and finally Toledo itself, he travels. He is dull when he is popularizing history, single-minded when he talks of art, often interesting when he gives his impressions of town and countryside, almost thrilling when he writes of people. There is profit to be gained from what he says about the Moors. His description of the *Seises*, the boys who dance in the cathedral at Seville and can be seen nowhere else in the world, is excellent. His conversations with the painter and the potter who took him into their devil-may-care life in that same city form the most charming portion of the book.

If his readers quit him somewhat muddled, it is probably because, in choosing to cover such a variety of fields, Mr. Trend has set himself an extremely difficult task. For him, 'Spain is not only a geographical expression, but a country of the mind.' He knows a great deal, has seen a great deal, and has thought a great deal; and he is very earnest about it all. Perhaps the reason he cannot tell about it more clearly is his long residence in the land of which he writes. Sometimes, in living among a foreign people, one unconsciously passes beyond that period of time after which one must leave the country, or write about it nevermore.

'The only way to see the people and the country in the proper perspective,' insists the author, 'is by hard work.' This is a good rule and it would be gratuitous to point out that Mr. Trend's book fits his own specifications exactly.

MARVIN MCCORD LOWES

LATIN AMERICA IN WORLD POLITICS: AN OUTLINE SURVEY. *By J. Fred Rippy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $5.00*

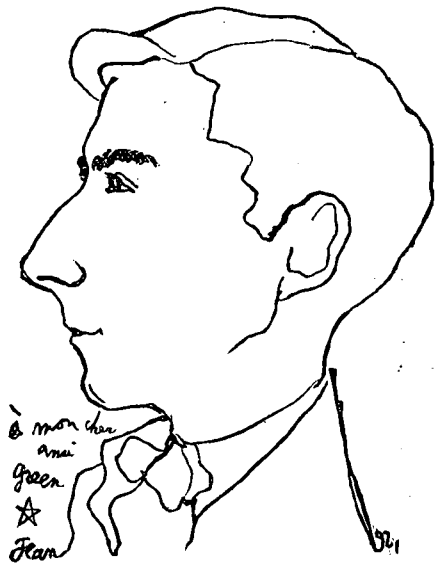
THE past year has seen a striking change in the official attitude of the United States toward Latin America. The dispatch of Mr. Morrow to Mexico, Colonel Lindbergh's good-will flight through Central America, our distinguished delegation at the Sixth International Conference of American States at Havana all signify a change of heart at Washington. Reform of a singularly inept branch of our foreign policy is in the air, and Dr. Rippy's book comes at an opportune moment to clarify backgrounds sadly in need of illumination.

It is no simple task to bring the external history of South America between the covers of a single volume. Sheer accumulation of material forces a rigid policy of selection upon the author; his method, after sketching in briefly the early background of discovery and colonization, is to bring his narrative swiftly to the high spots of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries.

Americans will find their greatest interest in the discussion of our present policy toward the Republics to the south, and here the book is disappointing. Although the author maintains an academic calm through his other chapters, when he approaches present issues, his view becomes frankly partisan. It is one thing to give a complete exposition of the oil and land controversy with Mexico, or the Nicaraguan muddle, and then point out the mistakes in official policy. It is another to color the brief mention of those incidents in such a way that but one side appears to the reader.

It is the weakness of Dr. Rippy's survey that, excepting for the chapter upon this nation's present position, he deals with his subject from an external rather than an internal point of view. One gains a very clear impression of the Powers' activities in Latin America, but one gains very little impression of Latin America. This is unfortunate. One might plead in extenuation that the book deals with the external relations of Latin America and not at all with her internal conditions. Even so, one may hardly be expected to understand a situation of which one is given but a single side — and that, the side of the other party. Yet all this, one feels, is not entirely the author's fault. The mass of material which wanted discussing has run away with him. Still, it is unfortunate that so admirable a project should fail to contribute more toward an understanding of our neighbors below the Rio Grande.

STEWART BEACH



JULIAN GREEN

FROM A DRAWING by Jean Cocteau

MONT CINÈRE *by Julien Green; Paris, Plon*, 1926.

LE VOYAGEUR SUR LA TERRE *by Julien Green; Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française*, 1927.

ADRIENNE MESURAT *by Julien Green; Paris, Plon*, 1927.

AVARICE HOUSE *by Julian Green; New York, Harper and Brothers*, 1927, $2.50.

THE CLOSED GARDEN *by Julian Green; New York, Harper and Brothers*, 1928. $2.50.[1]

TO THE ordinary man, supposing that he has heard of Julian Green at all, the name of this young Franco-Virginian calls to mind a vague image of the Latin Quarter, mixed with *The Sun Also Rises*, of some half-baked, Europeanized American who is fool enough to write in French and get away with it, in fact, of a twentieth-century, æsthetical Henry James. Nothing could be more mistaken. Green was actually brought up to speak French; he was largely educated in France; he loathes Montparnasse with all his heart; when he is writing a book, he retires into the provinces and works with the methodical diligence of a Trollope. The only thing which he has in common with expatriate American artists is his poverty.

It is inevitable that Julian Green's relation to this country should be misunderstood. Hitherto, and probably for some time to come, the flow of population has been and will be from Europe here rather than from here to Europe. It is nothing extraordinary that

[1] The last two are translations of the first and third. There exist also a volume of sketches of English authors, *Suite Anglaise*, and (under the pseudonym of Théophile Delaporte) a *Pamphlet contre les Catholiques de France*.

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an American son of German parents should gain distinction in American letters; the thing has happened again and again. Exactly so Julian Green, the son of American parents, has gained distinction in French letters. He is a French author not by choice, but by circumstance.

Green's father was the Paris agent of an American business house. The family was of that Scotch-Irish-Virginian strain which has contributed so many outstanding characters to American history. Julian Green himself was born in France twenty-seven odd years ago. He went to a French preparatory school, but, when he became of college age, he came to the country of his ancestors and attended for two years the University of Virginia. It was while at the University that his first work appeared, in the undergraduate magazine — a long tale, later to be published in French as *Le Voyageur sur la Terre*.

Julian Green first attracted general attention to himself in the field of letters by a pseudonymous *Pamphlet contre les Catholiques de France*, a copy of the first edition of which will soon become a collector's item, for it is already completely out of print, and one may scour the usual sources for a copy without avail. His other short book, *Le Voyageur sur la Terre*, is about the length of a German *Novelle*, eighty closely printed pages. It undoubtedly shows a strong Poe influence, as would be natural in the first work of an American whose knowledge of American literature had largely been acquired under French auspices. The story is striking, although there is a certain lack of firmness in its construction which leaves one a little doubtful as to the author's intention. Daniel O'Donovan is a young college student apparently dwelling in the southern part of the United States. He is found dead, floating on the surface of a river, and his death is laid to suicide. In O'Donovan's room, however, his landlady discovers a manuscript account of his life, which leads the authorities to believe that he did not kill himself; the major portion of *Le Voyageur sur la Terre* consists of a 'translation' of this manuscript. Here Green's peculiar bent first comes to light, namely, the knack of catching and making live those little details of conduct and thinking which characterize the slightly insane, or, as a psychologist would put it, the 'psychopathic.' Daniel O'Donovan is a melancholiac. He has been brought up in very solitary fashion; the early fears of childhood have not been driven out of him by contact with a workaday world, for he has had no such contact; he is constantly being seized by a vague, all-powerful fear, which makes him run away, somewhere . . . anywhere, as fast as his legs will carry him. All this is of little moment so long as he lives on in the house of his uncle and aunt, who are his foster parents, but when his aunt dies, the even tenor of his ways is disturbed; he begins to have hallucinations. It is here that Green's lack of firmness becomes apparent; the reader is left in some doubt whether these hallucinations are really such, or whether they are meant to be genuine apparitions. Finally young O'Donovan goes off to the University, where he is, of course, completely isolated. His hallucination, if such it be, is of an omniscient, God-like person, named Paul, who completely dominates his life. This Paul becomes mixed up with the vague fears mentioned above, becomes transferred into nightmares, and generally absorbs O'Donovan, until at last (the reader is left to infer this) in one of his mad spasms of fright O'Donovan falls off the edge of a high, rocky bank into the river and is killed. To this tale Green prefixes a quotation from Malherbe: 'There is nothing which weighs one down so much as these melancholy imaginings.'

Were it not that this school-boy effort prefigures in intensified form much that runs through all of Green's work, it would not have been worth while describing it at such length. It is, however, typical. I have said that this story was influenced by Poe. Many critics have pointed this out in connection with the whole of Green's fiction. It is true that he has borrowed some of Poe's machinery of pathetic fallacies; sombre events happen on gray days; graves are surrounded by melancholy green trees — even by weeping willows! — and the houses in which the 'psychopaths' live are invariably decayed, mournful; one misses a little that crack in the masonry which was the physical cause of the fall of the House of Usher. But there is a great difference between Poe's use of this natural horror and Green's. The former used it because he liked to give himself and his readers shivers; the latter uses it because it is supremely appropriate to the unnatural, diseased minds with which he is chiefly concerned.

Mont Cinère (*Avarice House* in translation) is a modern variant of Molière's *L'Avare*. Three women are isolated in a great country house in Virginia, a grandmother, her daughter, and her grandchild. The house had been the estate of the daughter's deceased husband. There is plenty of money, but, as a result of being brought up during the hard days of the Civil War, Mrs. Fletcher, the daughter, is a confirmed miser. She carries her miserliness to such ends that she becomes a female Harpagon and a worse than Harpagon; she is a Harpagon living away from the checks and laughter of the world, where there is no limit set by others to her inclinations. The result is the complete destruction, moral and physical, of the whole household. *Mont Cinère* is not a pleasant book, although it is a very powerful one. It is not relieved by Molière's humor, and it is made excruciatingly vivid by the injection of little, life-like details, a power which, as André Maurois points out in his preface to *The Closed Garden*, recalls Tolstoi.

Adrienne Mesurat (*The Closed Garden*) deals with another form of mania, that induced in a very strong character whose every move is thwarted. Adrienne Mesurat lives alone with her irascible and tyrannizing father and her sadistic elder sister. All Adrienne's normal desires are thwarted by the solitude which these two petty tyrants enforce on her. She tries to escape it by a crazy attempt at falling in love and by surreptitiously cultivating a somewhat dubious lady who lives next door to the Mesurats. Again moral and physical ruin is the result; Adrienne kills her father, flees from her home, and goes insane.

The highest praise has been accorded Green's work, both here and in France, yet one feels that, however striking his work may be, it somehow falls short of greatness. The 'idiot fringe,' to use a psychological phrase rather loosely, is doubtless interesting, but it is too remote to have that popular appeal which is characteristic of the world's greatest literature. With Green's powers of observation and expression, it would be too bad if he does not some day produce a book which will be a little closer to everyday life. Whatever he does, he must remain of interest to Americans, for, after all, he is by ancestry one of us, and only by accident, a Frenchman.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

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World Business

Money, Oil, and Bread Come to the Fore

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

OTHER things than supply and demand have exerted world-wide influences in the realm of business since the mid-year. An assassin's bullet has jeopardized Mexican stabilization. Europe's flying financier, disappearing to his death in a mysterious aëroplane accident, has shaken Old World bourses. American stock market optimism has leaped the Atlantic. Behind these spectacular factors, other forces have been at work — money, oil, and bread, not to mention the rivalry of cable and radio.

1. Peak Loans

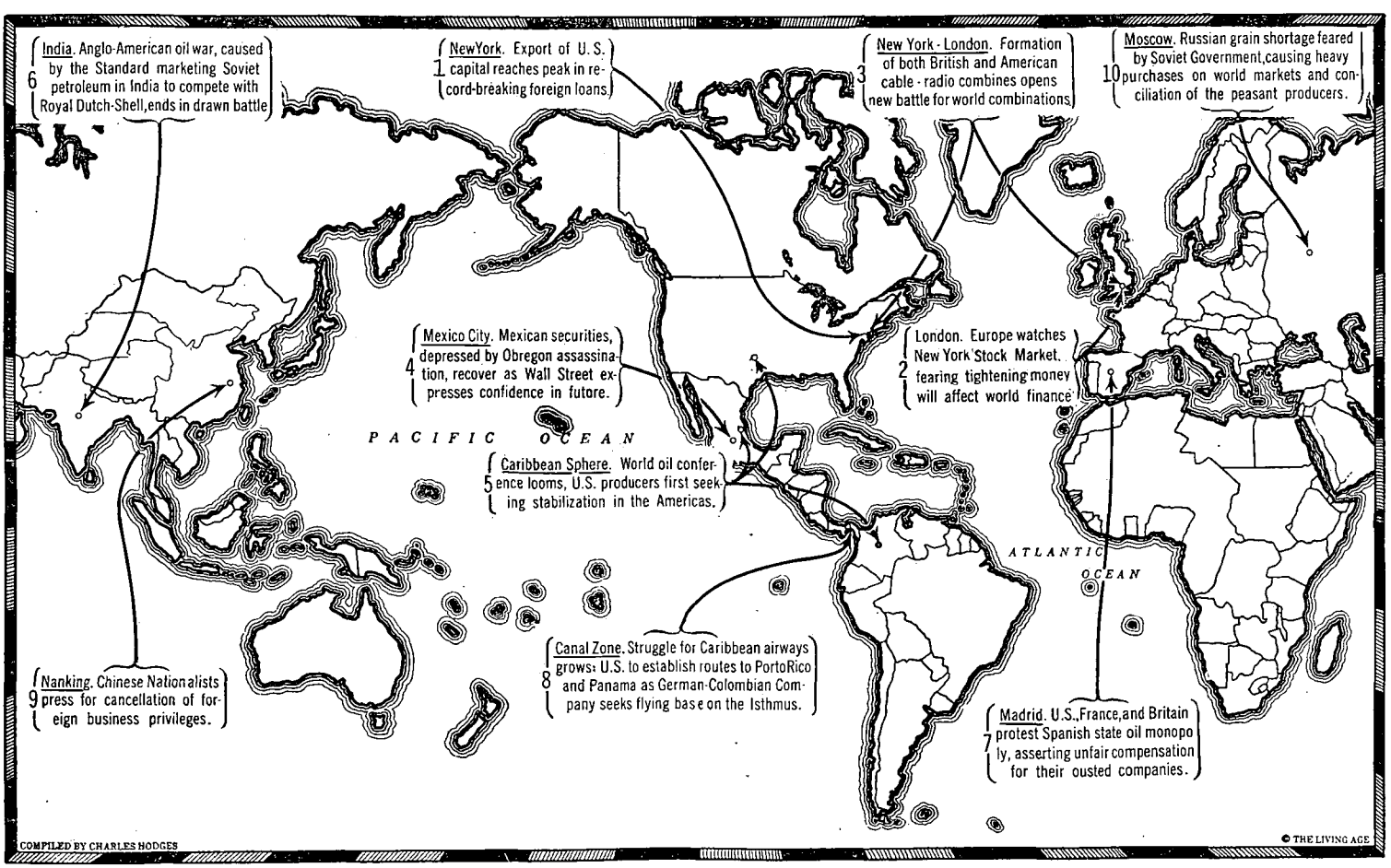
Wall Street, where the nations of the world have been clamoring hat in hand for American loans, has set a spectacular record for dollar exports. Although 1927 sent the United States' flotation of foreign issues up to a billion and a half dollars, the first six months of 1928 have been even more phenomenal. American underwriters, according to the Department of Commerce, have issued public offerings with a par value exceeding a billion dollars; even the peak of war financing has been topped. These staggering figures leave the international stake of the United States at about twenty-five billions — private issues not listed and eleven billions of war debts being added to the total of thirteen billions of securities put out by our financial Main Street.

2. Tide of Gold

Financial circles in America, however, are not being misled by our Crœsus-like supremacy. Conservative leadership all along has warned that the United States is trustee, not owner, of the world's gold supply, which is so largely hoarded in the New World. Early in July, storm signals began to fly; by the middle of the month, the stiffening of money rates hit the New York Stock Market; and securities declined under a blow that was the heaviest since 1914. An international sign of the times, the gold movement for months has been growing into an outward-flowing tide. It became a record breaker in June at roughly a hundred million dollars. The volume and speed of this redistribution of the world's precious metal is an arresting testimony to the fact that post-war reconstruction has ended; gold that has been in exile on American shores is returning home. To America, it is the end of easy money; to Europe, the beginning of new trans-Atlantic financial conditions pregnant in their bearing upon Old World borrowing.

3. Dots and Dashes

In Britain's 'heart of empire,' the Conference on Imperial Communications has been forging a new weapon in the battle for business supremacy. London reports that after nearly four months of labor, a merger of Britain's vast cable and radio interests has been worked out. This has been done to conserve the resources of the communications systems


6 India. Anglo-American oil war, caused by the Standard marketing Soviet petroleum in India to compete with Royal Dutch-Shell, ends in drawn battle
1 NewYork. Export of U.S. capital reaches peak in record-breaking foreign loans.
3 New York - London. Formation of both British and American cable - radio combines opens new battle for world combinations.
10 Moscow. Russian grain shortage feared by Soviet Government, causing heavy purchases on world markets and conciliation of the peasant producers.
4 Mexico City. Mexican securities, depressed by Obregon assassination, recover as Wall Street expresses confidence in futore.
2 London. Europe watches New York Stock Market, fearing tightening money will affect world finance
PACIFIC OCEAN
5 Caribbean Sphere. World oil conference looms, U.S. producers first seeking stabilization in the Americas.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
8 Canal Zone. Struggle for Caribbean airways grows: U.S. to establish routes to PortoRico and Panama as German-Colombian Company seeks flying base on the Isthmus.
9 Nanking. Chinese Nationalists press for cancellation of foreign business privileges.
7 Madrid. U.S., France, and Britain protest Spanish state oil monopoly, asserting unfair compensation for their ousted companies.
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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upon which the British Commonwealth's future rests — threatened not so much from without as from internecine strife between the cable companies and the Marconi interests. On the heels of these British developments, nevertheless, there comes the amalgamation of the dramatically growing International Telephone and Telegraph with the Mackay-Postal Group. The situation to-day leaves the British still supreme in the cable field; the British and American interests are about even in the sphere of wireless telegraphy; but the United States is far ahead in the youngest follower of Mercury's fabled winged foot — wireless telephony. The British colossus is, financially speaking, much the stronger in gross assets.

4. Bankers and Bullets

Mexico's chronic difficulties with the world's bankers have not been aided by the assassin's bullet that a few short weeks ago threatened to cast the Caribbean republic back into civil war. Financial storm signals were being flown by the Calles régime prior to the killing of President-elect Obregón. The international bankers were being asked to consider the cut in state revenues which had resulted from the curtailment of petroleum production during the controversy with foreign corporations; and financiers were being sounded out on the prospects of assistance in meeting Mexican obligations, even as they had been modified by a creditor's agreement. Yet something of the underlying confidence that has come about in the relations between debtor and creditors stood out in the market reaction to the Mexican tragedy. Confidence in Mexico's future was promptly asserted in Wall Street and the sagging securities rapidly recovered — a tribute to the superiority of bankers over bullets in a nation's life.

5. Slippery Problems

Oil, figuring largely in post-war diplomacy, has been a slippery problem for economic statesmanship. Nowhere have our empires of business engaged in more bitter struggle. Oil peace conferences now are the order of the day.

With overproduction staring American companies in the face, New York launched the idea of a world conference. Its stated object is an international accord on the production and conservation of the world's oil. Globular restriction has become a paramount problem because we have found ourselves helpless to meet a situation that runs beyond our borders. While the United States production has been brought under control, the newer foreign fields threaten the petroleum industry, as a whole, with a crisis from the disturbance of the balance between output and demand. These are notably the Venezuelan and Colombian fields in South America, together with the famous Turkish bone of contention not so long ago figuring in half-a-dozen foreign offices under the heading, 'Mosul.'

Very possibly, the scheme may take the form of an oil peace for the Americas, preliminary to its application on a larger scale. Here, the successful efforts of producers in the United States could be applied to the zone most likely to offer immediate difficulties.

6. Drawn Oil Battle

These ambitious oil schemes rest upon the conclusion of peace between two great belligerents. The spectacular warfare of the Royal Dutch-Shell interests in Europe and the Standard Oil Company of New York has been waged from New England to India. The Royal Dutch attack was precipitated by the marketing of petroleum from Soviet Russia through the Standard Oil. The Anglo-Dutch combine, suffering heavy losses from the Bolshevik seizure of properties, denounced the American company bitterly for buying 'stolen goods.' Sir Henry Deterding tried to erect an oleaginous blockade for the purpose of preventing the Russian oil from the confiscated wells of foreign companies reaching world consumers. With all the paraphernalia of the political world called upon to reach an amicable settlement, mediation by friendly 'neutrals' among the oil companies laid the foundations upon which the belligerents have built an accord. They lay down their oil cans, as it were, after nine months of a price-cutting war declared in India by the Royal Dutch.

7. Cash Wanted

When the Spanish Government took over petroleum as a state monopoly the first of the present year, this marked another inroad into private enterprise far too frequent these days. Foreign business interests resigned themselves to their fate — the loss of their distributing trade, and the surrender of sixty per cent of the Spanish oil imports to their Soviet competitors. What they did hope for was a cash settlement, to be expected from a responsible state, for the expropriation of their properties.

But Madrid has had other notions. The state proposes to liquidate the obligations incurred by its attachment of the properties of the oil companies with only a partial payment in cash, supplemented with bonds bearing the none too generous rate of five per cent. interest. We now have the interesting spectacle of Britain, France, and the United States standing shoulder to shoulder in the defense of their jeopardized oil interests. Already strenuous protests have been given a new emphasis by Downing Street, the British note, Spain lets it be known, being couched in terms to which Madrid is not accustomed in diplomatic intercourse.

8. Caribbean Airways

Even the air is the object of business strategy. Something of the rivalry for aviation routes that makes European air power a real factor in international relations is appearing in the development of commercial aviation in the New World. Both the French and the Germans have been very active in linking South America with the world expansion of the 'third dimension' of modern travel. Somewhat more laggardly, the United States has awakened to the importance of airways to our Caribbean interests.

Washington apparently first became aware of the potentialities of air power in the 'American Mediterranean' when the German interests began to creep into the Caribbean shoulder of South America. The Colombian-German Aviation Company suddenly appeared on the horizon; Central American plans in the offing seemed of major significance. These elements in the situation undoubtedly have intensified the efforts being made by the United States Government to hold up the alien invasion by diplomatic obstruction until American aviation could offer commercial competition. These State Department activities have manifested themselves in Pan-American Conferences, in our domination of the all-important Panama Canal, and in our direct interdiction of air rivals, attempted in the now-famous Panama Alliance Treaty rejected by the Mid-American republic. Spurred on, the Post Office Department has opened bids for two great aërial arteries — Key West to Porto Rico, via Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Haiti; and Key West to Panama itself, via the Central American republics.

9. China's Nationalism

Nothing more clearly marks the course of Asiatic nationalism than the developments now taking place in China. Here, for the first time in close to a century of international intercourse, foreign interests are finding themselves on the defensive — their politically-buttressed trade undermined and their future status challenged.

Fortunately, the Chinese Nationalists have shown a keen sense of responsibility

(*Continued on page 79*)

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Books Abroad

THE GANGS OF NEW YORK: AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF THE UNDERWORLD. *By Herbert Asbury. London and New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1928. $4.00.*

Philip Gosse in the *Sunday Times* (London)

THIS work should be read and carefully studied by all Europeans who intend to visit the enterprising city of New York. On closing its pages the would-be traveler may well pause a while and ponder in his mind if the venture be worth the risk. On setting foot on the quay he will be liable to sudden attack by members of the 'Dead Rabbits,' the 'Plug Uglies,' or the 'Swamp Angels.' If he should chance to be an Englishman, he will do well to keep clear of the Irish gangs, such the 'O'Connell Guards,' whose particular quarry are natives of old England.

Many of the characters described by Mr. Herbert Asbury are not only bizarre, but revolting. The very worst of a bad lot are, or were, the women. Hell-cat Maggie had her front teeth filed to sharp points, and wore long artificial brass finger nails, and thus armed sought whom she could devour. The utter depravity of 'low life' in New York not long ago was almost beyond belief.

A somewhat more lovable character was Sadie the Goat, who can claim to be one of the select company of women pirates. In her sloop, the 'Jolly Roger,' she and her male crew would sail up and down the Hudson River, landing from time to time on the banks to rob the neighboring houses. She occasionally kidnaped a member of some rich family to be held for ransom.

Every detail of the profession of gangster is included in the volume before us: and in the pocket of Piker Ryan the police found the following price list for professional services: —

> Punching, $2; both eyes blacked, $4; nose and jaw broke, $10; jacked out, $15; ear chewed off, $15; leg or arm broke, $19; shot in leg, $25; stab, $25; doing the big job, $100 and up.

'Doing the big job' seems to describe more graphically the business referred to than the more ordinary word, 'murder.'

The author of this extraordinary history would like us to believe that all the gangs of thugs and robbers he describes ceased to exist some few years ago; but, if we may believe half of what we read in our newspapers, this is far from being the case: although no doubt conditions in New York are much improved of late.

The following letter regarding this review appeared in the Sunday Times *shortly after the review itself was printed:*

To the Editor:

The reviews and literary articles in your columns are giving me so much pleasure each Sunday during my stay here in England that I hope you will give me leave to take exception to your reviewer's remarks in his notice of Herbert Asbury's fine book, *The Gangs of New York*, in your last issue.

The suggestion that a traveler from England is in danger, immediately upon landing in a city of over ten millions of people, of being attacked by non-existent gangs numbering at their most a few score desperadoes is the sort of thing young Englishmen are fond of perpetrating about the United States. It makes a good joke, and your reviewer may find in the journals of New York and Chicago much more penetrating and witty jokes than his about the gangs of great cities. That European, and especially British, cities are free from gang rule and from the many shocking crimes that occur continually in American cities is true; but the implication that from a reading of Mr. Asbury's book a would-be tourist might flinch from the ordeal of visiting one of the most interesting cities in the western world is unfair.

How would Mr. Philip Gosse like me to write to my paper in New York and lead people in that city to infer that the police of London will pounce upon him the moment he takes a chair in Hyde Park? Does Mr. Gosse realize that I, a visitor to England, although I was born here, have to report to the police? Does he realize that he will not have to do anything of the sort when he visits my adopted country? The point is not that I object to doing what is required while in England, but that your reviewer should have a little more knowledge of the facts behind Mr. Asbury's entertaining book.

WILLIAM MCFEE

Wickham Market.

LA AGONIA ANTILLANA: EL IMPERIALISMO YANQUI EN EL MARE CARIBE (The Agony of the Antilles: Yankee Imperialism in the Caribbean). *By Luis Araquistain. Madrid: Estrasa-Calfre, S. A., 1928.*

Times Literary Supplement (London)

THE countries which were once possessions of Spain have a natural interest for Spaniards, and there is a real interest for us in reading what a Spaniard who wishes to be fair has to tell us of the present state of the lands which were once his. We must not be so unreasonable as to ask Señor Araquistain to like *los Yanquis*, but only not to be merely abusive — and that he is not. In his account of Porto Rico, for instance, he very frankly allows that the Creoles were truly relieved by the disappearance of the rusty iron machinery and the oppressive burden of the old colonial Administration. He does not deny that the Americans are tolerant and that they allow the Porto Ricans freedom in the management of their local affairs. His fear is that American competition will drive out the Spanish element. But there is always a natural increase in the Spanish population, and they strive hard to preserve their own language. The fact that many of them emigrate to Cuba or to the southern states of the Union is no proof that they are decaying. By a rare exception in Spanish colonies, Porto Rico was overpopulated — and there is an emigration for the same reason from Jamaica. It looks more likely that the Spanish Creoles will have absorbed the few Americans who come among them than that they will have been squeezed out in twenty years.

Señor Araquistain has not much to say about San Domingo, and on his own showing it is obvious that, if somebody had not taken the country in hand, it would certainly have sunk into mere savagery. The same tale has to be told of the other end of Hispaniola — the Negro Republic of Haiti. In this case, and, in fact, generally in this book, there is a difficulty in understanding what the author means by the 'agony' of the Antilles. We can understand that Spaniards do not like to see the United States establishing their control over the islands. But on his own showing the intervention of Washington has everywhere abated, if it has not entirely extinguished, the unending sanguinary scuffles which were called 'revolutions' and were merely faction fights between gangs of so-called politicians. Haiti is of pecular interest to Señor Araquistain, since it is a leading case in point for an argument of his. He insists that the spread of the sugar industry has been fatal in the West Indies to all chance of fixing a large white population in any of them. It requires much capital and therefore depresses men of small means. It favors the formation of large estates and squeezes out the small cultivator, while it favors the employment of the Negro under the supervision of a handful of Whites. So it was in Haiti, and there is no doubt that the revolt of the Negroes which ruined the French colony led to a sudden and immense increase in the sugar industry of Cuba. Then it produced its effects in that island. This is Señor Araquistain's theme when in the latter part of his book he deals with the present state and the prospects of the Pearl of the Antilles.

MY WAR MEMOIRS (Der Aufstand der Nationen). *By Eduard Bénès. Berlin: Bruno Cassirer Verlag, 1928. Boston: Houghton Mifflin (for fall publication) $7.50*

Saturday Review (London)

CONTEMPORARY history contains few examples of men who have enhanced the reputation which they acquired during the war. Generals who yesterday were regarded as geniuses are now remembered more

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for their mistakes than for their successes, while under the fierce light of publicity and indiscreet revelations to which they have been subjected politicians have suffered an even greater degradation. A striking exception to this is Dr. Bénès, who has served Czechoslovakia uninterruptedly as Foreign Minister since the formation of the Czech National Council in February, 1916.

In the midst of his many official activities Dr. Bénès has now found time to complete his memoirs. This monumental work, which has just been published in German and in Czech, will appear shortly in an English translation.

When the war broke out, Dr. Bénès never hesitated. Although their sympathies were with the Serbs and the Russians, many of his compatriots adopted a waiting attitude. They had never envisaged an independent Czech State, and at that period the height of their political ambition did not extend beyond a demand for home rule inside a federal Austria. Dr. Bénès was not to be found among these opportunists. From the first moment he attached himself to Professor Masaryk, who had already made up his mind that even at the risk of a victory of the Central Powers, the Czechs must adopt an active policy if they were to reap political advantage from the war. In the flat of Dr. Boucek, to-day the legal adviser of the British Legation in Prague, were sown the first seeds of that secret propaganda organization, which later, under the name of the 'Maffia,' was to undermine the foundations of the Hapsburg monarchy.

Of this society Dr. Bénès was the youngest and most active member. A remarkable system of espionage, in which the numerous Czechs employed in the Austrian civil service played a leading part, was elaborated, and through the agency of the Czech servant of the Austrian Minister of the Interior, the 'Maffia' came into possession of the most secret documents of the Austrian Government. The courier who made the hazardous journeys between Prague and Vienna in order to collect these documents was the future Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia.

During this period Dr. Bénès undertook more than one dangerous voyage to Switzerland. There he had numerous discussions with his former professor, including one historic conversation on the Kussnacht road, at the spot where Tell shot down the tyrant Gessler.

The story of his war activities in Paris, his arrest by the English authorities as a spy, his efforts to overcome the ignorance of the Allies and to win their support for his plan for the destruction of the Hapsburg monarchy, his anxiety when at the last moment the cup of success was almost dashed from his lips by the Allies, who in March, 1918, might have sacrificed the Czechs for a separate peace with Austria, and his final triumph, is too long to be told here. That triumph and the success of the Czech revolution he ascribes 'not to the Tsar's appeal on behalf of the Slavs, not to the Czech legions who fought against the Bolsheviks, nor yet to President Wilson's ultimatum to Austria, but to the fact that from the first days of the war we gauged correctly the probable development of events in Europe.' With this verdict future historians will probably agree.

Ends of the Earth

(*Continued from page 11*)

that harms them. The seals on the beach down there are not afraid. If you walk up to them and scratch them, they will roll over so you can scratch them better. That is because the polar bear and other beasts of prey that travel on land are absent. In the Arctic fear is constant among such animals. That is why the Far North is so difficult to hunt in that many Arctic expeditions have starved to death or retreated for want of food from districts where seals were abundant. Every Antarctic expedition secures without difficulty all the seal meat it wants.

That there are no Eskimos or corresponding people in the Antarctic is almost certainly a pure accident. Future geological investigation may show the bones of land animals down there, as the coal measures discovered by the past expeditions have already shown an ancient vegetation that was luxuriant. But we can take it for granted that man had not yet become man when the last continental bridge was severed that gave access from the tropical or subtropical lands where he doubtless originated.

THE two expeditions that are being discussed just now, those of Byrd and Wilkins, should, therefore, find in the Antarctic some things that are similar to the Arctic but many that are different, and a few that are direct contraries. Both will, therefore, be compelled to vary from methods that have been suitable in their Arctic experience.

But the two expeditions will vary along lines that differ markedly. For Wilkins intends to confine himself to the exploration of the coast, determining the edge of the continent, the edge of the landfast ice, the natural conditions, and, particularly, the suitability of various places as locations for permanent radio stations that shall through the coming years report conditions from this breeding place of southern hemisphere weather, that will perhaps enable South America, South Africa, southern Australia, and New Zealand to predict far in advance the storms and rains which so profoundly affect their comfort and prosperity. Byrd plans, on the other hand, to devote himself largely to the interior, measuring altitudes, discovering mountain ranges, and generally making a reconnaissance to and perhaps beyond the South Pole.

It is admirable that these two explorers are not competing for records and trying to forestall each other in the specious glory of being the first to reach some spot or other, but are instead operating in different fields, and to some extent by different methods, so that the world of science shall profit as much as possible by comparing and contrasting their scientific results.

Rasputin's Body

(*Continued from page 63*)

'That is your own affair. These words will not appear in the record.'

Some days after the March Revolution, Nandelstedt had business at the Ministry of Justice, then occupied by Kerenski. The antechamber was full of a crowd of lawyers hoping for favors from the new régime. Imagine the Procurator's surprise when among those present he observed Purishkevich, in a khaki uniform wearing the collar of St. Vladimir. Was he too looking for a job? Upon inquiry, it appeared that Purishkevich had been summoned by Kerenski with regard to the Rasputin affair. Nobody knows what passed between these two political adversaries, but it was followed by an order of the Provisional Government closing the case.

When I think of Rasputin's fantastic career, I am forced once more to admit the futility of human endeavor and the foolishness of our pretense to free will. Rasputin had said: 'So long as I live, everything will go well for Russia and the imperial family.' Rasputin was killed in December. March saw the fall of the Romanov dynasty. A year later the imperial family was murdered, and the huge and prosperous Russian empire had become a prey to terror and death. A coincidence? Who can explain it.

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War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question that Vexes all the World

¶ From the broad standpoint of humanity and civilization, all war is an assault upon the stability of human society, and should be suppressed in the common interest. — *Frank B. Kellogg, U. S. Secretary of State.*

¶ As long as France is able to defend her security against possible invasions or attacks, she is ready to denounce war as the most detestable of the world's evils and to do everything in her power to prevent its return. — *Premier Poincaré of France.*

¶ Efforts to supress war should go side by side with the development of institutions capable of modifying, by pacific means, treaties which have become inacceptable. — *Gustav Stresemann, German Foreign Minister.*

¶ Wars for gain and personal ambition are dying out. Not many Kings are left, and they have liberalized constitutions giving them less power than a President. It is not Kings who fight — it is the will of a nation that makes a war. — *Field Marshal Viscount Allenby, liberator of Palestine.*

¶ With the defeat of the German Nationalists and with the success of the Social Democrats and their policy of mutual understanding, we may expect solid peace, promotion of Franco-German unity, continuation of the Locarno policy, and strengthening of the League of Nations. — *Professor A. Aulard, of Paris, in the 'Neue Zürcher Zeitung,' Swiss Liberal Republican Daily.*

¶ Because of our past suffering, above all because of the suffering that we saw others undergo, and because of the boys whom we saw fall, the generation of war veterans is determined to fight with all its energy for the organization of peace. — *Colonel Picot of France, President of the 'Gueules Cassées,' the 'Smashed Faces,' association of wounded World War veterans.*

¶ The strategic position which to-day, thanks to the treaty, France possesses, makes her not only master of the European theatre of war, but even in peace time guarantees her hegemony as long as she can bear the burdens thereby imposed on her, *and arms herself to the teeth.* — *Hermann Stegemann, Professor of Modern History at the University of Munich, in 'The Mirage of Versailles.'*

¶ This present-day critical, if not hostile, attitude of ours toward the fifty-odd member-nations of the League is very closely comparable to that arrogant and offensive attitude of Germany before the War which united all the nations in the enmity which destroyed her. — *John H. Clarke, former Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.*

¶ The international anarchy of the present day will continue to breed wars, in spite of verbal promises, so long as the greatest of all the nations places its resources freely at the disposal of the aggressor. — *Professor James T. Shotwell, Director of the Division of Economics and History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.*

¶ For the British Government, war with the United States is unthinkable, and the prospect of war with the United States or preparation for war with the United States never has been and never will be the basis of our policy in anything. — *Sir Austen Chamberlain before the House of Commons, 'amid the cheers of the entire House.'*

¶ If seventy million Germans wept for a thousand years, they could not make disappear the human misery they caused in Belgium and Northern France. — *From a war poster* (1918) *attributed to Herbert Hoover and quoted by the 'Nation Belge'* (*Brussels*) *in connection with the Louvain Library inscription dispute.*

¶ I suggest you obtain immediate settlement present controversy [the Louvain Library inscription dispute] along lines which will eliminate war bitterness. — *Cable to Louvain University* (1928) *by Herbert Hoover as Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.*

¶ To the intelligent young Englishman, even a superficial study of the map of Europe to-day is enough to make him throw up his hands in despair at the futility of ever hoping to avert another catastrophe. Every inch of the Continent, from Constantinople to Athens, from Athens to Belgrade, from Belgrade to Moscow and Vienna, and Rome and Berlin and Madrid and Paris — every single inch is thickly sown with the germs of war. — *Beverly Nichols, young English author of 'Twenty-Five' and 'Are They the Same at Home?'*

An Émigré

(*Continued from page 12*)

'As many diamonds as you wish.

'And the ruby necklace? And the pearls?'

'I will. Take some more dressing, my dear X. A perfect dressing. And the proper documents to go with the stones, of course?'

'Don't let that worry you, my dear Nikolai Nikolaevich. These jewels haven't had any personal associations for a long time. Any hides and furs?'

'Why, yes; to round up the deal. It would be easier for you, too.'

'Certainly. Much simpler to deal with one buyer. Are you interested in wheat? flax?'

'Er — er —'

'Never mind prejudices, Nikolai Nikolaevich. We are practical men and understand life. Ostend oysters are a real thing. And trout. And Bordeaux. And a *poularde* with truffles. But ideas — you cannot eat them, can you?'

'You are right, my dear X. A good-looking woman is a thing I also appreciate.'

'Bravo, friend! Come on to Moscow. I'll show you real marvels.'

'I might come. By the way, do you know that I am a French citizen since day before yesterday?'

'Really! What a wonderful idea. Let's christen your new status. *Garçon,* a bottle of Irroi, 1911. Don't forget, Nikolai Nikolaevich, to ship us motor cars of the best makes, and as many as you care to.'

'Certainly. But then, let's have a paper and pencil and make just a little calculation —'

The following day a modest residence in Passy was leased for Suzette, a Folies-Bergère actress, and the lease mailed to her. For himself, Nikolai Nikolaevich the Parisian bought, secondhand, a small racing-stable. His wife was presented that evening with a new — the third — necklace of perfectly graded, wonderful pearls about the size of cherry stones.

Nikolai Nikolaevich de Chizhoff had now graduated as an accomplished gentleman.

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World Records

— As recognized and recorded monthly by the editors of The Living Age.

— Readers are invited to call the attention of the editors to items appropriate for this department.

¶ Cats. The feline population of Angora was found to have reached the lowest point on record on the occasion of the recent visit of Queen Suraya, consort of the King of Afghanistan. Desiring to present the royal visitor with an Angora cat as an appropriate memento of her trip, the local authorities found, to their overwhelming embarrassment, that there was no single representative of this famous species to be had for purposes of presentation. The cat marts were bare, and the very few of such animals roaming at will in alleys and back yards were either deemed unsuited to the ceremonies and conventions of court life or nimbly evaded capture.

¶ Silence. It has recently come to the favorable attention of The Living Age that during the Preparatory Disarmament Conference at Geneva, at which declaimed the Russian, Litvinov, Lord Cushenden, British delegate, for the first time on record, sat through the proceedings without uttering a word.

¶ Newspapers. The world's record to date for printing the longest serial story is allowed the *New Era*, a weekly newspaper of the village of Parker, South Dakota, U. S. A. It took this enterprising journal just twenty-two years and eight months to print, complete, the Holy Bible.

¶ Salvage. The longest sea voyage for salvage purposes in maritime history was successfully completed when the 4600 miles between San Pedro, Cal., and Nukulailai Island in the South Seas were recently traversed at top speed by the salvage ship Peacock of the Merritt-Chapman & Scott fleet, to save the steamship Steel Maker, of the Isthmian Line, driven upon a coral reef during a tropical storm.

¶ Air Speed. Major Mario de Bernardi recently flew at the record rate of 318 miles in an hour, or 466 feet in one second, near Venice. This is almost half as fast as sound travels in air (1080 feet per second), but only a small fraction of the velocity of sound in solid substances (sometimes 17,000 per second).

¶ Germs. Discovered, in London, the oldest living disease germ, with an established longevity of twenty-six years. Average life of such organisms formerly believed to be at most one year; but bacilli sealed in a test-tube in 1902 by Sir William Simpson, tropical disease authority, were found to be still alive and kicking when the tube was opened in 1928.

¶ Deep Digging. A depth of 7,360 feet — said to be the greatest depth to which man has ever penetrated the earth — has been reached in drilling operations in the Village Deep Mine in the Rand gold fields, South Africa. The rock temperature was found to be ninety-seven degrees Fahrenheit.

¶ Matrimony. The award for the strangest reason ever suggested for a legal separation between a husband and wife is allowed Mrs. Marie Westlake, of Chicago, who claimed that her husband was about to undertake a non-stop flight from Chicago to Paris, that he might have uninterrupted opportunity for flirtation with a young woman companion of the trip.

¶ Loop-the-Loops. 1,432 consecutive loop-the-loops were made by Charles Holman, Chief Pilot of the National Airways Company, flying over Minneapolis, Minn. He was in the air 5 hours, used 97 gallons of gas, beating by 321 loops the old record of 1,111 held by the Frenchman Fronval.

¶ Children. A new world record is claimed for a nine months old girl named 'Happy' Boulestridge, of Nuneaton, Warwicks, England. She is said never to have cried and is therefore well named. Otherwise the infant is normal.

Near Lexington, Ky., U. S. A., has been discovered a boy of seven years with a ten-pound appetite. His name is Charlie Belt. This time it is the surname which is appropriate. His supper at a restaurant recently consisted of: one and one-fourth pounds of canned salmon, two and one-half-pounds of pork and beans, one and one-fourth pound of onions, one-half a jelly roll, one-fourth pound of candy, one-half pound of oranges, one-half pound of crackers, three bottles of 'pop,' and three glasses of water. It is insisted that he suffered no ill effects, passing painlessly through the ensuing night.

World Business

(*Continued from page 75*)

in dealing with the foreign financial obligations of China. Nanking, now supreme, has declared for the recognition of all legitimate governmental debts; but her leaders leave no doubt as to their intention vis-à-vis the 'unequal treaties' upon which much of the foreign business advantages depend. These issues are coming close to the United States. Though accepting the rôle of 'the traditional friend' of China, the State Department is by no means friendly to the 'rights recovery movement' if Washington be judged by her attitude toward Nationalist plans. Here the United States holds the decisive political influence in the situation — a power many believe to have been indifferently exercised since the Washington Arms Conference.

10. Bread-Power

Bread is sovereign power, we were told by Germany's food dictator from his experience when the Reich was turning from empire to republic. Wheat is the dictator of the Soviet dictatorship, the Don peasants are telling Moscow to-day.

The all-important tillers of the soil have been offering a passive resistance to the Soviet grain policy for some time. Both crop area and the harvest have promised to be smaller — enough smaller to cause Moscow to appoint in midsummer a crop dictator and scour the world's markets for alien wheat to beat the peasant sabotage. Hamburg, Amsterdam, and other European ports have buzzed with rumors of heavy foreign purchases by Russia that have filtered to the Argentine and Canada.

Now the weather has turned traitor. Unfavorable conditions have given way to an ideal harvest. Moscow is cajoling the peasants with higher prices for the staff of life and the rod of Russian authority. The 'extraordinary measures' for the forcible collection of grain, put in effect this year, are being tempered with promises of more goods to the villages, far beyond the reach of the dictatorship of the proletariat and its city-dwellers. Restrictions on trade between villages, applied heretofore to drive agricultural Russia into dependence upon Soviet industrial channels, are being lifted.

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Paul Claudel

(*Continued from page 50*)

Claudel is destined to be as great a success in Washington as he was in Tokio. His Embassy has been one of the most popular in the capital — his daughters the most charming. His speeches, his poetry, his personality have endeared him to everyone.

BUT sometimes when I have seen him facing a battery of cameras during a ceremony of treaty-signing or watched him surrounded by the artificial gaiety of a fancy dress ball, I have wondered if he did not long for his houseboat at Foochow and the pale pearl of the tropic sea where the palm tree bent over the sand and offered its heart to the moon.

So once during the course of an intimate conversation, I asked Claudel if he did not sometimes become bored with the prosaic commercial aspect of the United States and wish that he were back in the Orient. I cannot reproduce the animation in his reply. I can only give his words:

'Oh, the Orient is more picturesque, of course, but not more fascinating. What is more fascinating than standing on the twenty-ninth floor of a skyscraper and watching a snow storm blanket New York? What is more fascinating than looking down upon the traffic lights of New York, watching the automobiles, the trucks and the busses all stop as if moved by a giant machine? New York is superb and mighty and I enjoy it.

'America is like the boom-boom-boom of the battle charge. It is the sustained note. It is necessary in music. They say it came from the negro. I do not know — but America has it. The boom-boom-boom, never varying, never letting down.

'You say America is a prosaic commercial world. There is no such word as prosaic in commerce. Commerce is fascinating. I was never so happy as when I was Minister to Brazil during the war, buying supplies for our armies. I was handling beans and lard and pigs. What is prosaic about a bean? It is fascinating.

'I am glad to begin my work in America and to end it here. I am sixty years old. I have been every place. I have seen the world. I have five children. It will some day be time for me to return to my native France. After America I shall do so. I have bought a place in the Alps, where I shall sit and write and — ' he fumbled for the word. 'What is the verb for the word "rotten"?'

'To vegetate,' I suggested.

'No,' replied Claudel, the realist, '"to rot." And I shall go and sit and write and rot.'

Primo De Rivera

(*Continued from page 38*)

'In an exceptional situation,' they say, 'an exceptional régime is necessary. In a normal situation we demand a normal régime. Spain, by wisdom and by labor, has made up for her mistakes of the past. We should have confidence in her and should leave her the mistress of her own destiny.' They say also: 'First establish a customs service to stop smuggling. When smuggling has been stopped, get rid of the customs service, or else the customs officials themselves will turn smugglers.'

Such statements are made not alone by former politicians seeking new positions, nor by radicals influenced by republicanism or by the federalism of Valencia, of Barcelona, or of Bilbao, but also by good royalists to whom the Constitution still means something big. The people of Leon, proud of their capital with its large number of schools and not a single bull ring, are an example of this latter feeling. The Dictator has visited Leon several times. As order has been more and more completely established in the peninsula, Primo de Rivera's retention of power has seemed less and less necessary, and the welcome which he has received in Leon has hence been less and less warm.

This state of mind is not sufficiently general to create a movement of public opinion. It is obvious that a city which is proud of its schools and refuses to construct a bull ring does not represent the general attitude of Spain. Nevertheless, the country is changing, and little by little life penetrates to the provinces, where lanes which once seemed poetic to Théophile Gautier have become roads crowded with automobiles. But ideas progress less rapidly than means of transportation. Perched upon his mule, dressed in rags, the peasant, noble and proud, still greets the passer-by with a 'Dios guarda!' that is not in the least servile. The almost equally wretched student who rides by on his emaciated horse seems just as foreign to modernism; so also the future toreador who flings out his cape before an approaching automobile with a provocative gesture and then dodges the murderous mudguard with a disdainful twist of his hips.

These people, upright but behind the times, cannot yet understand modern ideas. Finding their strength in faith and in tradition, they are kept in a state of torpor by the censorship and by lack of education. Some day, perhaps, the sheep may go mad. But at present they let themselves be shorn quietly; and the public, which is neither enlightened nor organized, shows little interest in, and has no very clear idea of, public affairs.

In Spain, indeed, revolutions are only revolts. The will of the people plays but a small rôle in them. It is the government that controls elections, and not elections that control the government. Incidentally, during past centuries, changes of government were often only the triumph of one general over another. History repeats itself, and the future of the dictatorship depends almost entirely on the will of the King and of the army. The situation of this dictatorship, however, differs from that of the governments which preceded it. General Primo de Rivera has retained complete authority for himself. He can will a thing and can order it done. Often he has said that he did not care about power and that he felt more at his ease at a card table or beside a pretty woman. 'Love for God, for country, and for women' is his favorite theme. But he has also declared that he would not relinquish his power before the appointed time without a struggle.

IN conformity with a decision made when its change in size was determined upon, THE LIVING AGE *has not admitted advertising to the text pages of this, its first number in the new format.*

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